



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





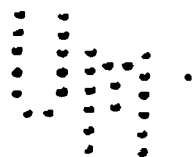
AP  
4  
.M84

3d ser



THE  
MONTHLY PACKET

OF



EVENING READINGS

FOR

**Members of the English Church.**

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE.'

*THIRD SERIES.*

VOLUME VIII.

PARTS XLIII. to XLVIII. JULY—DECEMBER, 1884.

LONDON :

WALTER SMITH (LATE MOZLEY),

34, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1884.

14

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,  
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Lot with a Crook in it . . . . .	15, 112, 210, 316, 413, 511
An Italian Marquis . . . . .	439
A Woman's Place in Politics . . . . .	52
Cameos from English History :—	
The Snow King . . . . .	28, 164
The Day of Dupes . . . . .	250
The Duke of Friedland . . . . .	350
Money without Parliament . . . . .	454
Cawnpore and Lucknow . . . . .	358
Character . . . . .	47, 187, 275, 388, 469, 546
Conversation on Books . . . . .	73, 291, 338, 479, 564
Dutch Sketches . . . . .	551
Elementary Physiology :—	
The Eye . . . . .	69
Mystery of the Incarnation . . . . .	568
October on the South Downs . . . . .	301
Our Evening Outlook . . . . .	56, 182, 268, 382, 463, 540
Poetry :—	
Hymns for Special Objects . . . . .	43, 196, 424, 558
Old and New . . . . .	290
The Betrothal Ring . . . . .	193
The Gardener . . . . .	64
Preparation of Prayer-book Lessons :—	
Canticles . . . . .	36
Creeds . . . . .	174
Suffrages and Collects . . . . .	262
The Five Prayers . . . . .	376
History of the Litany . . . . .	559
Recollections of Marie Cufaude . . . . .	335, 424, 528
Retreats . . . . .	485

	PAGE
<b>Spider Subjects:—</b>	
Derivation of Words . . . . .	93
Tonnage and Poundage . . . . .	94
Marcus Aurelius . . . . .	95
Creepers and Climbers . . . . .	293
Right of Sanctuary . . . . .	294
Wet day Indoors . . . . .	396
Purple . . . . .	492
Rebukes . . . . .	493
Pallas Athene . . . . .	595
Wit and Humour . . . . .	597
 Tangled Tale . . . . .	 474
The Two Sides of the Shield . . . . .	1, 101, 201, 305, 401, 501
Three Little Dogs . . . . .	79, 134, 221
The Buttercups . . . . .	199
Under the Shadow of St. Peter . . . . .	278
Winchester College Mission . . . . .	62



# The Monthly Packet.

---

JULY, 1884.

---

## THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN, BY THE EDITOR.

### CHAPTER VII.

G.F.S.

THE first thought of Dolores was that she should see Constance Hacket, when she heard 'Hurrah for a holiday!' resounding over the house.

As she came out of her room Mysie met her. 'Hurrah! Aunt Jane has got us a holiday that we may help get ready for the G.F.S.! Mamma has sent down notes to Miss Vincent and Mr. Pollock. Oh! jolly, jolly!'

And, oblivious of past offences, Mysie caught her cousin's arms, and whirled her round and round in an exulting dance, extremely unpleasant to so quiet a personage. 'Don't!' she cried. 'You hurt! You make me dizzy!'

'My certie, Miss Mysie,' exclaimed Mrs. Halfpenny at the same time, 'ye're daft! Gae doon canny, and keep your apron on, for if I see a stain on that clean dress——'

Mysie hopped down stairs without waiting to hear the terrible consequences.

Aunt Adeline did not come down to breakfast, but Aunt Jane appeared, fresh and glowing, just in time for prayers, having been with Gillian and Harry to survey the scene of operations, and to judge of the day, which threatened showers, the grass being dank and sparkling with something more than September dews.

'The tables must be in the coach-house,' said Lady Merrifield. 'Happily, our equipages are not on a large scale, and we must not get the poor girls' best things drenched.'

‘No; and it is rather disheartening to have to address double ranks of umbrellas,’ said Aunt Jane. ‘Is the post come?’

‘It is always infamously late here,’ said Harry. ‘We complained, as the appointed hour is eight, but we were told “all the other ladies were satisfied.” I believe they think no one not in business has a right to wish for letters before nine.’

‘Here it comes, though,’ said Gillian; and in due time the locked letter bag was delivered to Lady Merrifield, and Primrose waited eagerly to act as postman.

It was not the day for the Indian mail, but Aunt Jane expected some last directions, and Lady Merrifield the final intelligence as to the numbers of each contingent of girls. Dolores was on the *qui vive* for a letter from Maude Sefton, and devoured her aunt and the bag with her eyes. She was quite sure that among the bundle of post-cards that were taken out there was a letter. Also she saw her aunt give a little start, and put it aside, and when she demanded,

‘Is there no letter for me?’ Lady Merrifield’s answer was, ‘None, my dear, from Miss Sefton.’

Hot indignation glowed in Dolores’s cheeks and eyes, more especially as she perceived a look pass between the two aunts. She sat swelling while talk about the chances of rain was passing round her, the forecasts in the paper, the cats washing their faces, the swallows flying low, the upshot being that it might be fine, but that emergencies were to be prepared for. All the time that Lady Merrifield was giving orders to children and servants for the preparations, Dolores kept her station, and the instant there was a vacant moment, she said, fiercely—

‘Aunt Liliass, I know there is a letter for me. Let me have it.’

‘Your father told me you might have letters from Miss Sefton, and there is none from her,’ said Lady Merrifield, with a somewhat perplexed air.

‘I may have letters from whom I choose.’

‘My dear, that is not the custom in general with girls of your age, and I know your father would not wish it. Tell me, is there any one you have reason to expect to hear from?’

Dolores had an instinct that all the Mohuns were set against the person she was thinking of, but she had an answer ready, true, but which would serve her purpose.

‘There was a person, Herr Mühlwausser, that father ordered some scientific plates from—of microscopic zoophytes. He said he did not know whether anything would come of it, but in case it should he gave my address, and left me a cheque to pay him with. I have it in my desk up stairs.’

‘Very well, my dear,’ said Lady Merrifield, ‘you shall have the letter when it comes.’

‘The men are come, my lady, to put up the tables. Miss Mohun

says will you come down?' came the information at that moment, sweeping away Aunt Liliass and everybody else into the whirl of preparation; while Dolores remained, feeling absolutely certain that a letter was being withheld from her, and she stood on the garden steps burning with hot indignation, when Mysie, armed with the key of the linen press, flashed past her breathlessly, exclaiming—

'Aren't you coming down, Dolly? 'Tis such fun! I'm come for some table-cloths.'

This didn't stir Dolores, but presently Mysie returned again, followed by Mrs. Halfpenny, grumbling that 'A' the bonnie napery that she had packed and carried sae mony miles by sea and land should be waured on a wheen silly feekless taupies that 'tis the leddies' wull to cocker up till not a lass of 'em will do a stroke of wark nor gie a ceevil answer to her elders.'

Mysie, with a bundle of damask cloths under her arm, paused to repeat, 'Are not you coming, Dolly? Your dear Miss Constance is there looking for you.'

This did move Dolores, and she followed to the coach-house, where everybody was buzzing about like bees, the tables and forms being arranged, and upon them dishes with piles of fruit and cakes, contributions from other associates. All the vases, great and small, were brought out, and raids were made on the flower garden to fill them. Little scarlet flags, with the name of each parish in white, were placed to direct the parties of guests to their places, and Harry, Macrae, and the little groom were adorning the beams with festoons. The men from the coffee tavern supplied the essentials, but the ladies undertook the decoration, and Aunt Adeline, in a basket-chair, with her feet on a box, directed the ornamentation with great taste and ability. Constance Hacket had been told off to make up a little bouquet to lay beside each plate, and Dolores volunteered to help her.

'Well, dearest, will you come to me on Sunday?'

'I don't know. I have not been able to ask Aunt Liliass yet, and Gillian was very cross about it.'

'What did she say?'

'She said she did not think Aunt Liliass approved of visiting and gossiping on Sundays.'

'Oh! now. What does Gillian do herself?' said Constance in a hurt voice. 'She does come and teach, certainly, but she stays ever so long talking after the class is over. Why should we gossip more than she does?'

'Yes; but people's own children can do no wrong.'

There Constance became inattentive. Mr. Poulter had come up, and wanted to be useful, so she jumped up with a handful of nose-gays to instruct him in laying them by each plate, leaving Dolores to herself, which she found dull. The other two, however, came back again, and the work continued, but the talk was entirely between the

gentleman and lady, chiefly about music for the choral society, and the voices of the singers, about which Dolores neither knew nor cared.

By one o'clock the long tables were a pretty sight, covered with piles of fruit and cakes, vases of flowers and little flags, establishments of tea-cups at intervals, and a bouquet and pretty card at every one of the plates.

Then came early dinner at the house, and such rest as could be had after it, till the pony-chaise, waggonette, and Mrs. Blackburne's carriage came to the door to convey to church all whom they could carry, the rest walking.

The church was a sea of neat round hats, mostly black, with a considerable proportion of feathers, tufts, and flowers. On their dark dresses were pinned rosettes of different-coloured ribbon, to show to which parish they belonged. There was a bright, short service, in which the clear high voices of the multitudinous maidens quite overcame those of the choir boys, and then an address, respecting which Constance pronounced that 'Canon Fremont was always so sweet,' and Dolores assented, without in the least knowing what it had been about.

Constance, who had driven down, was to have kept guard, in the walk from church, over the white-rosed Silverton detachment; but another shower was impending, and Miss Hacket, declaring that Conny must not get wet, rushed up and packed her into the waggonette, where Dolores was climbing after, when at a touch from Gillian, Lady Merrifield looked round.

'Dolores,' she said, 'you forget that Miss Hacket walked to church.'

Dolores turned on the step, her face looking as black as thunder, and Miss Hacket protested that she was not tired, and could not leave her girls.

'Never mind the girls, I will look after them; I meant to walk. Don't stand on the step. Come down,' she added sharply, but not in time, for the horses gave a jerk, and, with a scream from Constance, down tumbled Dolores, or would have tumbled, but that she was caught between her aunt and Miss Hacket, who with one voice admonished her never to do that again, for there was nothing more dangerous. Indeed, there was more anger in Lady Merrifield's tone than her niece had yet heard, and as there was no making out that there was the least injury to the girl, she was forced to walk home, in spite of all Miss Hacket's protestations and refusals, which had nearly ended in her exposing herself to the same peril as Dolores, only that Lady Merrifield fairly pushed her in and shut the door on her. Nothing would have compensated Dolores but that her Constance should have jumped out to accompany her and bewail her aunt's cruelty, but devotion did not reach to such an extent. Her aunt, however, said in a tone that might be either apology or reproof—

‘My dear, I could not let poor Miss Hacket walk after all she has done and with all she has to do to-day.’

Dolores vouchsafed no answer, but Aunt Jane said—

‘All which applies doubly to you, Lily.’

‘Not a bit; I have not run about like all of you,’ she answered, brightly. ‘Besides, it is such fun! I feel like Whit Monday at Beechcroft! Don’t you remember the pink and blue glazed calico banners crowned with summer snowballs? And the big drum? What a nice-looking set of girls! How pleasant to see rosy English faces tidily got up! They were rosy enough in Ireland, but a great deal too picturesque. Now these are a sort of flower of maidenhood——’

‘You are getting quite poetical, Lily.’

‘It’s the effect of walking in procession—there’s something quite exhilarating in it; ay, and of having a bit of old Beechcroft about me. Do tell me who that lady is; I ought to know her, I’m sure! Oh, Mrs. Smith, good morning. How many girls have you brought? Oh! the crimson rosettes, are they? York and Lancaster?—indeed. I’m glad we have some shelter for them; I’m afraid there is another shower. Have you no umbrella, my dear? Come under mine.’

It was a fierce scud of hail, hitting rather than wetting, but Dolores had the satisfaction of declaring the edges of her dress to be damp and going off to change it, though Aunt Jane pinched the kilting and said the damp was imperceptible, and Wilfred muttered, ‘Made of sugar, only not so sweet.’

In fact, she hoped that Constance, who had told her of hatred to these great functions and willingness to do anything to avoid them, would avail herself of the excuse; but though the young lady must have seen her go, she never attempted to follow; and Dolores, feeling her own room dull, came down again to find the drawing-room empty, and on the next gleam of sunshine she decided on going to seek her friend.

What a hum and buzz pervaded the stable-yard! There was the coach-house with all its great doors open, and the row of girls awakening from their first shy and hungry silence into laughter and talking. There were big urns and fountains steaming, active hands filling cups, all the cousins, all their congeners, and four or five clergymen acting as waiters, Aunt Adeline pouring out tea at the upper table for any associate who had time to swallow it, and Constance Hacket talking away to a sandy-haired curate, without so much as seeing her friend! Only Wilfred, at sight of his cousin again, getting up a violent mock cough, declaring that he thought she had gone to bed with congealed lungs or else Brown Titus, as the old women called it. His mother, however, heard the cough—which indeed was too remarkable a sound not to attract any one—and with a short, sharp word to him to take care, she put Dolores down under Aunt Ada’s wing, and provided her with a lovely peach and a delicious Bath bun. Constance just looked up and nodded, saying, ‘You dear little thing, I couldn’t think what was

become of you,' and then went on with her sandy curate, about—what was it?—Dolores knew not, only that it seemed very interesting, and she was left out of it.

Down came the rain, a hopeless downpour, and there was a consultation among the elders, some laughing, some doubtful looks, and at last Harry, with Macrae and one of the curates, disappeared. Then grace was sung, and speeches followed—one by the rector, Mr. Lead-bitter, fatherly and prosy ;—a paper read by the branch secretary, about affairs in general ; and a very amusing speech by Miss Mohun, full of anecdotes of example and warning. ' You know,' she said, ' all the school story-books end—when the grown-up books marry their people—with the good girl going out to service under her young lady, and there she lives happy ever after ! But some of us know better ! We don't know how far the marrying ones always do live very happy ever after——'

' For shame, Jenny !' muttered Lady Merrifield.

' But,' went on Miss Mohun, ' even you that have been lucky enough to get under your own young ladies know that life here is all new beginnings at the bottom, just as when you were very proud of yourselves for getting out of the infant school, you found it was only being at the bottom of the upper one ; and I can tell the twelve-year-olds—I see some of them—that it is often a finer thing to be at the head of the school than the last in the house. Ay, you've got to work up there again, and it is a long business and a steady business, but it is to be done. I knew a girl, thirty-five years ago, that my sister-in-law took from school, and she was not a genius either, and I am quite sure she could not do rule-of-three, nor tell what is the capital of Dahomey, as I dare say every one here can do, but I'll tell you what she did, and that was, her best, and there she has been ever since ; and the last time I saw her she was sitting up in her housekeeper's room, in her silk gown, with her master's grandchildren hanging about her, respected and loved by us all. And I knew another, a much cleverer girl at school, with prettier ways to begin with, but—I'm sorry to say, her fingers were *too* clever, and it was not very happy ever after, though she did right herself.' And then Aunt Jane went on to the difficulties of having to deal with such quantities of pots and pans, and knives and forks, and cloths and brushes, each with a use of its very own, just as if she had been a scullery-maid herself ; telling how sense and memory must be brought to bear on these things just as much as in analysing a sentence, and how even those would not do without the higher motive of faithfulness to Him whose servants we all are. Her finish was a picture of the roving servant girl, always saying ' I don't like it,' and always seeking novelty, illustrated by her experience of a little maid who left one place because she could not sleep alone, and another because the little girl slept with her, a third because it was so lonesome, and a fourth because it was so noisy, and



quitted her fifth within a half year because she could not eat twice cooked meat.

Aunt Jane varied her voice in the most comical way, and the girls, as well as all her audience, laughed heartily.

‘Bravo, Jenny!’ said a voice close to her, and a gentleman with a rather bald head, a fluffy light beard touched with white, dancing eyes, and a slim youthful figure, was seen standing in the group.

Lady Merrifield and her sisters cried with one glad voice, ‘Oh! Rotherwood!’ holding out their hands.

‘Yes. I found I’d a few hours between the trains, so I ran down to look you up. I met Harry at the house, and he told me I should find Jane qualifying for the female parliament.’

‘It’s such a pity you should fall on all this turmoil,’ said Aunt Ada.

‘Pity! I wouldn’t have missed Jenny’s wisdom for the world. What is it, Lily? Temperance, or have you set up a Salvation Army?’

‘G.F.S., of course, you Rotherwood of old! And now you are come, you shall save me what has been my bugbear for the last week. You shall give the premiums.’

‘Come, it’s no use making faces and pretending you know nothing about it,’ added Miss Mohun. ‘I know very well that Florence is deep in it!’

‘Ay, they’ll have you over to repeat that splendid harangue about pots and pans!’ said he, bowing at Lady Merrifield’s introductions of him to the bystanders, and obediently accepting the sheaf of envelopes, while Mr. Leadbitter made it known that the premiums would be given by the Marquess of Rotherwood. Certainly it was a much more lively business than if Lady Merrifield had performed it, for he had something droll to observe to each girl. One he pretended to envy, telling her he had worked hard for many a year, and never got such a card as that for it—far less five shillings. Another he was sure kept her pans bright, and always knew which was which; a very little one was asked if she had gone from her cradle, and so on, always sending them away with a broad smile, and professing great respect for the three seven-year-card maidens who came up last. Then in a concluding speech demanded—where were the premiums for the mistresses, who, he was quite sure, deserved them quite as much or more than the maids!

While everybody was still laughing, Lady Merrifield asked Mr. Leadbitter to explain that as it was still raining hard, she must ask all to adjourn to the great loft over the stable, where they could enjoy themselves. Each associate was to gather her own flock and bring them in order. Lady Merrifield said she would lead the way, Lord Rotherwood coming with her, picking up little Primrose in his arms to carry her up stairs to the loft.

Every one was moving. Dolores was among a crowd of strangers. She heard them saying how delightful Lord Rotherwood was, and charming and handsome and graceful Lady Merrifield, with her beautiful eyes. It worried Dolores, who thought it rather foolish to be pretty, except in the case of the persecuted orphan, and moreover admiration of her aunt always seemed to her disparagement of her mother. And where was Constance?

She followed the stream, and, climbing some stairs, came out into a large, long, empty hay-loft, over what had once been hunting stables—the children's wet-day play-place. The deputation despatched to the house had managed to get up there the school-room piano, and one of the curates sat down to it, and began playing dance music, while Miss Mohun, Miss Hacket, and the other ladies began arranging couples for a country dance—all girls, of course, except that Lord Rotherwood danced with the tiny premium girl, and Harry with Primrose. Wilfred and Fergus could not be incited to make the attempt; Mysie offered herself to Dolores, but in vain. 'I hate [dancing],' was all the answer she got, and she went off to persuade Lois, the nursery girl. Constance Hacket arranged herself on a chair, and looked out from between two curates; there was no getting at her.

Then there came a pause; Lord Rotherwood spoke to Gillian and must have asked her to point Dolores out, for presently he made his way to the little dark figure in the window, and, kindly laying his hand on her shoulder, asked whether she had heard from her father yet.

'No, I suppose you can't,' he added. 'It is a great break-up for you; but you are a lucky girl to be taken in here! It reminds me of what Beechcroft used to be to me when I was a stray fish, though not quite so lonely as you are. Make the most of it, for there aren't many in these days like Aunt Lily there!'

'He little knows,' thought Dolores, as a waltz began to be played.

'They want an example,' he said. 'Come along. You know how, I'm sure—a Londoner like you!'

Pairs were whirling about the floor in full career in a short time, to the astonishment of other maidens who had never seen dancing in their lives. Dolores, afraid to refuse, and certainly flattered, really was wonderfully exhilarated and brightened by her career with her good-natured cousin.

'I do believe Cousin Rotherwood has shaken her out of the dumps,' observed Gillian to Aunt Jane, who returned—

'He can do it if any one can.'

The funny thing was the effect upon Constance, who, in the next pause, shook off her curates, advanced to Dolores, who was recovering her breath under the window, called her a dear thing whom she had not been able to get to all this time, sat rather forward with an arm round her waist for the next half-hour, and, when Sir Roger de

Coverley was getting up, proposed that they should be partners, but not till she had seen Lord Rotherwood pair himself off with Mysie.

‘I must,’ said he to Lady Merrifield, ‘it’s so like dancing with honest Phyl.’

‘The greatest compliment you could have, Mysie,’ said her mother, looking very much pleased.

The last yellow patches of evening sunshine on the sloping roof faded ; watches were looked at, the music turned to the National Anthem, everybody stood up, or stood still, and sung it. Then at the close, Mr. Leadbitter stood by the piano and said—

‘One word more, my young friends. Some of you may have been surprised at this evening’s amusement, but we want you to understand that there is no harm in dancing itself, provided that the place, the manner, and the companions are fit. I hope that you will all prove the truth of my words, by not taking this pleasant evening as an excuse for running into places of temptation. Now, good-night, with many thanks to Lady Merrifield for the happy day she has given us.’

A voice added, ‘Three cheers for Lady Merrifield !’ and the G.F.S. showed itself by no means backward in the matter of cheering. There was a hunting up of ulsters and umbrellas ; one associate after another got her flock together, and clattered down stairs, either to get into vans, to walk to the station, or to disperse to their homes in the town.

Meantime Lord Rotherwood had time to explain that he was on his way to fetch his wife home from some German baths, where she had gone to recruit after the season ; and, as he meant to cross at night, had come to spend a few hours with his cousins. There was still an hour to spare, during which Lady Merrifield insisted that he must have more solid food than G.F.S. provided.

‘Lily,’ said Miss Mohun, as the elders walked to the house together, ‘it strikes me that Rotherwood could satisfy your mind about that letter. He would know the handwriting. You remember a certain brother—very much in law—of Maurice’s ?’

‘I have reason to do so,’ said Lord Rotherwood. ‘You don’t mean that he has been troubling Lily ?’

‘No ; but from the nature of the animal it is much to be apprehended that he will,’ said Miss Mohun, ‘if he knows that the child is here.’

‘In fact,’ said Lady Merrifield, ‘Jane has made me suppress, till examination, a letter to her, in case it should be from him. It is a horrid thing to do. What do you think, Rotherwood ?’

‘There should be no correspondence. Did not Maurice warn you ? Then he ought. Look here, Lily. His wife—under strong compulsion from the fellow, I should think—begged me to find some employment for him. I got him a secretaryship to our Board of—what d’ye

call it! I'll do Maurice the justice to say that he was considerably cool about it; but the end of it was that there was an unaccountable deficit, and my Lady said it served me right. I was a fool, as I always am, and gave way to the poor woman about not bringing it home to him. And she insisted on making it up to me by degrees—out of her literary work, I fancy—for I don't think Maurice knew the extent of the peculation. Ever since I've been getting begging letters from the fellow at intervals. If he has the impertinence to molest you, Lily, simply refer him to me.'

'And if he writes to the child?'

'Return him the letter. Say she can have no such thing without her father's consent.'

'Is this a case in point?' said Lady Merrifield, producing the letter.

'No,' said he, holding it up in the waning light. 'I know the fellow's fist too well! This is a gentleman's hand.'

'What a relief!' said Lady Merrifield.

'Nay, don't be in a hurry,' said Miss Mohun. 'Don't give it to her unopened. Your only safety is in maintaining your right to see all the child's letters, except what her father specified.'

'Don't you wish it was you, Brownie?' asked her cousin.

'I hate it!' said Lady Merrifield; 'but I suppose I ought! However, there's no harm in this, that's a comfort; it is simply that the gentleman that the house is let to has found this note to her somewhere about, and thinks she would wish to have it. I think it is her mother's hand. How nice of him!'

'Now, Lily, don't go and be too apologetic,' said Jane. 'Assert your right, or you'll have it all over again.'

'Without Jenny to do prudence,' said Lord Rotherwood, while Lady Merrifield, hardly hearing either of them, hurried on in search of her niece, but they would have been satisfied if they could have heard her.

'My dear, here's your letter. I am so sorry to have been too much hindered to look at it before. You must not mind, Dolly. I know it is very disagreeable; but every one who has the care of precious articles like young ladies is bound to look after them.'

Dolores took the letter with a kind of acknowledgment, but no more, for its detention offended her, and she was aggrieved at the prospect of future inspection, as another cruel stroke inflicted upon her.

Aunt Adeline was found in the drawing-room, where she had entertained such ladies as were afraid of the damp, or who did not approve of the dancing, and would not look on at it. Thence all went off to a merry meal, where the elders plunged into old stories, and went on capping each others' recollections and making fun, to the extreme delight of the young folk, who had often been entertained with tales

of Beechcroft. Aunt Ada declared that she had not laughed so much for ten years, and Aunt Jane declared that it was too bad to lower their dignity and be so absurd before all these young things.

'It's having four of the old set together!' said Lord Rotherwood; 'a chance one doesn't get every day. I wonder how soon Maurice and Phyllis will meet.'

'It depends on whether the *Zenobia* touches at Auckland before going to the Fijis,' said Lady Merrifield.

'There is at least a sort of neighbourhood between them,' said Miss Mohun, 'though it may be about as close as between us and Sicily.'

'She is looking out for Maurice,' said Aunt Ada. 'She wrote, only it was too late, to propose his bringing Dolores to be at least nearer to him.'

'Just like Phyllis!' ejaculated the marquess. 'You have one of your flock with something of her countenance, Lily.'

'I am so glad you see it, Rotherwood. It is what I am always trying to believe in, and I hope the likeness is a little within as well as without—but we poor creatures who have been tumbled about the world get sophisticated, and can't attain to the sweet, blundering freshness of "Honest Simplicity."'

'It is a plant that must be spontaneous—can't be grown to order.'

'His Lordship's carriage at the door,' announced Macrae.

'Ah, well! Trains must be caught, I suppose. I'm glad you're settled here, Lilius. I feel as if a sort of reflex of old Beechcroft were attainable now.'

'I hope it won't be a G.F.S. day next time you come!'

'Oh, it was very jolly. I shall bring my child next time, if I can get her out of the clutches of the governesses for a day, but it is a hard matter. They look daggers at me, if I put my head into the schoolroom.'

'You always were a dangerous element there, you know.'

'Poor dear Eleanor! What did I not make her go through! But she never went the length of one of my Lady's governesses, who declared that she had as much call to interfere in my stable as I had with *her* schoolroom.'

'What mischief were you doing there?'

'Well, if you must know, I was enlivening a very dry and Cromwellian abridgment with some of Lily's old Cavalier anecdotes, so Lily was at the bottom of it, you see.'

'But did she fall on you then and there?'

'No, no. I trust my beard is too grey for that. But she looked at me with impressive dignity such as neither poor little Fly nor I could stand, and afterwards betook herself to Victoria, who, I am happy to say, sent her to the right about.'

'As I am about to do,' said Lady Merrifield; 'for, if you don't miss

your train, it will be by cruelty to animals. No, you've not got time to shake hands with all that rabble. Be off with you.'

'Ah! I shall tell Victoria that if she sees me to-morrow it's all owing to your unpitying punctuality,' said he, shaking himself into his overcoat.

'Dear old fellow!' said Lady Merrifield, as she turned from the front door, while he drove off. 'He is like a gust of old Beechcroft air! But I should think Victoria had a handful.'

'She knew what she was doing,' said Aunt Ada. 'I always thought she married him for the sake of breaking him in.'

'And very well she has done it, too,' returned Aunt Jane. 'Only now and then he gets a holiday, and then the real creature breaks out again. But it is much better so. He would not have been of half so much good otherwise.'

Lady Merrifield looked from one to the other, but said no more, for all the young folks were round her; but every one was so much tired, children, servants, and all, that prayers were read early, and all went to their rooms. Yet, tired as she was, Lady Merrifield sat on in her sister Jane's room, in her dressing-gown, talking according to another revival of olden time.

'What did Ada mean about Rotherwood? Isn't he happy?'

'Oh, yes, very happy; and it is much the best thing that could have happened. It is only another of the proofs that life is very long, especially for men.'

'Come, now, tell me all about it. You don't know how often I feel as if I had been buried and dug up again.'

'There are things one can't write about. Poor fellow! he never really wanted to marry anybody but Phyllis.'

'No! you don't mean it! I never knew it.'

'No, for you were in the utmost parts of the earth; and he was very good, so that I don't believe honest Phyl herself, or any one without eyes, guessed it; but he had it all out with our father, who begged him, almost on that allegiance he had always shown, to abstain from beginning about it. You see, not only are they first cousins, but our mother and his father both were consumptive, and there was dear Claude even then regularly breaking down every winter, and Ada needing to be looked after like a hothouse plant. I'm sure, when I think of the last generation of Devereuxes, I wonder so many of us have been tough enough to weather the dangerous age; and there had been an alarm or two about Rotherwood himself. Well, he was very good, half from obedience, half from being convinced that it would be a selfish thing, and especially from being wholly convinced that Phyl's feelings were not stirred. That was the way I came to know about it, for papa took me out for a drive in the old gig to ask what I thought about her heart, and I could truly and honestly say she had never found it, cared for Rotherwood just as she did for Redgie,



and was not the sort to think whether a man was attentive to her. Besides, she was eighteen, and he thirty-one, and she thought him venerable. I believe, if he had asked her then, she might have taken him (because Cousin Rotherwood wished it), but she would have had to fall in love in the second place instead of the first. Well, he was very good, poor old fellow, except that by way of taking himself off, and diverting his mind, he went deer-stalking with such unnecessary vehemence that a Scotch mist was very nearly the death of him, and he discovered that he had as many lungs as other people. If you could only have seen our dear old father then, how distressed and how guilty he felt, and how he used to watch Phyllis, and examine Alethea and me as to whether she seemed more than reasonably concerned for Rotherwood. I really think the anxiety of that winter aged him more than anything else, and that if Rotherwood had come and hit the right nail on the head he might have carried her off.'

'But he didn't.'

'No; for, you see, he was ill enough to convince himself, as well as other people, that he was a consumptive Devereux after all.'

'Oh, yes! I remember the shock with which I heard like a doom that he was going the way of the others; and then he and the dear Claude came out in his yacht to us at Gibraltar, and were so bright! We had a wonderful little journey into Spain together, and how Jasper enjoyed it! Little did I think I was never to see Claude here again. But it was true, was it not, that all Rotherwood's care gave the dear fellow much more comfort—perhaps kept him longer?'

'I am sure it was so. Rotherwood soon got over his own attack—the missing an English winter was all he needed; but he would hear of nothing but devoting himself to Claude. Papa and Claude were both uneasy at his going off from all his cares and duties, but I believe—and Claude knew it—that he actually could not settle down quietly while Phyllis remained unmarried, and that having Claude to nurse and carry about from climate to climate was the comfort of his life. Or, I believe, dear Claude would have been glad to have been left in peace to do what he could. Well, then Phyllis and Ada went to stay in the Close! with Emily, and Ada wrote conscious letters and came home bridling and blushing about Captain May, so that we were quite prepared for his turning up at Beechcroft, but not at all for what I saw before he had been ten minutes in the house, that it was Phyllis that he meant, and had meant all along! Dear Harry! it almost made up for its not being Rotherwood. Well, poor Ada! It hadn't gone too deep, happily, and I opened her eyes in time to hinder any demonstration that could have left pain and shame—at least, I think so; but poor Ada has had too many little fits for one to have told much more than another. I believe Phyl did tell Harry that he meant Ada, but she let herself be convinced to the contrary; and the only objection I have to it is his having taken that appointment at

Auckland, and carried her out of reach of any of us. However, it was better for Rotherwood, and when she was gone, and his occupation over with our dear Claude, his mother was always at him to let her see him married before she died. And so he let her have her way. No, don't look concerned. Lady Rotherwood is an excellent, good woman, just the wife for him, and he knows it, and does as she tells him most faithfully and gratefully. They are pattern-folk from top to toe, and so is the boy. But the girl! He would have his way, and named her Phyllis—Fly he calls her. She is a little skittish elf—Rotherwood himself all over; and doesn't he worship her! and doesn't he think it a holiday to carry her off to play pranks with! and isn't he happy to get amongst a good lot of us, and be his old self again!

*(To be continued.)*

---

## A LOT WITH A CROOK IN IT.

BY CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## P A S T   A N D   P R E S E N T.

‘I shall have had my day.’

GEOFFREY and Dulcie spent some days together in blissful enjoyment of each other's society. They were young enough and clever enough to delight in the clash of their minds against each other, and they discussed and argued, and Dulcie received instruction and suggested ideas, ‘talking,’ as Alick said, ‘as if they had been a couple of fellows instead of peacefully spooning.’

‘Spoonings!’ ejaculated Dulcie. ‘That would be dull indeed. I should be miserable if I could not talk to Geoff of everything that I have in my mind and hear his opinion on it. I think always of what he will say.’

‘And I,’ said Geoffrey. ‘I despise the idea that women are to be regarded as playthings. My wife shall be my companion. And Dulcie suggests ideas to me—she does indeed.’

‘Seems to me,’ said Alick, strolling away, ‘that it does nearly as well as spooning!’

However, the termination of Annie Macdonald's visit caused Alick to find his parochial duties more pressing, and one day, Geoffrey, rather at his mother's instigation, had arranged to go over and see him at Fordham, be introduced to his vicar, and gather an idea of how he was getting on. Dulcie meant to take the opportunity of paying a visit to Miss Florence. The way to Fordham from Fairfield crossed the meadows and avoided the town of Oxley, so they started together in the bright autumn morning to enjoy each other's company till a little field path diverged to Oxley Manor.

Dulcie stood on the sunny path gathering some yellow roses to fasten at her neck, while Geoffrey's voice sounded from the door as he concluded a long discourse with Captain Fordham on discipline in the army, on which subject, as on most others, he had views of his own. Captain Fordham admired Geoffrey, and thought him worthy to be trusted with his daughter, but that he was occasionally slightly bored by being [called upon to use his mind so constantly and vigorously cannot be denied, and even Mrs. Fordham used to think that Geoffrey

was hardly a young man who would have attracted a girl if she had not known him for half her life.

But Dulcie had no misgivings. He gave her a sense of power, her liveliness responded to his, and she had enough sense of the ridiculous to venture to laugh at him. She liked both his vehement love and his vehement opinions, and was quite ready to engage in a discussion on university reform, interspersed with remarks on the beauty of the berry-covered hedges, and with bright anticipations of the future. Oxley was a pretty place ; did Dulcie think that she would like to live there, if Geoffrey was so lucky as to get an inspectorship in the south ?

Dulcie thought that she should like it very much, but when Geoffrey warned her that he might be sent into the very middle of the black country, she smiled just as brightly, and thought that she should like it nearly as well.

They parted at the gate of the manor fields, and Geoffrey went back across the line and strolled along in the sunshine by the river side, while Dulcie tripped gaily up the field to the big, pleasant house beyond it, and as she opened the garden gate, Florence Venning, bright-haired and rosy-cheeked, with a wreath of autumn berries in her hat, came down the path to meet her, with hearty kisses and congratulations.

‘Dear little Dulcie!’ she said, looking into the girl’s blushing, beaming face. ‘I was so glad of your news, and it is very good of you to come and spend the last day of the holidays with me.’

‘Geoffrey is gone to see Alick at Fordham, you know,’ said Dulcie. ‘Isn’t it a lovely day? I think this is the prettiest garden in the world.’

‘Yes, it is very pretty,’ said Florence ; ‘my sister is very proud of her flowers. But this is not the best time of year to see it. I like it best when all the flowering trees are out in bloom.’

‘Oh, but the red berries on the old thorns and the Virginia creeper are just as nice in their way as the flowers. That old beech where we “Silkworms” have spun such a lot of bad thread ! I shall always love that.’

‘I shall lose my best spinner.’

‘Oh, no—no ; not yet,’ said Dulcie, blushing ; ‘and, besides, I sha’n’t care one bit less for all the old things because of everything being settled. I care more.’

Miss Florence smiled. Perhaps she had heard the same thing before from other maidens who had spun for her essays, poems, or works of art for the ‘Society of Silkworms,’ which enjoyed under her superintendence a great deal of delightful sense, and even more delightful nonsense. But at this moment ‘Flossy ! Flossy !’ sounded down the path, and a little boy and girl came running towards them, followed by a lady in a pretty autumn dress.

‘What, Lily and Arty?’ said Florence, kissing them. ‘Have you got a holiday too?’

‘Yes,’ cried the girl, a creature with a soft face of foreign tinting, but very vehement English accents. ‘Mamma has brought us to tell you the news—two great pieces of news!’

‘Flossy nearly knows the news,’ said Mrs. Spencer Crichton, as she kissed Florence and shook hands with Dulcie; ‘but I promised they should tell you. Now, one at a time.’

‘Uncle Arthur is coming home in October,’ said the boy, ‘and father is *delighted*. You didn’t know *that* news, did you, Flossy?’

‘And when Christmas comes we are all going to live with grand-mamma at Redhurst!’ cried Lily. ‘And nobody would have thought of such a piece of news as *that*!’

Florence had taken the boy in her arms as he spoke, and kissed him as she said—

‘Wonderful news!’ with rather a hurried accent. And then—  
‘Has Mr. Crichton heard from Arthur?’

‘Yes. It is quite settled now, and he will stay six months at least. You know we should have moved to Redhurst before this, for mother is very lonely now Frederica is married, but Hugh fancied that Arthur would like best to come first to the Bank House, and we should like to have him there. It is eight years since our cousin left us,’ she added to Dulcie, ‘so he will find many changes.’

‘These creatures, for instance,’ said Flossy, ‘and——’

She laughed a little as she looked at her friend’s soft matronly dignity, and happy, confident air, remembering the bashful, childish bride of eight years back.

‘Ah, yes,’ said Mrs. Crichton, answering the look; ‘but I do not forget how kind he was to me, and I want him to come to the Bank House, that I may make him happy and comfortable my own self. He says that some one he knows is coming home in the same ship—a widower with a little girl—and asks us if we can find any sort of lodging for him, not expensive, for he is very poor.’

‘Is he a gentleman?’ asked Florence.

‘Hugh could not tell. I think not, for he wants some kind of clerkship. But I have been inquiring. Do you think Mrs. Jones at Laurel Terrace would do, as she was their nurse at Redhurst? She would like to oblige Arthur.’

‘Oh, yes,’ said Florence, ‘she has some charming little rooms.’

‘Then, Lilia *mia*, and Arty, come along and see Mrs. Jones about it, or we shall not get home to lunch.’

‘When we live at Redhurst I shall be old enough to come to school to Flossy,’ said Lily, as she ran away.

‘Ah, they are very clever,’ said the young mother proudly, ‘but I am afraid little Hughie is stupid—like me—and can only sing.’

'I am sure Mrs. Crichton doesn't look stupid,' said Dulcie, when the farewells were said.

'Well, she is not exactly clever,' said Florence. 'But Mr. Spencer will hardly know the shy foreign girl he left eight years ago. Violante has learned to be a great lady, and is busy and happy; but she is a loving creature, and faithful to her heart's core.'

'Mr. Crichton doesn't look as if he was the hero of a romantic story,' said Dulcie.

'He never did look like it. But don't credit the Manor with *his* romance, Dulcie. The mischief was all done in Italy, and we were only an unconscious episode. I dare say, though,' she added, laughing, 'that there is a wonderful myth current among the girls by this time.'

'Oh, Miss Flossy, that time seems like a sort of golden age. When I began to come here, how I used to wish that any of the governesses were like Mrs. Spencer Crichton. But I did not know that Mr. Spencer had anything to do with *that* story.'

'I don't think he had, exactly,' returned Florence. 'He was only kind to her, when he was in trouble himself.'

'Ah, we used to talk about him too,' said Dulcie with an inflection of pity in her variable tones. 'But I don't think I know exactly—'

'Mysie Crofton was at school here,' said Florence. 'You know, she, as well as the young Spencers, was brought up by Mrs. Crichton at Redhurst. Directly she grew up, she and Arthur were engaged to each other. She was—I never cared so much for any girl, of course I was a girl then myself. Then—oh, Hugh and Arthur were out shooting rabbits, and Hugh's gun frightened her as she stood on the lock gate. There used to be a lock there, where Redhurst station is.'

'She was drowned?' said Dulcie.

'Yes. That *was* a trouble.'

'Did Mr. Spencer see?'

'Oh yes. He was very patient, very good. But, of course, it just spoiled his life for him. It was all planned out here. He was to have a partnership in the bank, and they would have lived in the Bank House.'

'But he couldn't do that afterwards.'

'No. You see there was a great nervous shock as well as the sorrow, and he was quite upset and unhinged by it. I suppose Mr. Crichton suffered even more. But he did all he could for him; and when Arthur couldn't bear all the associations of Redhurst they went together to the Bank House for a time. Then, when he had recovered himself a little, Arthur made up his mind to go out to the branch of their bank in India. And he has got on very well, and writes, they all say, very happily. Violante thinks that Hugh is much more nervous about the home-coming than Arthur himself. But I don't know how they can tell—he would never vex other people.'



Florence stood still while she was speaking under the thorn tree, and Dulcie sat on the bench, looking up at her with eager interest.

‘It was a long time ago,’ she said. ‘A long time to be unhappy.’

‘Yes; long enough to sweep everything away—the lock and the canal and the meadows. All went when [the railway was made, and he is quite a great man, I believe, in Calcutta. Yes, it’s a long time ago. But oh, that dreadful wedding day! He would have it before he sailed.’

‘I can’t think how he could bear it!’ said Dulcie.

‘Really,’ said Florence, ‘I don’t think he minded it much. The parting with all that were left was very little in comparison to him, and he was delighted at his cousin’s happiness. But I really think, if he had been less unselfish about it, it [would have been easier to bear—for Hugh. It was dreadful to him to start on his wedding trip after such a parting, and to think of Arthur going away alone.’

‘Were they married here?’

‘Oh no, in London. Violante’s uncle lives there. Every one was stiff, and there was a great fog. The Spencers all stayed in London till after he sailed. I had to come home in the afternoon.’

Florence Venning sat silent, her bright clear eyes for once as dreamy as Dulcie’s, but her mouth set hard; while Dulcie vividly imagined the dreary foggy London day, marked by such cruel memories.

‘Well!’ said Florence suddenly, with a start. ‘It is, as you say, a long time ago, and no one can expect to begin again where they left off. Haven’t you had Annie with you? What is she about?’

Dulcie would much have preferred to hear more of these old romances, but she respected the change of subject, and said—

‘Annie still hankers after being a schoolmistress.

‘She never will,’ said Florence, rather bluntly.

‘You think Lady Anne would never consent?’

‘Annie’s own mind is not made up. And nobody can persuade other people unless they believe in their own intentions. Besides, it would be a very hard life for Annie, she is clever, and has a good deal of mechanical technical knowledge; but she does not like teaching, and girls generally bore her. And then, of course, Lady Anne is so far right, that she is rather too much of a swell, not having any vocation for it. There are a good many little objections in her case, and she hasn’t fervour enough to override them.’

‘Yes, that’s true,’ said Dulcie; and then after a slight pause, she said, ‘Alick is so happy at Fordham, he likes and admires Mr. Blandford very much.’

‘I suppose so,’ said Florence. ‘I am sure his influence must be good for any one.’

Dulcie peeped round under her eyelashes. For was it not surmised by all the Manor House maidens that Mr. Blandford was a bachelor for Miss Florence’s sake, and that if she did not prefer girls and

school-keeping to matrimony, she might be Mrs. Blandford at any moment. And some of their mothers thought that it would be so suitable, for though Florence Venning danced on occasion, and played lawn tennis, wore very becoming clothes, and was still under thirty, every one knew that her real tastes were for education and good works. She was 'so very superior,' and as Mr. Blandford was also rather a marked person in the neighbourhood, why shouldn't they come together?

But Miss Florence looked quite calm and unconscious, as indeed she always did, when, as sometimes happened, she quoted Mr. Blandford's opinion when she gave lessons on church history or kindred subjects, and Dulcie could only wonder in silence whether there was anything in it.

There was more talk about the Spencer Crichtons when they were joined by Miss Venning, a handsome pleasant lady still in her prime, and afterwards, Dulcie's turn for talking came, and sitting on the floor at Miss Flossy's feet she told her much, half-intentionally, half-unconsciously, of the simple sunny course that her true love had run; till Florence was obliged to leave her to give the last of some holiday lessons with which she had been helping a young and incompetent governess to improve herself.

'Are you to wait at the stile for Mr. Leighton? I am so sorry to send you by yourself; but I musn't disappoint poor little Miss Simpson.'

'I shall not mind,' said Dulcie. 'I like to look at the river and the fields, and Geoffrey will be here in a few minutes.'

So, after an affectionate parting, Dulcie went down the field path again, crossed the railway, and sat down on a stile by the river-side. But she did not look along the path by which Geoffrey was coming, she turned her head towards Redhurst, and watched the railway, cutting through the fields, and under the wide copses, to where she could see the sun flash on the signal box at Redhurst station.

There, long ago, yet well within her memory, another girl, such as she, in the first promise of her life, had been suddenly snatched away. Another sweet love story had run its course—how brief a one!—among those very woods and fields. One moment all hope and happiness, and the next, what awful desolation, what blackness of darkness must have fallen on the actors in that long-past tragedy—for eight years seemed long to the young Dulcie! And yet that horror had been outlived, those bitter tears had been dried. Florence Venning was always busy and bright, with a life full of interests, and no shadow that Dulcie had ever seen on her broad brows. Mysie might have been the dearest, but other friends had since been very dear. Mr. Crichton, who, Florence said, had suffered the most, bore no look of eternal remorse or even regret, but was a handsome, prosperous gentleman, to whom life was manifestly a good thing. Redhurst

was a gay and cheerful house, one of the pleasantest for young people in the neighbourhood. It had been so dreadful, and it was all over and passed away. Could it be the same with the young lover whose hopes had been crushed by such an awful blow? It seemed to Dulcie as if the fact of the young girl's frightful death under such pathetic circumstances was not nearly such a woeful thing as the fact that the world had gone on much the same without her; that the sun still shone, though the waters had closed over her head; that new lives had obliterated hers, as completely as the new railway had destroyed every trace of the old canal. What if such a thing were to happen to herself? What if she too were to stand some day a moment too long on that fated spot? to look just the wrong way till the train dashed through the station, and she too would have looked her last on the blue sky and the sweet woodlands, and on all the fair future that she and Geoffrey were to live together? Then indeed there would be mourning and grief, but the world would go on without her. All who loved her—even Geoffrey—would live on, and if they lived without her would find content. Dulcie locked her hands together, her eyes grew wide as the picture came vividly before her. She forgot the present, till she felt a hand on her shoulder.

‘Why, Dulcie, did you think the express would drop me at your feet?’

Dulcie turned and threw her arms round him with a sudden vehement clasp.

‘Oh, Geoff—Geoff!’ she cried, and burst into tears, ‘if you were to die, I never—never should forget you!’

‘Why, Dulcie, my dearest, what is it? Are you frightened? Have you been alone?’

‘Oh no, but—’ and as she tried to tell the story she grew ashamed and slipped away from him, trying to laugh at herself.

Geoffrey, living and loving, stood before her; she felt his warm clasp, she saw his bright eyes, and the real and joyous present reasserted itself over the dreamy past. She lost her momentary sense of life's uncertainty, of the possibility of sorrow, and though she tried to tell him what had distressed her, probably Geoffrey never quite understood the impression that had been made on her.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### OLD FRIENDS AND NEW.

‘From the other side of the world.’

‘AND how about this friend of yours, Arthur? What does he want? What can he do? Have you a high opinion of him?’

Mr. Spencer Crichton and his cousin Arthur Spencer had spent the first morning after the latter's return from India in a long discussion of the business matters that had brought him home, and were now

free both from these pressing considerations, and from the first confusion of family greetings—from the eager recognition of Arthur's smiling face and bright eyes through the black beard and bronzed complexion which at first sight altered him so much. The first arrival was over. Already the warm welcome and hospitable attentions of his cousin's wife, whom he had last seen as the most bashful of brides, seemed natural enough; her three pretty children were no longer mere names to him. He had had time to feel that very little change had passed over his cousin himself, except the look of unconscious ease that comes of long-continued prosperity, and that his cousin's mother was as kind and pleasant-natured an aunt as he had found her through all the years of his orphaned boyhood.

The old Bank House, known from childhood, had certainly a handsomer and better-appointed appearance, but the general effect was unchanged, and the new-comer was just beginning to think how strange it was to feel so much at home when Mr. Crichton interrupted his meditations with the foregoing questions.

'Well, Hugh, to tell you the truth, I am afraid you won't think I can give a very satisfactory account of him. I don't quite know what you will say to the poor fellow.'

'Well, tell me what *you* have to say about him,' said Hugh, with a certain grave smile that was peculiar to him.

'In the first place, he was a clerk in a great shipping office in Calcutta, and he brought a fair character from them to us about three years ago. He applied for a clerkship in the bank then vacant, and we have had no cause to complain of him. He had a good salary, and was doing well, when last year he lost his wife, and I was very sorry for him. Now he has one little girl, and she is ill. They said she must die in India; so as he has no friends to send her to, he threw up everything to come to England himself. I saw a good deal of them coming home, and it occurred to me that perhaps you might find something that would do for him.'

'What is his name?'

'Oakenshaw. Frederick Oakenshaw. And the little girl is called Marian.'

'Well,' said Hugh, 'I think there is no opening in the bank at present, but the Local Board wants a clerk, I believe. I should think your three years' character would be sufficient.'

'Yes, but that is absolutely *all* I know about him. He is above fifty, I should say. He is or was a gentleman, and his poor little wife was certainly not a lady. I think you had better just take a look at him yourself first.'

'In short, you suspect him of being a scamp, and want to shift the recommendation on to my shoulders.'

'No—but I do think he must have had what people call a history. And I think he must have been rather a loose fish until his marriage.'

But he was devoted to his wife, and when she died, quite suddenly, he was almost beside himself. The child is a nice little thing, and altogether I was very sorry for them.'

Mr. Crichton was aware that this was not the first time that his cousin had proved a kind friend to fellow-countrymen in trouble, and in this case the source of the sympathy was easily traced to that sad history of his own earlier years, which *must* be now especially present to his memory, though it had left little outward mark upon him. The loss of his early love had determined his choice of a life in India, and the life had proved both suitable and successful. Hugh determined that Mr. Oakenshaw should have the benefit of every doubt.

'What have you done with him?' he said.

'I sent him to the Anchor for last night, and then he meant to look out for a lodging. Will you come and have a look at him?'

Hugh agreed, saying that they should have plenty of time before starting for Redhurst.

As they went out together their talk fell into home channels, and in noticing and pointing out the different changes and improvements they forgot Mr. Oakenshaw till they met him in the street, and Arthur, as he introduced him, could not fail to detect a critical and disapproving expression on his cousin's face. Mr. Oakenshaw looked old for his fifty years; his features were good, but his complexion sallow and unhealthy; he was very thin, and though not badly dressed had an indescribable air of a person not quite in his right place in society. He had dark eyes, with rather a wistful and melancholy look in them, and his manner to Arthur was a little obsequious.

He explained that he was looking for a lodging for himself and his little girl, and Hugh told him of the arrangement made by his wife with Mrs. Jones, and directed him to Laurel Villa. He also asked a few questions as to Mr. Oakenshaw's experience and abilities, and, finding the answers satisfactory, mentioned the appointment to the Local Board, and the place and time at which application could be made. The Board, of which he was himself the chairman, would give full weight to Mr. Spencer's recommendation.

A more genuine and pleasing expression came into Mr. Oakenshaw's face.

'Mr. Spencer has been a very kind friend,' he said, abruptly. 'My little girl won't forget it—nor I either.'

'Ah, how is little Minnie?' said Arthur. 'Pretty well? That is right. I must come and see her when you are settled in—in Laurel Terrace. I am sure Mrs. Jones will be very kind to her.'

'You have been kind,' said Mr. Oakenshaw; and then he turned to Hugh, and said in a more ordinary manner, 'I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Spencer Crichton, for your information. I shall certainly apply to the Local Board at the time you name, when I must, of course, stand my chance with other candidates.'

'I like him better than I did at first,' said Hugh, as they parted. 'His appearance is against him. Oakenshaw? There are some Oakenshaws in Warwickshire, I believe. Perhaps he belongs to them.'

'I am afraid, poor fellow, that he was once somebody's black sheep,' returned Arthur, 'but he did very well for us, and I am sure he does not drink, so I don't see why he should not have a chance of living respectably. So we are to go to Redhurst this afternoon?' he added, changing the subject.

'Yes—that is if you like it.'

'I should like it of all things.'

'Now tell me about every one.'

He asked a good many questions about old friends and neighbours; but he experienced a certain sense of strangeness. He did not care as vividly about seeing them as they supposed; his own life during the last seven years was much more important to him—much more present to him than any one imagined. The first warmth of their welcome almost surprised him. The constant attempt to put away an old pain seemed as if it had been almost too successful. For a long time he had never dared to picture these old scenes to himself, and the new interests, such as they were, had grown almost too completely into their place. Arthur did not feel as if there would be much pain left in any old associations. They had none of them quite believed him when he had written to them that he was quite content with his Indian life; but it had been perfectly true. He had always been a person who lived in the present, and did not think of his own sensations till he experienced them; and his feeling was much more that of an ordinary pleasant home-coming, than his friends, who remembered vividly how Mysie Crofton's terrible fate had once shaken his nerves and crushed his spirits, could realise. The past was far more present to the cousin who had never forgotten his own share in that grievous loss, nor through all his own prosperity had ceased to feel a special obligation to shelter Arthur from all possible pain. He could hardly trust Arthur's apparent enjoyment of the afternoon's drive to Redhurst, for how often in those old days had not bright words and looks veiled a very sad heart? There was much, however, to talk of. The young brother and sister, whom Arthur had left as boy and girl, were, the one with his regiment in Canada, the other married in a distant county, so that Mrs. Spencer Orichton, having no longer the companionship of the niece whom she had brought up, had begged her son and his wife to make their home with her, and this projected change formed a subject of conversation as they drank afternoon tea in the old drawing-room, and looked out on the familiar garden still bright with late autumn flowers.

But it was with an unconscious return to an old habit of confidence that Arthur said afterwards to his cousin—



‘Hugh, if you don’t mind I think I should like to walk home by myself.’

‘Certainly. And, Arthur, you will always tell me when I can make things easier for you?’

‘Ah,’ said Arthur, smiling, ‘but you will always find out. But there is nothing that I mind. It is very pleasant to be at home again.’

He nodded as he spoke, and walked away towards the little churchyard, to the quiet corner where his lost love was buried. There, in the yellow light of the low autumn sun, was the white cross on which Marian Crofton’s name was written: at its foot lay a bright wreath of autumn flowers. Just so had Arthur seen it last—just so had his memory pictured it.

He stood still, with a sense of deep tenderness, of a beautiful memory that was sweeter than the memory of joy, or, rather, it was the memory of a joy that seemed to have an unearthly perfection. That early love, that brief summer betrothal, were like a lovely dream, and there was no sharp present pain to make Arthur think of himself without her rather than of the perfect thing that she had been to him.

He turned away presently, and walked through the fields back towards Oxley. He looked out half unconsciously for each familiar spot—for the hedge where the blackberries ripened first, for the field where the cowslips grew, for the view of the river, for the stile where he had been wont to meet her as she came from school; but here he paused, puzzled: the path was gone, the fields were altered. He was face to face with a new and stony road, and with a row of little villas. Arthur started from his dream of the past to a sudden sense of a new and uncomfortable present. The pretty fields were only half turned into roads and gardens, the hedges were but half destroyed, and the melancholy sense of the destruction of the old rural peace was stronger than any feeling of new suburban cheerfulness. As Arthur looked indignantly round, out of the gate of one of the new villas came a tall young lady, in a berry-trimmed hat, with bright hair and a rosy complexion.

‘Flossy!’ exclaimed Arthur, ‘oh, what have they been doing to the old place?’

She gave a great start as he grasped her hand, and as she did not at once speak, he went on—

‘Don’t you know me? You knew I was here?’

‘I knew you were coming, but I did not see you till you spoke. How are you? I am not quite sure if I should have known you or not!’ said Florence hurriedly, and perhaps not quite truly.

‘Well, I should have known you in Calcutta. You have not altered in the least. I thought nothing was altered till I found myself in this desert,’ said Arthur, rather inappropriately.

‘Yes, it is a great pity. But, if you remember, this bit of land belonged to Mr. Mapleson, the builder, and since the railway came he has begun to run up these little houses. They let directly.’

‘Oh yes; I remember these are the fields that Mapleson would never let any of us buy. I don’t know how to get out,’ said Arthur, in an injured tone, as he looked round him.

‘That stony road is where the stile used to be. It ends in our fields, and there is an opening now into the main road, across the line. Yes, that’s the railway,’ as a whistle was heard, followed by the rush of the train near at hand.

He stood looking up the stony road in silence, till a child’s voice exclaimed ‘Mr. Spencer!’ and, looking round he saw Mr. Oakenshaw approaching from the main road, leading his little girl by the hand.

‘What, is *this* Laurel Terrace?’ said Arthur, amazed. ‘Why, Minnie, I have just been wishing to knock your new house down again.’

‘Oh, Mr. Spencer! It is such a dear little house! We have been to look at it, and we came to it down such a pretty little road. We have been walking about since right across the railway. Won’t you come and see it?’

‘Not to-day, I think—another time. Let me show you to this lady. Perhaps she would be so *very* kind as to come one day and see you. These were fellow-passengers of mine, Miss Venning—Mr. Oakenshaw and his little girl.’

‘Then I think they must be Mrs. Jones’s new lodgers,’ said Florence, looking kindly at the child, a pretty, delicate-featured little creature, with auburn hair and bright eyes. ‘I think you *are* going to live in a pretty little house, and I shall be very glad to come and see you.’

Mr. Oakenshaw thanked Arthur civilly for recommending the lodging, bowed to Miss Venning, and walked on with the child, who shouted after them to Arthur, ‘Mind you come.’

‘Little Minnie is a noisy specimen,’ he said, ‘but she is a jolly little thing.’ He added an explanation of Oakenshaw’s search for a situation and his chance of obtaining one; and Florence promised to keep an eye on Minnie, and to interest the kind landlady in the little motherless girl.

They parted at the turn to the main road, and Arthur paused, held her hand for a moment, and said in a different tone—

‘I must thank you for those flowers.’

‘And Violante,’ she said very low.

‘Ah yes? Thanks—many times.’

He turned away as he spoke, and Florence was glad, for the meeting had come about very differently from her expectations, and had cost something to her self-control.

Meanwhile, Mr. Oakenshaw having removed his few goods to Laurel Terrace, and left Minnie in charge of Mrs. Jones, strolled out in his



turn to look about him, and to take the measure of his new neighbourhood. He, too, had been an Englishman once, though many more than seven years had elapsed since he had walked about the streets of an English town, or seen the sober brightness of an English autumn. What memories of his youth were brought to light by scenes, familiar in character if not in fact? Did the russet woods and the bright though cloudy sky bring back to him also thoughts of a vanished youth? The fresh keen air and the soft blue distances seemed to please him, for he walked through the woods to the top of the hill behind Ashenfold, from which there was a wide view of the surrounding country, over copses and corn-fields, right away over pleasant Fairfield to the high-standing elms of Willingham.

He soon obtained the situation for which Mr. Crichton had recommended him to apply, and, whatever his previous station and habits had been, settled in quietly to his clerkship, made a very quiet lodger for Mrs. Jones, and sent his little girl to a day-school recommended by Miss Venning. Arthur Spencer looked in on him now and then of an evening, and Minnie was invited once or twice to drink tea in Mr. Spencer Crichton's nursery. But the Oakenshaws excited no sensation in Oxley; while, on the other hand, Mr. Spencer's return was the occasion of a great deal of gaiety and of many friendly meetings. He was always a pleasant and popular person, and his intentions in coming home and the probability of his marriage were generally discussed.

*(To be continued.)*

---

## CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

## CAMEO CCXI.

1630—1632.

## THE SNOW KING

ONLY one great man appeared on the stage during the Thirty Years' War, and he was no native of the Empire. Indeed it has been remarked that none of the really able generals were Germans, but that they were Bohemian, Hungarian, Flemish, or Italian.

Denmark had made an attempt on behalf of the Protestant cause and had been beaten off the field; but even while the cunning Richelieu was making peace with the Emperor, and obtaining the dismissal of the best general of Austria, he was corresponding with the King of Sweden, and adding to the ardour of the impulse that made that young hero hope to be the deliverer of the liberties and faith of the Protestant princes.

Gustaf Adolf, his true baptismal name, was born at Stockholm in 1594, the son of Charles IX. of Sweden. From the first his father Charles IX., had him carefully educated by the learned Johann Skytte, and when only ten years old, he sat by his father in the Thing, and in the Councils of State, and was practised in replying to foreign envoys either in their own tongues or in Latin. His father had such expectations of his abilities that when a difficulty for the future was propounded, he would put his hand on the boy's head, and say 'Here is he who will provide for this! *Ille faciet.* He will do it.' By the time he was fifteen he could talk with ease in German, Dutch, French, Italian, and Latin, and was learning Greek. Throughout his life, he kept up his studies as much as possible, giving an hour or two a day whenever he could, to study. He read in the original, Hugo Grotius' great Latin treatise on the Law of Nations in peace and war, and he studied in the Greek the works of Xenophon, whom he regarded as the greatest military writer. At fifteen, his father sent him to practise government in Finland and Esthonia, with Skytte to direct both his affairs and studies. At sixteen, according to the old northern custom, his father presented him to the Thing, and invested him with sword and shield. He was a true northern champion, very tall and powerful, of unusual strength, fair complexioned, golden haired, and with bright blue eyes which were, however, near-sighted, and he was gentle and dignified in manner, though of an eager, hasty temper. He was a man of deep piety, daily studying the Holy Scriptures, and showing

the influence of his religion in his whole life and conduct. He said the Bible should ever be the study of Kings, since to God only were they accountable for their actions. Yet there was something of the old Berserker fury about him in battle. He was always impetuous in speech and council, hard to restrain by his wise minister, Oxenstierna, and in battle he was absolutely carried away by excitement, and exposed himself to danger in a manner scarcely befitting a man on whose life so much depended. He was once dragged with difficulty out of a frozen bog under the horses' feet, and often had his horse killed under him, but until his last fatal battle, he never received a wound.

In 1611, the year of his knighthood, his father died, and the first years of his reign were passed in petty wars with Denmark, Russia, and Poland, in which he was often in great personal danger. In the intervals, he did much for the improvement of his kingdom, and he thought out and established a discipline that made his soldiers exceedingly unlike the terrible bands of Tilly and Wallenstein. There was a firm hand over them, which punished all crimes, such as impiety, theft and violence, permitted no plunder, made the services of the chaplains no mere empty form, and while taking the soldiers' families and the necessary attendants under the protection and discipline of the camp, permitted none of the disorderly camp followers who were a worse scourge than the regiments themselves. His service was the only one where there was any heed to the comfort of the soldiers, whom he viewed as men with souls and bodies to be cared for, not as parts of a machine, and food for powder. Old Tilly's saying was 'A bright musket, a ragged soldier,' but Gustavus took care that his men should be well fed, shod, and clothed, with sheepskins for the winter, and sound tents, and while other armies left their wounded to chance, he provided four surgeons for each regiment. He knew all his officers and many of his men by sight, and if he saw a man deficient in his exercises, he would himself give instruction, with great mildness and patience. Though strict with the officers, he was lenient with the rank and file, to whom the camp was like a home, and the King a father. There were schools for them, and for their children, and regular services. In spite of this strictness, his service was very popular, but he was unwilling ever to have more than 40,000 men in his army, since larger numbers could hardly have been kept in this perfect state of order. Many of the English and Scottish gentlemen who longed for enterprise were among his officers, and there were altogether 10,000 British in his army. There was a considerable resemblance between his character and that of our own Henry V., and just as the English King put a stop to the barbarous old ordeal of battle by declaring that he should hang the victor for murder, so Gustavus, after many vain endeavours, put an end to duelling in his army by coming to the spot where two officers were to meet accompanied

by a guard and the executioner. 'Fight till one is slain,' said he, 'and then,' he added, turning to the executioner, 'off with the head of the survivor!' In 1620, Gustavus made a tour *incognito* in Germany, under the title of Monsieur Gars, a word composed of the initials of Gustavus Adolphus Rex Sueviæ. He visited all the chief cities, ending with Berlin, where with better consequences than in the like expedition of his contemporary, Charles, he contrived to see the Elector's sister, Marie Eleonore of Brandenburg, a tall, handsome, stately lady, whom he soon after married.

Gustavus knew that the Emperor was trying to stir up disaffection in Sweden, and hoped when fully master of Germany to dethrone him and set up his cousin the Roman Catholic King of Poland. The expelled Duke of Mecklenburg was sheltered at Stockholm, and he felt himself called on for his kingdom's sake as well as that of his faith, to come to the rescue of the oppressed Germans. So he began to feel his way among the states on the south of the Baltic. Pomerania had been much oppressed by Wallenstein during the siege of Stralsund. The old Wendish line of Dukes had ended in a family of childless brothers, the last of whom, Duke Bogislav, was the reigning prince. He had never quarrelled with the Emperor, but it was hard to have troops quartered on his people, for fear he should bequeath his dominions away from the Emperor, and here Gustavus meant to make his first attempt. On the 20th of May, 1630, the Thing was convoked at Stockholm, and the King appeared before it, holding in his arms his only child, Christina, a little girl of four years old, and asking his people for their oaths of allegiance to her in case he should never return. There was a sound of weeping among those strong men, and Gustavus could hardly command his voice to make them a brief address, showing how duty, not ambition, led him into the war, and ending by commanding all—counsellors, pastors, burghers, and bonders to the protection of Heaven.

He took leave of his wife and child and embarked, landing first in Pomerania, where he immediately knelt in prayer on the shore, and as he rose, detecting some glances of astonishment among the officers, he said, 'A good Christian is not the worse soldier. The man who has said his prayers has half his day's work done.' He went to Stettin to see the old Duke Bogislav, to persuade him that neutrality was impossible. The Duke came out in a sedan chair to meet the King, who argued long with him, and at last the old man yielded, and begged the King to be a father to him. 'I would rather be your son,' said Gustavus, and, in fact, the Duke did name the King of Sweden as his heir. On the Duke's return, Gustavus made sure of the place, by sending an escort of 200 Scotch musqueteers back with him. They received the submission of the garrison, and he encamped his men in tents on the ramparts instead of quartering them on the citizens. He himself slept in a ship on the Oder, saying that when the King slept in a

hammock, a general's bed might be a fur cloak, and a soldier's, clean straw. He went to church three times the next day, and told his staff, 'that though war might be their amusement, religion was their business.' Then he set his troops to raise fresh fortifications round Stettin, making the task agreeable by giving each man a draught of ale after every twenty turns of the basket of earth. All the garrisons Wallenstein had put into the towns of Pomerania and Mecklenburg were expelled, and the rightful Duke restored to the latter duchy.

Since the Elector of Brandenburg was brother-in-law both to Gustavus and the unfortunate Pfalzgraf, and was a Protestant, and his dominions were in great part those of the Teutonic knights, Ferdinand would have had extreme satisfaction in overthrowing him. This, however, made him only the more cautious and anxious to give no handle to his enemies. He had seen the Danish invasion repulsed, and he did not see why the Swedish should answer any better—indeed Gustavus was already called the Snow King who would melt away in the spring. So he sent an envoy named Von Wilmersdorf to persuade the King to come to terms with the Emperor and retreat, offering to be mediator as before with Denmark.

'I had expected a different kind of embassy,' said Gustavus. He would not, of course, retreat, and he expected his loving cousin whom he meant to protect, to do his part. Said the envoy, 'It is necessary to look to the future, and consider how all men fall to ruin if the undertaking does not prosper.'

'That is just what will happen if you remain inactive, and would have done so already if I had not come,' returned Gustavus. 'My loving cousin ought to do as I have done, and commend the result to God. I have not lain on a bed for fourteen days. I ought to have spared myself this trouble, and sat at home with my wife, if I had no greater considerations.'

'If his Electoral Highness should become mediator, your Kingly Majesty must at least allow his Electoral Majesty to remain neutral.'

'Yes, till I come to his country. Such an idea is mere chaff, which the wind raises and blows away. What kind of a thing is that neutrality? I do not understand it.'

Some of Georg Wilhelm's reluctance really arose from a loyal unwillingness to unite with foreigners against the Emperor; but Gustavus could wait for the course of events; and in January, 1631, he signed at Barwalde a treaty with France, in which Richelieu undertook to supply him with money, on condition that he would, in case of victory, respect the Catholic religion, and restore things to what they had been before the congress of Wallenstein.

The punctilios of the French Ambassador, de Charnacé, made much difficulty. He required that Gustavus should accept, not alliance, but protection, from Louis XIII., and that his master's name should always

stand first. Gustavus replied with dignity that he would have no *protection* but God's, and that both parties were kings and therefore equal.

'Yes,' said de Charnacé, 'but all scarlet is not the same colour.'

These follies were not allowed to prevent the treaty. And certainly if Louis and Gustavus had stood together personally, all the provinces in France would not have made the former degenerate being equal to the noblest man then living in Europe. However, the great Hugo Grotius went as ambassador from Sweden to France, where he was too sturdy to please Richelieu.

Ferdinand made light of the invasion. 'We have got a new little enemy,' he said, and he paid no attention to a last effort of the Protestant princes, who met at Leipsic in March, and declared that if the Edict of Restitution were withdrawn, they would take their places as obedient subjects, and never join with any foreign prince against him. At the same time, however, they agreed to levy soldiers, so as to be prepared for whatever might happen.

The Catholic League was more aware of the extent of the danger, and they sent Count Tilly to meet the Swede. The old General's plan was to get between the divisions of Gustavus's army, half of which was with the King in Pomerania, and half with his General, Horn, in Mecklenburg. While the council of princes was sitting at Leipsic, they heard tidings that Tilly had taken New Brandenburg, and destroyed the whole Swedish garrison of 2,000 men; but Gustavus swiftly united his army by rapid marches, made Tilly retreat upon the Elbe, and drove out all the garrisons from Frankfort-upon-Oder and the remaining fortresses of the Baltic.

The city of Magdeburg, which had been made over as a Bishopric to the Emperor's son, and forced back to Romanism, eagerly raised its standards and closed its gates, but without waiting till its lord, the Elector of Saxony, should give permission, or ally himself with the Swede. Certainly, according to rumour, there had been a portent to warn them, for it was said that a child had just been born, provided by nature with boots and spurs of flesh, and, moreover, with a pouch of skin on the left thigh containing two balls. It was fatal precipitation. Tilly besieged the city, and Gustavus sent an officer to direct the defence, but he could not march to relieve it till he was secure of the cities in his rear which belonged to Brandenburg and Saxony. He went himself to Berlin, and argued for two whole days with the Elector to induce him to give him leave to garrison Custrin and Spandau—'If not he must leave Magdeburg to its fate, and he should make peace and go home, while the Protestants must look to themselves.'

At nine in the evening of the second day, George William yielded, and let him occupy the two cities; but John George of Saxony would hear nothing till he should have an answer from the Emperor as to



the Edict of Restitution. Gustavus, with his small force, could not advance through Saxony without the cities being opened to him, and was forced to leave Magdeburg to its fate.

The place was ill provided. There were few soldiers; half the citizens thought they had been too hasty, and wanted to surrender, and others took their ease. The Swedish officer, Falkenberg, was killed; and when Pappenheim, Tilly's best leader, stormed the walls on the 13th May, 1631, he easily effected an entrance. The soldiery always held it as a right to work their will on a place taken by assault, and this caused the most horrible of all the horrors of the Thirty Years' War.

It seems that in the midst of the assault a fire broke out, and in the general confusion it raged on. The soldiers, always savage, fancied the inhabitants wanted to baulk them of their plunder, and flew, sword in hand, upon every creature they saw, man, woman, and child. Stories were told of Tilly refusing to interfere, and saying, 'The town must bleed; wait another hour.' But in point of fact no living creature could have restrained the frenzy of those furious men dispersed throughout the city, too mad with rage, drink, and passion to hear even a trumpet note through the roar of flames, the crash of falling houses, the shrieks of their victims. Still, some had mercy. Pappenheim saved the governor, badly wounded, and brought him before the Commander-in-chief, whom he boldly told that the honour of Tilly lay in the dust. A Lutheran pastor has left a very interesting account of his adventures. After being assailed by a soldier, who had a store of bullets laid up in his mouth and carried two muskets, he was saved, with his wife and servant, by a colonel, who planted sentinels at their door, and when the fire threatened it, took them to his tent. As they passed, the maid carried off a neighbour's little child, whom she saw crying at the door, and the Frau Pastorin saved her husband's gown, nothing else. However, they had buried their money, and when things were quieter, the maid was sent to disinter it, and they paid their ransom with it to the colonel, who had treated them like friends. Four days did this frightful scene last, and when it was over, there remained out of 40,000 inhabitants only 800, fled, hidden in cellars, or received to mercy; while of the prosperous German city, nothing was left standing save the cathedral, with 400 refugees in it, one convent, and a few houses round it. And in this scene of desolation a *Te Deum* was sung in honour of the victory!

The blood of the Protestants ran cold at the appalling tales told by the fugitives, and at the same time came the answer of the Emperor to the Protestant Princes. He would never go back from the Edict of Restitution; and he commanded them to lay down their arms, and not pretend to dictate to him. This, by the help of the sight of the Swedish cannon, made an end of the neutrality of Brandenburg. The Landgraf of Hesse Cassel came into the camp of Gustavus, and so did

the gallant young Duke Bernhard of Saxe Weimar, the descendant of the steadfast John and his wife Sybilla of Cleves, the Elector of Saxony, who had been dispossessed by Charles V. in favour of Moritz. The Elector still wavered. He would not declare for the cause of the foreigner, but he would not, even at the Emperor's repeated bidding, dismiss his troops.

Orders were sent that Tilly should bring him to obedience. Merseburg was seized, and Leipsic was brought to surrender by a threat of being treated worse than Magdeburg. The Elector was at last beyond his patience, and sent off messengers to entreat Gustavus to assist him, sending his newly levied troops, fine, strong, well-equipped but untried men, to join with the Swedes in endeavouring to expel the imperialists from his dukedom.

Tilly lay at Breitenwald, five mails from Leipsic, and against him the united force of Swedes and Saxons marched, 'Remember Magdeburg,' was their watchword. It was the first time Gustavus had been matched in a pitched battle against one of those veteran Austrians who had hitherto carried all before them; but on the other hand, Tilly is said to have been unnerved by the recollection of the horrors of Magdeburg, and to have shuddered when looking up from signing the capitulation of Leipsic, he saw that the walls of the rooms were painted with bones and skulls. It belonged to a grave-digger, and was the only house in the suburb not destroyed. After some deliberation, Tilly resolved on marching out to meet the enemy. His artillery cannonaded furiously for two hours, then he charged on the right, and the raw Saxon troops were soon broken, so that he sent couriers off to Munich and Vienna to announce the victory. However, Pappenheim's cavalry charged on the left, and here the Swedes had very different success. A strong body of musqueteers encountered the horsemen, and after repeated endeavours to break the line, they fell back in confusion. The King meanwhile had sent succours to the Saxons, who rallied and gained the flank of the Imperialists; and the moment that the Pappenheimers were definitely repulsed, Gustavus himself led a charge up the heights where the artillery of the enemy was posted, won it, turned the guns against their own army, and sent orders for an attack in flank by the Saxons, and in rear by his reserve, while the musqueteers who had repulsed Pappenheim were pushing on in front. The Imperialists fled, completely routed. Pappenheim, with seven wounds, fell, was stripped and left for dead, but was saved by a peasant, who conveyed him the next day to Fulda. Tilly, with four regiments, who had been always attached to his service, and disdained to fly, tried to cut his way to the forest of Lembel. He was severely wounded, and cut off from his troops; and a huge Swede, called Long Fritz, was trying to make him surrender, when Maximilian of Saxe Lauenberg came to his rescue, shot the Swede, and conveyed the general to Halle. The four regiments refused quarter, and stood their ground by the forest till night-



fall, when they made good their retreat in the dark. Only 2,000 men out of 20,000 could be collected again by Tilly, and all the artillery and baggage were lost. This battle, sometimes called Breitenwald, sometimes the First Battle of Leipsic, was fought on the 13th May, 1631, and was the first victory on the Protestant side that had been achieved. It was Tilly's first defeat after thirty battles.

It filled with joy those who had hitherto been depressed and hopeless. Cities which had dreaded to declare themselves for fear of the fate of Magdeburg began to lift up their heads, and vacillating princes to think that they could safely take the part which they preferred. Gustavus knew, however, that he must let the Germans do as much as possible for themselves, or he should arouse their national jealousy of him as a foreign conqueror. So he sent the Elector of Saxony to awaken the old spirit in Bohemia. As for himself, his great counsellor, Oxenstjerna, wanted him to march straight on Vienna, but this was not his object. He wanted primarily to deliver the northern states, and to encourage the merchant cities, Ulm, Augsburg, Nuremberg, which had all along been Protestant, and to deliver the Palatinate from its oppressors. And, out of mortification, a strange ally offered himself, namely, Wallenstein, who wanted revenge on the Catholic League, which had insisted on his dismissal, and the Emperor who had yielded to them. He was pleased at the defeat of his rival Tilly, though he said, 'If such a thing had happened to me I should kill myself.' He said that if Gustavus would trust him, he would soon get his old army together again, and chase Ferdinand and the Jesuits beyond the Alps.

But Gustavus did not trust him, though he sat quiet at Prague while the Saxons were in possession of the city, plundering everywhere, and the Elector sending off to Dresden fifty waggon-loads filled with the treasures of the Emperor Rudolf's museum. Count Thurm had come in with the army, and found on the bridge of Prague the skulls of twelve of his comrades in the rebellion. He reverently took them down, wrapped them in black satin, and interred them. Many exiles returned, and there was a general resumption of the Hussite form of worship.

*(To be continued.)*

---

## PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

## VI.

## THE CANTICLES.

*Susan.* *The Christian Year* says on the feast of S. Luke—

‘And taught by thee, the Church prolongs  
The hymns of high thanksgiving still.’

*Aunt Anne.* If S. Luke collected the materials for his Gospel during S. Paul’s long captivity at Cæsarea, he may thus have learnt the three great Gospel Psalms, the links between the Old and the New, and they were probably at once adopted into Christian worship everywhere, even if they were not already in use in the Church of Jerusalem.

*S.* What is the first that is known of their being sung daily?

*A.* I do not think there is distinct evidence before the fifth century, but their occurrence in the Eastern as well as the Western Church is a proof of the universality of treating them as special Christian notes of praise. In the Sarum Use, as indeed everywhere else, the *Benedictus* was given to a morning service, and the other two came late in the day.

*S.* ‘The Day-spring from on high.’ Yes, that suits with morning.

*A.* So its place was in Lauds, the dawning hour. Then the *Magnificat* was appropriated to Vespers, because they took place at the time when the Angel Gabriel was said by tradition to have appeared to the Blessed Virgin, and his salutation to her was always repeated.

*S.* Yes, I know the Vesper bell is often called the Ave Maria bell in Italy. And the *Nunc Dimittis* does especially chime in with the late evening.

*A.* So it belonged to Compline or bed time. And when the seven hours reduced to two, Matins naturally took the Song of Zachariās, and with peculiar and beautiful appropriateness it was made the burst of thanksgiving after the Lesson from the Gospels. Then the *Magnificat*, the special hymn of the Incarnation, was placed between the chapters from the New and the Old Testament, and Simeon’s thanksgiving for having seen His Salvation was made to follow the Scriptures written after the work was completed.

S. The New Lectionary disturbs that.

A. For half the year ; but I suppose the advantages counterbalance what has been sacrificed.

S. I have heard old people say they never heard the *Benedictus* at church in former times, only the 100th Psalm, *Jubilate*.

A. The First Prayer-book of Edward VI. had no alternatives ; but in the Second, the three Psalms were given in case of the occurrence of the Canticle in the services of the day. I think this was in a mistaken spirit, for the song of praise seems especially appropriate to the history of the fact. However, in practice, I am much afraid that the lengths of the Canticles and Psalms settled the preference, for 'O be joyful' almost displaced the Song of Zacharias, while the *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* held their ground.

S. No one could give up, 'Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.'

A. One would have thought not, yet the American Prayer-book did. The desire seems to have been to take nothing that to the average common sense of the devotional mind of the eighteenth century did not seem directly applicable to themselves. So they cut out all about the Israelites in the *Venite*, and reduced the *Benedictus* to the first four verses, giving up the two Evensong Gospel Canticles altogether, taking part of the 92nd and 103rd Psalms instead. But it is a great proof that the mind of the Church has worked that in the recent revision it has been proposed to restore these omissions so as to come more into harmony with the Church Catholic.

S. We are told in the *Life of Henry Martyn* that the first thing that struck him, and really was the turning-point of what may be called his conversion, was the *Magnificat* in his college chapel, drawing his attention to the Incarnation and what it has done for us.

A. And that in the days when college services were specially liable to the charge of irreverence and routine. I remember the passage. It is in a letter where he says how he perceived that it expressed such 'thankfulness for the coming of Christ,' and thus his mind became open to all that this coming involved to all mankind and to himself.

S. What a seed was then sown ! And if we know this of one man, because he turned out remarkable, how many more there must be of whom we do not know, to whom some word in daily services came home ! If one could only teach about them. And here we come to the practical work of how I am to teach about them.

A. For a beautiful comment to deepen yourself, I advise you to read Canon Ashwell's beautiful papers 'The Canticles in Matins and Evensong.' I wish they were separately published, but they are only to be found in the third, fourth, and fifth volumes of the Second Series of the *Monthly Packet* for the years 1867 and 1868. But for your lessons on them, first taking the Song of Zacharias, you should

of course bring the circumstances before the pupils, showing them the old priest who had remained dumb, as the sign he had demanded of the reality of the Angel's appearance in the Temple, but who now had his lips unsealed, on his public demonstration of faith by insisting on the Child's bearing the name announced by the Angel. He gives utterance to the song meditated on so long in silence. You see it is the last Psalm of the Levitical priesthood, so long dumb, testifying to the Coming of Christ.

S. And we have it after the Second Lesson, because it says, 'He *hath* visited and redeemed His people.' Surely He had not already come.

A. The work of the Incarnation had already begun, and both Zacharias and Elizabeth knew it. The work of redemption was going on, and the past tense is prophetically adapted to the Church. Or it may have been so sung when S. Luke copied it.

S. In the Gospel where we sing, 'A mighty salvation,' it is 'A horn of salvation.'

A. The alteration is to adapt it to the Western mind. Horns, being the weapons of the mighty bull, were the emblem of power and strength to the Israelite mind. See Moses's blessing to the tribes of Joseph in Deut. xxxiii. 17. 'His glory is like the firstling of his bullock, and his horns are like the horns of unicorns' (probably the *urus*). 'With them shall he push the people to the ends of the earth.' The standard of Ephraim was the Cherubic Ox, and Zacharias at once alludes to this, to Psalm cxxxii. 17, and to Ezekiel xxix. 21.

S. Then for the 'prophets since the world began.'

A. The girls ought to be able to turn to the first prophecy in the doom of the Serpent, and to quote enough of the more remarkable ones to illustrate this.

S. Our enemies—our great enemy Satan. This of course is the covenant with Abraham.

A. Yes, because that included the blessing to all nations of the earth, and it was brought before the mind of Zacharias by the circumcision of his child. Then we mark how the fulfilment of that promise has delivered us from the bondage of fear—all the terror and uncertainty with which all beyond the grave was regarded, and how it has been made possible to spend whole lives in service to Him. As Canon Ashwell shows, this Canticle answers perfectly as regards ourselves to the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, the Epistles for the Sixth and Seventh Sundays after Trinity.

S. Then Zacharias turns to his own child and prophesies of him as the forerunner. How far, or does it refer to John the Baptist?

A. To prepare his ways by giving knowledge of the salvation that should bring about the remission of sins through God's mercy.

S. That he did by the leading the people to repent and then

showing them the Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world (Matt. iii., John i.).

A. Also when he sent his disciples to see proved, by witnessing the fulfilment of prophecy, that our Lord was 'He that should come' (Matt. xi. 2).

S. The Day-spring. Here is a reference of Job xxxviii. 12. 'Hast Thou commanded the morning since Thy days, and caused the day-spring to know its place?'

A. It was the dawn of the Sun of righteousness with healing in His wings (Mal. iv.) coming just ere the lamp went out in the Temple of God, giving light and joy to those who ever since the doom was spoken on Adam had lain in bondage to death, with its dark shadow reaching over their whole lives, no joy except in forgetfulness or stolid resignation, save to those who trusted the mercy of God, and vaguely and dimly understood the promises afar off.

S. Yes, Zacharias does bring them home to us.

A. Before we leave his song, let me tell you that the Christmas Antiphon was the Angel's song—Peace on earth, good will to men, chiming in with 'To guide our feet into the way of peace.' The Easter one pointed to the Day-spring, 'Very early, the first day of the week, they came to the sepulchre, the Sun was already risen; the ordinary daily one, 'In the morning tide, O Lord, I will meditate on Thee, because Thou hast been my Helper.'

S. Those Antiphons must have been a great help to the devotional spirit for the seasons. But I can quite see how they were only fit to be constantly used by trained choirs of monks and nuns depending on memory more than on finding one's place.

A. And when we remember that all was in Latin, we must feel that, at the cost of much beauty and appropriateness indeed, many more have been enabled to sing with the spirit and with the understanding also.

S. Do we go on to the *Magnificat*?

A. As it has been called—the *Te Deum* of the evening service.

S. How like it is to the 113th Psalm!

A. Which again is apparently the Song of Hannah (1 Sam. ii.) adapted to the Temple service. It is quite possible that the mind of the Blessed Virgin was guided to revert to that mother of old, who among all the types of herself had been led to pour forth her thanksgiving in a prophetic hymn. There was much to remind her of the mother of Samuel, both in her own circumstances and those of Elisabeth.

S. It seems as if the great point in all these hymns was the putting down the great and exalting the lowly, beginning from the Blessed Virgin herself being chosen for the greatest of all honours.

A. And further, on embodying the teaching of our Lord Himself, 'He that humbleth himself shall be exalted;' and indeed the hymn

answers all along to the Beatitudes, as you may see if you compare them. Again, it prophesies of our Blessed Lord's own humiliation and exaltation.

S. 'Who took upon Him the form of a servant . . . and humbled Himself. . . . Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him' (Phil. ii. 7—8.)

A. Again, it is human nature, once trampled on by Satan, now exalted in His Person, who spoiled down principalities and powers (Col. ii. 15). And again it is the thanksgiving of the Gentile Church, the Jewish being set aside, as in Isaiah liv. 1, quoted by St. Paul (Gal. iv. 27), 'Rejoice, thou barren, that bearest not.'

S. I suppose there are Antiphons to make all those applications?

A. And the Ascension-Day Antiphon is that which the Venerable Bede dwelt on in his last moments, and which has been preserved to us in the Collect for the next Sunday.

S. I suppose I must not teach all these lines of thought, or I should confuse the girls?

A. Yes, I think what would be most useful to them would be to work out the comparison with the Beatitudes, making them see how each of us may be the handmaid of the Lord, and win the blessing to those who hear the word of the Lord and keep it (Luke xi. 19). Mark, too, the appropriate place of the hymn, between the Lessons from the New and Old Testaments, joining them, as it were.

S. Is not incense sometimes here used?

A. It used to be, as an acknowledgment of our Lord's divinity in the Incarnation, the Humble One exalted. But people have been too apt to regard it as honour to the Mother instead of to the Son, and therefore attempts to revive the custom have been prevented.

S. Then the Song of Simeon?

A. Canon Ashwell says, 'The *Magnificat* celebrates the coming of Christ into the world, the *Nunc Dimittis* celebrates His coming into His Holy House.

S. I see. And further, I suppose, it owns, on behalf of every Christian, that now our Lord is come, and we have seen His Salvation, we can look forward in peace to the departure that once had been so dreaded?

A. Yes. And observe that Simeon, like a true prophet, no narrow Jew, takes up the promise to Abraham, and the great words in Isaiah ix. and xlix., and speaks of the Messiah as not only the glory of Israel, but a Light to lighten the Gentiles.

S. Were there many Antiphons to this?

A. Many, and especially beautiful ones, specially marking the idea of peace and the evening rest, as connected with the rest in the grave. Here is one used in the Epiphany season:—

'Save us, O Lord, while waking, and keep us sleeping,  
So that we may watch with Christ, and may repose in peace.'

S.                   ‘Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,  
                          And when we die  
                          May we in Thy wondrous keeping  
                          In safety lie.’

That must have been taken from it. And now about the Psalm Canticles?

A. The *Jubilate*, the Hundredth, was a daily Psalm, sung at Lauds, before instead of after the Lesson. Having been dropped in 1549, it was restored as an alternative in 1552. It was a Sabbath Psalm of the Temple, and you see how it responds to the *Venite*, ‘We are His people, and the sheep of His pasture.’ It is an excellent text on which to give a lesson on the Good Shepherd, and His care for us. You should mark in teaching the use of the word ‘courts,’ the court of the Temple being as far as the people could come.

S. And the Hundredth is one of our greatest and most universal notes of praise.

A. Yes, owing partly to the grand old tune, said to be composed by Luther, and which is certainly very old, for I have seen it in Sternhold and Hopkins’ version, in a black-letter Prayer-book of the time of James I.

S. The *Cantate* is another of those Sabbath Temple Psalms, is it not? What are shawms?

A. A book I have on the *Music of the Bible* says that they were the curled ram’s-horn trumpets in distinction to the straight silver ones. In Blunt’s *Annotated Prayer-book* you may see this Psalm compared with the *Magnificat*, so as to show perhaps one reason for its being chosen as an alternative.

S. It is more universal praise, for it calls on all nature to join, but it omits those special points of the high and low changing places.

A. Yes, it looks on rather to the Judgment Day. It is further to be observed that three of these Canticle Psalms, xcv., xcvi. and c., all belong to what Bishop Horsley considers to have been one entire prophetic song, quoted in the Epistle to the Hebrews under the title of ‘The Introduction of the First-Begotten into the World,’ each proclaiming the Kingdom of the Lord God, the Messiah under which we live as Christians, so that each of them does in its own form proclaim ‘The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.’

S. The *Deus Misereatur* has a good deal of likeness to *Nunc Dimittis*.

A. And it was always a Sunday Psalm in the Use of Sarum, coming at Lauds, so that no doubt those who restored it had missed its recurrence.

S. It seems to have had an Antiphon, or a chorus verse of its own, in the Temple.

A. Thrupp considers it a special hymn to the Comforter, and that it is the third of a series bringing in the great Pentecostal 68th Psalm.

You observe that the Feast of Weeks was the feast of the completed harvest, and the wave loaf.

*S.* And the 65th is the regular harvest Psalm.

*A.* Thus we see the first *point* of 'Then shall the earth bring forth her increase.' But looking further on, the Christian increase from the earth is first good works here from the seed of the Holy Spirit, and then God's great harvest, when He shall gather the wheat into His garner. Thus it comes fittingly after the evensong Second Lesson, which at least, for half the year, is written by fully inspired Christians after the day of Pentecost.

---



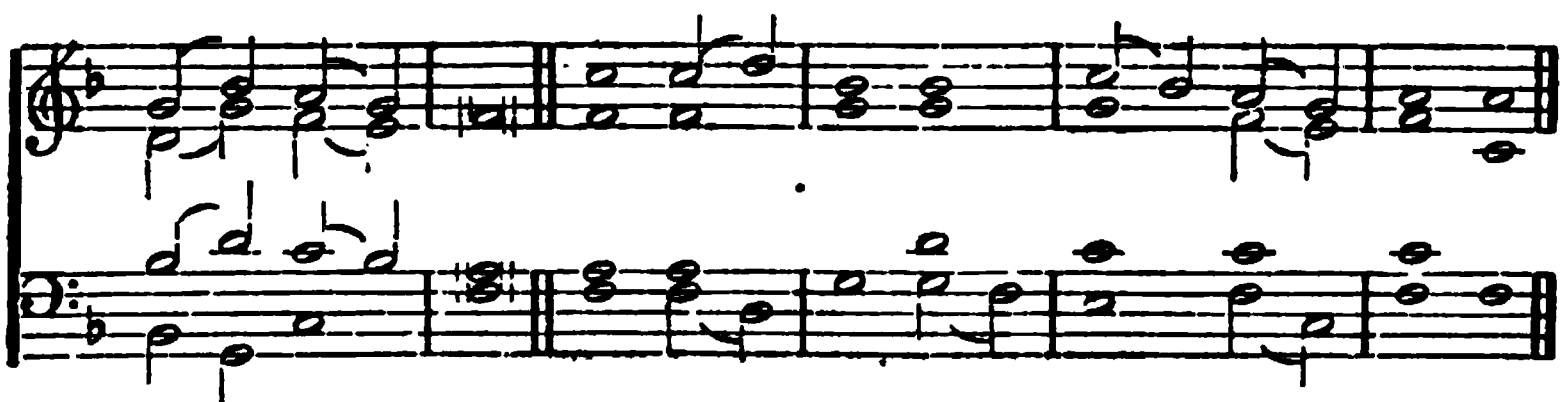
## HYMNS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS AND OCCASIONS.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, AUTHOR OF 'THE KNIGHT OF INTERCESSION,' ETC.

## VI.

## HYMN OF THE CITY OF GOD.

[Written originally for the Church Defence Institution; afterwards enlarged for Processional use. The accompanying Tune (Alla Trinita, from the 'Laudi Spirituali,' 440, Second Tune, 'Ancient and Modern') has been specially re-harmonized for it, and sung at the recent great Festival of Choirs at Salisbury Cathedral on May 29th.]



*' Her foundations are upon the holy hills : the Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob. '—Ps. lxxxvii. 1, 2.*

*' God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed : God shall help her, and that right early ' (literally, "when the morning dawns").—Ps. xlv. 5.*

*' If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. '—Ps. cxxxvii. 5.*

SACRED City, by the river  
 Flowing ever, still and strong,  
 Offer God-ward, morn and even,  
 Incense sweet of happy song !  
 As of old thy deep foundations  
 Are upon His holy hills :  
 As of old His mystic glory  
 All thy stately temples fills.

*f* Great the glory, sweet the favour  
 Found in these Thy courts, O Lord !  
 Where in grandeur and in beauty  
 Thou, Most Holy, art adored ;  
*dim.* As the bird, at last in refuge—  
 Far a wanderer, long distrest—  
 So the soul about Thine altar  
*p* Finds her happiness and rest.

*mf* City on the strong foundations !  
 Heart and flesh cry out for thee :  
 City of the one true temple !  
 There the longing soul shall flee,  
 From dissension unto order,  
 From the specious to the pure,  
 From the discord to the music,  
 From the fleeting to the sure.

*f* Though before thy gates may gather  
 Egypt, Edom, Babylon ;  
 Though the warring hosts of error  
 Sworn against thee are as one ;  
 Yet against thee vaunt or valour  
 Shall be but the tempest's roar ;  
 All thy foes shall but assail thee  
 As the seas assail the shore.

*p* Come the dark hours when by trouble  
 Shall thy confidence be proved,  
 When the world shall rage around thee  
 And the kingdoms shall be moved,

*mf* Yet thy Lord abideth faithful ;  
Wild or weary be the night  
*cres.* He will help thee at the dawning,  
*f* For thy Christ shall give thee light.

*mf* But be true, ye sons and daughters,  
Lest the peril be within :  
Watching, praying, lest in slumber  
Fiend or foeman enter in ;  
Safe the mother and the children  
If their will and love be strong,  
And with quiet mind they offer  
Prayer and praise for battle song.

*f* Get thee, watchman, to the rampart !  
Gird thee, warrior, with thy sword !  
And be strong as ye remember  
In your midst is God the Lord :  
Like the night mists from the valley,  
These shall vanish one by one—  
Egypt's malice, Edom's envy,  
And the hate of Babylon.

*mf* Church of God ! if we forget thee  
Let His power forego our hand,  
When our love shall not prefer thee  
Let His love desert our land—  
Nay ! our memory shall be steadfast  
Though in storm the mountains shake,  
And our love is love for ever,  
For it is for Jesus' sake.

Church of Jesus ! His thy Banner  
And thy Banner's awful Sign :  
By His Passion and His glory  
Thou art His and He is thine :  
From the Hill of His Redemption  
Flows the sacramental tide :  
From the Hill of His Ascension  
Flows the grace of God thy Guide.

Yea ; thou Church of God the Spirit !  
His Society Divine,  
His the living Word thou keepest,  
His thy Apostolic line.

Ancient prayer and song liturgic,  
Creeds that change not to the end,  
As His gift we have received them,  
As His charge we will defend.

*ff* Alleluia, Alleluia,  
To the Father, Spirit, Son,  
In Whose will the Church at warfare  
With the Church at rest is one :  
So to Thee we sing in union,  
God in earth and heaven adored,  
Alleluia, Alleluia,  
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord. Amen.

## CHARACTER.

### INTRODUCTION.

THE following pages were written in hope of filling a need which the author has felt so often that it has seemed to him not improbable that others may have done the same. They do not lay claim to much originality, as most of the ideas in them have been put forth before, and those which have not are chiefly inferences from the others; but they are an attempt to set before people who are not necessarily wide readers some connected idea of what is to be aimed at in the culture of character.

They are intentionally limited to this point. There is no lack of earnest and fervent preaching, in sermons and books, to convince all who doubt it that it is their duty and their privilege to devote themselves to God; and the whole scheme of Christianity is analysed and brought home to the hearts of all grades and ages to enforce this as its central lesson. As a rule it is not difficult to persuade people that they ought to devote themselves to God, and to try to attain the measure of goodness which it is His will that they should reach, and of which the Perfect Life of His Son has given them an example. But when this is done, when people are fully persuaded that they ought to be good, and carry out the Will of God in their life, there often comes a period of bewilderment and discouragement, which seems as if it might be prevented by more clearness of sight to see what we are driving at.

Take, for example, a young person—boy or girl—who has been stirred up, perhaps by Confirmation and first Communion, perhaps by the first contact with the realities of life in changed circumstances or family trouble, to desire really and truly to be good. He determines to fight against the definite faults he knows of in himself—not to answer crossly when provoked, not to idle over his work, &c.; and again and again, after a short attempt, the experience is the same; the faults are met with varying success according as the energy and the earnestness are strong or weak, but the ideal loses its brightness, and the object he aims at seems dull and unattractive. Suppose the faults *were* conquered, fully and entirely, and the life blameless—what then? It would be right, no doubt, that it should be so, but it seems taking a great deal of trouble for very little result. There is the Divine Example to be followed, of course, but the thought of it does not help him much; of course it is possible to avoid what Christ would have avoided, but that does not seem to bring Him much nearer, and the circumstances of the

ordinary modern life which he leads, and those of the Divine Teacher of Judæa, seem so different that there is not much in common possible to follow. He seems to have come to the foot of the mountain he wants to climb, and to find no way up the precipitous crags, while fog and mist sometimes make him doubt if there is a mountain at all.

‘ Sometimes a little corner shines  
As over rainy mist inclines  
A gleaming crag with belts of pines.  
I will go forward, sayest thou,  
I shall not fail to find her now,  
Look up, the fold is on her brow.’

What is really wanted in such a case is that he should get a clearer view of what he is aiming at, and what there is for him to aim at ; and it seems as if often the want of comprehension of this were the cause of the spiritual muddle in which so many struggling souls live. In this case the cause of the trouble is clear ; he is aiming at a negative ideal, not a positive one, and does not find it attractive. He has not realised that goodness is more than blamelessness ; that it involves the culture of qualities of character, and that the first thing to be done is to understand what these qualities of character are, and how they can be cultivated or checked.

It is not surprising that the transition period, when the ideal of goodness at which we aim from negative becomes positive, is a time of puzzle and bewilderment to many minds. In the childhood both of races and individuals the negative points of right and wrong are those on which the conscience is first brought to bear. ‘Thou shalt not,’ has to be understood before ‘Thou shalt.’ ‘I mustn’t’ is the first prompting of the conscience in the tiny child, contemplating the forbidden pleasure of the ripe fruit or the elder sister’s doll ; and so it remains for the first years of life. Being naughty is to a child synonymous with doing what he ought not—disobedience, telling untruths, getting into passions, playing instead of learning lessons. This idea has well to be driven into the conscience before it is capable of understanding that not doing what you ought not is but a very small part of goodness. Probably many people pass their lives without getting beyond it at all, most perhaps super-adding the belief that they ought to be moderately attentive to their religious duties, and neighbourly to those who come in contact with them ; and the result is that they gradually come to take their ideal of life not from that which is put before them in the Gospels, but from the general standard to which their neighbours conform, and this without any consciousness that they are looking at all lower than they ought, for the aim of their lives.

Others, more advanced in their spiritual life, still hold this negative standard too long, so that they fall into many avoidable mistakes. For instance, people often realise that special faults have to be

guarded against, while they do not recognise that special virtues have to be cultivated; they desire to be good generally, but it does not occur to them to break up the idea of goodness into distinct and tangible virtues, as they do that of sin into distinct and tangible faults. It is perhaps from this need that we sometimes find people, who are devotionally inclined, contenting themselves with a negative standard of blamelessness, while their positive religious aim is not so much the culture of qualities of character as of religious emotion.

The point of these papers is to draw attention to the *positive* side of the culture of goodness. It is not necessary, in order to do this, to reiterate what my readers in all probability do not need to have told them again. We may take for granted the ordinary teaching of the Church, and keep, without discursiveness, to our special point.

The first requirement for the culture of character is that people should realise its importance. This seems a trite thing to say, but if we think of it in our present light, not as an intellectual but a moral and spiritual axiom, we shall see that it is not such a platitude as it seems.

When we have once realised rightly what is the most important thing in existence, we have gone some way [towards attaining it; for we have brought our own will over to desire it for ourselves. Perhaps to realise rightly that Goodness is the most important thing in the universe is not the most elementary lesson we can learn; we must begin lower still, in learning that our own pleasure is *not* the most important thing. This we may rightly call the Alphabet of Life; and there is a sharp division which comprises all characters, and which it is most important for all of us to realise, that we may see on which side of it we stand. On the one side are those who put their own pleasure first as the object of their life; on the other are those who prefer some other object to their own pleasure. Sometimes, and most often, this is the pursuit of Goodness; but there are other things by which men learn that their own pleasure is a secondary object in life, and which make it much easier for them to pass on to the higher stage of taking Goodness as the chief thing than it is to those who stand on the other side. Learning, Art, Science, Patriotism, and above all, the desire for the happiness of some one we love, are all objects, the pursuit of which teaches us that our own pleasure can be suppressed, and that there is joy in suppressing it for a worthy cause. But Goodness, in its highest sense, ought to be to all of us a pursuit not less engrossing than science to Darwin, or the freedom of Italy to Mazzini, or Art to Raffaele, if our Christianity is to be anything but a name. Perhaps it would be more so, if we realised what its highest sense meant.

Those who put their own pleasure first are not necessarily bad in any way. There are of course those whose pleasures are low animal

gratifications which must be indulged in at the expense of the happiness of other people—as in the case of the selfish drunkard, who leaves his wife and children to starve while he drinks away his earnings at the public-house. But there are other people who find their pleasure in what is not in any way hurtful to those around them; the youth who delights in cricket and football, the girl who adores tennis and dancing, the student who has set his heart on passing well in an examination, the wife whose ideal of bliss is to stay at home cosily with husband and babies—all these may prefer their own pleasure to any object in the world, and yet may lead very fairly harmless lives, and not have a blank score to show when their pleasantness and usefulness are questioned. It is difficult for them to understand that they deserve blame; and perhaps blame is the wrong measure to give them. They are not bad, but they are ignorant; they have not yet learnt the Alphabet of Life. Perhaps they may go on all their lives without learning it; and in that case we cannot dare to pass upon them any sentence of moral condemnation. We can only say that they have missed the true joy and meaning of living, and trust that the Father, whose love for all His creatures is infinite, will find some other means to teach them than those they missed using in this world.

But if we cannot condemn them, still less can we turn away from the fact that such ignorance is terrible, grievous loss; and that the slightest touch of conviction that Goodness is more important than our own pleasure (not that if we were good we should *think* it more important) places a person morally in a new region. Not that the attainment of this conviction always makes a person who reaches it necessarily more lovable in the early stages of moral progress. Take, for instance, a couple of young girls, of whom one puts her own pleasure foremost, while the other has learnt to realise that goodness is more important than her own pleasure. It may happen that part of what the first thinks pleasure consists in feeling that people are pleased with her and find her society agreeable; and that the other has conscientiousness enough not to be frankly happy in seeking her own pleasure, while she has not attained beyond a certain distinct regret that she cannot do so. The first may be bright, and merry, and natural, and the second self-conscious and priggish; the popular voice will exalt the first and disparage the second, and it is well if it does not put it down in consequence as a property of conscientiousness to be disagreeable. Nevertheless, the tiresomely conscientious girl has got so much further than the other that she has learnt the Alphabet of Life, while the other has not begun. Perhaps she may stay a long time laboriously trying to read words of three letters, before she arrives at the stage in which reading is a delight; and during that period of trouble she may be like the child who sits in a hot schoolroom on a summer afternoon, and envies his little brother who has not yet reached the



age of the thraldom of lessons, and perhaps even his schoolfellow who is away playing truant in the sunny fields. But unless she stands still, she is on her road to the point which will reward her for all her trouble, however little worth reaching it may seem to her at the moment. Her attractiveness will increase with years, while that of the other dies down as the years damp her bright spirits and narrow her life ; until at last the two will have changed places, and in old age the priggish girl will have become the sweet and genial woman, while the merry pleasure-loving nature will have grown thin and dull, unless she too has taken up the primer of which the first lesson is the suppression of self.

Granting, then, that we have learnt our alphabet, the next question is what are we to learn next, so that we may remain as short a time as possible in the baby class where reading is a toil and a pain, and reach to that where it is a key of new and unfathomable treasures of wisdom and beauty. We have to learn to love Goodness—to see its beauty and its attractiveness ; and in order to do this we must think what it is, in its many aspects ; we must look upon it as something wonderful and lovely, which is beautiful even to contemplate and which is heavenly to attain, even in the smallest degree. One method of learning to do this is suggested in the following chapters.

*(To be continued.)*

---

## A WOMAN'S PLACE IN POLITICS.

It was recently suggested in a magazine that mixed political clubs were desirable because women needed education in Liberal principles. Whatever may be thought of this particular means for arriving at the proposed end, it is undeniable that women do need higher education in politics—or rather in a large-minded interest in national affairs. Surely one of the chief wants of the nation is, that its women should become, not necessarily Liberal or Conservative, but *public-spirited*. Let them take either side, or neither, according to their surroundings, only let them be also public-spirited, which is quite another matter from belonging to either party. High motives and aims—ideal, quixotic, if you will—should come easier to women with their softer nature, than to men who have to engage early in the hard and hardening battle of life, from which so many women are sheltered. How often the brothers and husbands recognise and do homage to this *schöne seele* in women, while she—failing to see for what fine issues her spirit was so finely touched—failing to see of what far-reaching influence this gift of nobleness might be, is content to confine it to the home department of religion and sentiment, never meddling with the outside interests of her man-kind. True, the high standard which she fosters in them must influence their whole lives, and so, indirectly, help to determine their attitude towards civil duties. But why should she not be ambitious of *direct* influence on their performance of those duties? This cannot be unless she is able to take an intelligent, well-informed interest in the questions of the day; but why should not the fitting women to do this be held as important a branch of their education as any other study? In what is England inferior to Rome or Sparta that her women should care less for the honour of their State than did those of classic times? But, as a rule, with what languid interest do women read the political parts of the paper, as compared to the close attention they bestow on its literary and social gossip!

My contention is, not that women should try to *form* their man-kind's political views, but that they should regard it as a sacred duty to *inform* those views (whether Liberal or Conservative) with high and noble ideas of public honour and public duty. Let them bear in mind the Russian proverb, 'The master is the head of the house, but the mistress is its soul.' For a woman simply to take up party views of either colour would not, by any means, answer the same purpose;

there might then be two heads to the house and no soul, and such a kind of two-headed nightingale would not produce the notes which each household should contribute to the harmony of the universe ! De Tocqueville's estimate of the value of a good wife to public men is well worth quoting—'I have a hundred times in the course of my life seen weak men display real public virtue because they had beside them a wife who sustained them in this course, not by counselling this or that action in particular, but by exercising a fortifying influence on their views of duty and ambition. Oftener still have I seen domestic influence transform a man, naturally generous, noble, and unselfish, into a cowardly, vulgar, ambitious self-seeker, who thought of his country's affairs only to see how they could be turned to his own private comfort or advancement, and this simply by daily contact with an honest woman, a faithful wife, a devoted mother, but from whose mind the grand notion of *public duty* was entirely absent.'

There is one special way in which the women of England might come forward at the present crisis of affairs, and that is in the education of the young. This is, at some of its stages, entirely in their hands, and it might be made conducive, almost from the first, to training a child's political conscience.

Sooner or later will come the County Franchise, which will throw immense power into the hands of the agricultural labourers. Now, it would be something towards preparing them to exercise those powers rightly if politics were taught, or rather if the political conscience were developed and trained, in the more advanced classes in night-schools. Devonshire farm lads are as dull-witted as can well be, but they take a lively interest in everything connected with the newspapers—their favourite reading. Why should night-school teachers read so carefully with the boys, and explain so pleasantly, 'kings of England,' i.e., dead politics, while they ignore the living politics, which the boys read for themselves without any explanation or guidance, so that they fall blindly into any socialist snare their paper may lay for them ? The only people who simplify and explain politics to them are the demagogue and the public-house politician, who, aided by certain cheap papers, fill their heads with perverted or unfounded notions which they take for gospel because they are 'in print.'

Why should not we be beforehand and give them a stock of sensible ideas and correct knowledge which would give them some chance of being able to withstand the nonsense they are told by agitators. Farm boys, on being told it will help them to understand the papers, listen eagerly to *Talks about the Laws we Live Under*,\* when it is talked over with them, and illustrated and confirmed by appeals to their local knowledge. But there seems to be an opening for some book (like Miss Martineau's *Stories on Political Economy*, only in a

\* By C. M. Yonge. Published by Walter Smith. Price 2s.

more popular form) which should deal with *politics* in a way suitable to night-school boys. There is much which every citizen of a free country ought to understand about the rise and bearing of many questions of the day, and it might be so treated that moderate men of both parties could use the book. The National Society have published reading-books on social and political economy which answer admirably, but there seems to be no such book on politics.

It is surely more important that working lads should be taught a larger and more educated tone of thought in political matters, than that they should be ticketed Liberal or Conservative, so that the staunchest Liberal need not object to such a plan of night-school teaching on the score that the rector and the young ladies would taint the boys' minds with Conservatism; better so, for the future of the state, even from a Liberal point of view, than that the boys should be left unidea'd clods, ready to be led blindly by the first fluent speaker who wants their votes. The half-hour of such teaching need not be labelled 'politics' in the time-table; that might frighten the teachers, and lead the boys to consider it a debating club, which might not be altogether peaceful or profitable. Useful as are such clubs in their proper place, night-schools are meant for instruction, and there argument should be kept within bounds. It is very feasible to do all I suggest in the 'dictation' time, by giving the big boys carefully-selected newspaper paragraphs, and discussing and explaining as you go along.

This same plan would be equally practicable in dealing with children of the upper and middle classes. If governesses rose to a sense of their political responsibilities, they might, almost from the very first, train up children in a right sense of their duties as citizens. History is more useful with these children than with agricultural ones, as a means of incidentally giving such instruction, both because they deal with it more in detail, and because they come to realise that historical scenes and characters had once a real existence, whereas the bucolic mind is near of kin to the old woman who was so scandalised with Dean Stanley for describing Jerusalem as he had himself seen it—'Dear! dear! sir!' was her comment, 'to think that a gentleman, and a good gentleman like you, should go for to try and persuade a poor old woman that there ever really was such a place except in the Bible.'

It sounds absurd that an appeal to the women of England to come forward in a grave national crisis should subside into a mild suggestion that it would be well for governesses and night-school teachers to give their dictation lessons out of the newspaper, and to teach history with a reference to contemporary politics; those women of the present day who are aroused to a sense of the duties of citizenship are occupied with more important questions—such as female suffrage, &c.; they are busy seeking the waters of Abana and Pharpar, and

might scorn such a call to wash in Jordan. But though these suggestions are very small there is a solemn warning against neglecting the day of small things, and such washing in Jordan might do more for the spiritual health of the nation than would, at first sight, appear. The Jesuits are acknowledged to be the most successful man-trainers in the world, and they give their attention in inverse proportion to the age and apparent importance of their pupils. Female suffrage *may* do good, but it *must* incalculably raise the nation if the women of the present train the men of the future to be wise and loyal citizens. There are openings such as I have spoken of, for thousands of women even now, in their present state of 'subjection,' to assist in bringing about this consummation so devoutly to be wished. Therefore—

'Like as a star,  
That maketh not haste,  
That taketh not rest,  
Be each one pursuing  
His God-given hest.'

LUCY H. M. SOULSBY.

---

## OUR EVENING OUTLOOK.

## I.

## THE MISTAKES OF ASTRONOMY.

'Ce que nous connaissons est peu de chose, ce que nous ignorons est immense.'

It has been well said that—given a certain amount of conceit—most beginners in any science, be it theology, mathematics, astronomy, or any other, are very soon seized with a firm impression that they alone of all the human race have thoroughly understood the subject, appreciated its difficulties, and had conclusions of the highest importance revealed to them with greater clearness and simplicity than generations of the deepest scientific students. Happily for themselves this phase seldom lasts long. Either they leave off the study at this point, further trouble being unnecessary to him who has grasped the whole, and their mistakes and theories merely amuse their friends; or else they persevere a step beyond the danger of 'a little knowledge,' and the more they learn the more will they approach the spirit of Laplace's saying at the head of this paper. It is touching to read those words of the man whose intellect was second only to Newton, whose immense power had not preserved him from conceit, and to see what he thought of it all when nearly at the close of life.

But unfortunately some of these jubilant beginners, not content with *feeling* (as Justinian felt about Solomon) 'Newton, I have surpassed thee,' consider it their mission to instruct a blinded world in those exquisitely simple theories which have become self-evident to them (as they tell us) 'with comparatively little study.' Hence, besides mistakes made in innocent ignorance by people educated in other respects, we meet a certain number of false theories cropping up here and there. Proctor, in one of his later works, makes the striking remark that a good many paradoxes and mistakes arise from the vagueness of elementary astronomical works, and the taking for granted that people will understand the definitions on which they are based. Mrs. Gill, in her *Six Months on Ascension Island*, tells an amusing story of a young lady who seemed such an intelligent listener while a professor explained how the distance of heavenly bodies is reckoned by parallax, *i.e.*, by observing their apparent displacement when viewed from different positions, the measurement of certain angles being a chief element in the process. At the end of his explanation, the young lady, with beaming eyes, asked, 'And now, professor, would you tell me *what is an angle?*' Probably the next generation will say '*Nous avons changé tout cela,*' for, putting this question to a small

child of six or seven the other day, I was answered, 'It is some time since I learnt that, and I may have forgotten, but I *think* an angle is a kind of a corner,' and she illustrated it with her fingers.

Till the rising generation then have risen, a series of papers describing as plainly as possible the appearance and motions of the starry heavens may be useful to those who have not turned their attention hitherto to the subject.

To begin, then, with the Chinese and Chaldeans, they recorded numbers of important observations centuries before Christ, though we know little of their systems. To them succeeded the three great Greek Schools :—

SCHOOL OF MILETUS.	Thales, B.C. 640.  Anaximander.  Anaxagoras.	Said to have taught that the earth is a globe, that the moon shines by reflected light, and to have predicted eclipses. Taught that the stars are suns of other systems. Among other things believed in one God.
SCHOOL OF CROTONA.	Pythagoras, B.C. 497.	Held that the sun is the centre of the planets, that the ecliptic is inclined to the equator, and that the earth rotates daily.
SCHOOL OF ALEXANDRIA.	Hipparchus, <i>circa</i> B.C. 150.  Ptolemy, A.D. 150.	A great mathematician. Used instruments for measuring angles. Fixed the length of the year correctly to within six minutes. Made a catalogue of stars. Digested the system of Eudoxus and Aristotle into the celebrated Ptolemaic system.

It is curious to note how most of the true beliefs were cast aside, while what was false remained. And yet it is instructive to read the Ptolemaic system, and to notice that the mistaken systems of the ancients were founded on such very correct observations of the apparent size and motions of the orbs of heaven that to this day we owe much to those observations, at which we marvel even now ; while the inventors of modern false theories, on the contrary, are never accurate in observing. According to Ptolemy, the earth was the immovable centre of the universe. Each of the seven planets, i.e., Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, was set, like a gem, in a separate crystal orb, further and further from the earth. These orbs revolved round the earth in their observed periods, without interfering with each other. Beyond, again, the lucid stars were all set in an eighth crystal heaven ; while outside all the *primum mobile* was an orb which carried all the others round in a day, thus accounting for the daily motion of the heavens. The fact that the planets' paths are not circular was patiently accounted for by the



system of epicycles, or small circles, revolving on the circumference of larger ones called deferents. Its near approach to perfection in accounting for the apparent motions of the heavens made it very hard to believe Copernicus and Galileo when they upset all ancient theories (*not*, be it observed, all ancient science) and substituted the grand simplicity of the truth; and so men behaved as if Holy Scripture itself were in peril and were bound up in the Ptolemaic system.

Side by side with astronomy grew up quasi-scientific superstitions. Foremost came astrology, and for centuries the stars were held to rule the fates of men, unfulfilled auguries being passed over—as the Chaldean prophecy that all the First Triumvirate should die peacefully in a good old age—while those that chanced to come to pass were kept on record; thus, so often was the death of Henri Quatre predicted, that at last, by an unlucky chance, it was fulfilled.

Closely allied to astrology was the superstition with which comets were regarded. But if we examine the recorded appearances and the events they were believed to foretell, we shall sometimes find the cart before the horse, or the comet after its event—*e.g.*, the taking of Constantinople in 1453 having been heralded by no comet of sufficient dignity, the comet since named from Halley came to the rescue in 1455, and more than satisfied Christendom that it was the symbol of that event. By the by, the great comet of 1882 puzzled some people a good deal, because, as more than one put it, ‘its tail lay up towards ——— Bridge, and all other comets lay right away over ——— Down.’

It is consoling to us of the unlearned to find that some of the greatest astronomers have made great mistakes. Sir William Herschel had an optical delusion of a ring round Uranus, whom he provided with six moons, four of which were imaginary. Uranus *has* two discovered by him, and two observed since, and *may* have a whole host of satellites, but his particular four were phantoms. Also he saw an eruption in one of the lunar volcanoes, which is now generally believed to have been, like the other errors, due to a defective defining power in his telescope, to which all immense instruments are liable. Cassini in 1672, and others since, beheld a moon revolving round Venus. Oddly enough, she seemed farther off at each re-discovery, and has now been relegated further still—to the realms of fiction. A M. Badouin even represented it as spinning round its primary at the impossible rate (as he placed her) of three times our moon’s speed.

Yet if men of recognised science have been so deceived, and owned it, it is marvellous that amateurs do not suspect a possibility of error when they gravely denounce the whole Newtonian system, or proclaim a discovery which, if true, would prove the astronomical world to be peopled with dunces. We are all liable to these crazes, few people are wholly free from them in youth, but when our special fantasy contradicts received opinion, it is well to pause, ere we teach or publish it. I can remember being afflicted with a disability to grasp *how* it was



that at the antipodes men did not feel as we might if we could anyhow stick on to a ceiling by our feet. I accepted the fact in faith that they are even as we, but the cause eluded my mind. And I do think some elementary work I had read was partly to blame, for it would allude to flies!—and I had been taught the principle by which flies adhere to ceilings, which is not exactly by gravity. Also many books omit to set forth the *weight* of the air at all clearly. When I happily came across that, I was satisfied, and very glad it had not occurred to me publicly to question the condition of our antipodes!

Yet volumes have been written, even of late years, to prove that the earth is flat, and floats in space; that Kepler was a fool, Galileo a conjuror, and Newton a cheat, since the earth, or sometimes even the moon, is the centre of the planetary system. Pope, by the by, mistranslates Homer, and makes him say all the stars go round the moon. Another craze is that, *because* the moon goes round the sun, *therefore* it does not revolve about the earth in any sense; the former fact being supposed to be a discovery unknown to astronomers. (Of course the common expression, 'round the earth,' is unscientific as describing the moon's path, and this may be misleading.) Others flatly deny gravitation in whole or in part; but these have generally first invented a false definition of gravity, which they spend the rest of their lives in annihilating. One flat earth system, by the by, having provided us with a moon which shone of itself, but *not* having provided that moon with eclipses, was reduced to the expedient of creating a sort of lunar banshee to come occasionally between the earth and the moon, for a flat earth's shadow was not available—and this was not twenty years ago. It is very common to deny that the moon turns on her axis once in a lunar month, because *if* she were skewered to the earth by an iron rod she could not rotate on her own axis at any rate. It is a mere trifle to them that we are not skewered to the moon.

An American astronomer once declared he had watched a transit of the planet Vulcan (whose very existence is a matter of dispute), at a time when, according to the calculations on which he relied, that object would be crossing behind the sun, and could only be seen through him.

Proctor, in his *Myths and Marvels of Astronomy*, points out that Jules Verne's popular semi-science is misleading. In the *Voyage to the Moon*, the dog Satellite could not have accompanied the projectile, but would have obeyed the force with which he was expelled, and constantly receded from his friends; and a wrong idea of the force of gravity on those within the projectile is given.

Is it then wonderful that one hears the most extraordinary blunders from educated people? These are sometimes caused by an ignorance of real and apparent motion which should never be allowed in a child over eight years old. All children are capable of observing that on

a railway journey objects really stationary *seem* to fly past, and they can be told that this is *apparent* motion, owing to the *real* motion of the train. Then make them notice what stars they can see out of a particular window early on a winter's evening. Make them look again two or three hours later, and they will see another group of stars; show them that the first set has moved to the west, and tell them that this too is apparent motion caused by the real motion of the earth. Make them notice the real motion of the moon and planets, by showing how they move among the stars from west to east.

This would prevent such a blunder as two friends agreeing to look at the same star, at the same hour every night; one friend through the same window, and the other perhaps in her distant home in New Zealand, whereby one at least must have the power of seeing a star by daylight through the globe under her feet. And unless it were the Pole star or one near it (in which case it would be *always* invisible in New Zealand), neither friend could see it for long out of the same window at the same hour.

It is also rare to meet with a clear knowledge that all the heavenly bodies have the same apparent motion from east to west that the sun has, so that all stars that rise and set at all in any given place cannot possibly rise except in the east, or set except in the west. Exactly at the poles no stars rise or set; exactly at the equator all that are visible, do so. In English latitudes a good many polar constellations are visible and never rise or set; but they circle round the pole in the same direction, *i.e.*, they ascend the heavens from east to west in larger or smaller circles, and reaching their lowest or most northerly point return from west to east again. An amateur who possessed a telescope once discovered certain stars near the south pole, whose habitual motion was from west to east. Of course he was wrong, and in time it came out, he had miscalculated the place of the south pole, which has no star so conveniently near as our Pole star.

One should always avoid as much as possible the unscientific expressions 'right to left,' and *vice versâ*. Many good elementary works use them instead of east and west, as if they were cardinal points, and are thus incorrect for the southern hemisphere.

Talking of apparent motion, a lady once thought she had found a form of very apparent motion, and bade her pupils observe how clearly they could see the immense speed of the moon, when some light clouds were scudding across her face! We must all have noticed the moon apparently rushing as fast as the clouds.

Novelists sometimes do odd things with the moon, such as making the full moon rise in the middle of the night; and worse still the new moon rises about midnight, when all well-conducted young moons have gone to bed. A great poet has put 'a star within the nether tip' of the moon, as if the crescent inclosed vacant space, and I am afraid he

has caused artists too to put one there. Moons seem to be dangerous subjects, for in a very pretty recent story, Lorenzo the Magnificent is made to compliment a lady and her friends by comparing them to Saturn and his eight satellites, a century and a half before any of them were discovered.

As to eclipses, time would fail us to mention the wonderful ideas even educated people have about them. Shortly before a nearly total eclipse of the sun, a friend of mine remarked, the eclipse would soon begin, as the clouds were collecting in readiness; while it was a school-boy at one of our greatest public schools who gave as his view of the cause of lunar eclipses that 'the old moon got in the way of the new moon.'

Lastly, let us face that greatest of all mistakes—putting Holy Scripture and science in opposition, as if either could prove the other to be untrue. It is positively irreverent to take the Bible as a primer of science either for attack or defence; and it is chiefly devout believers who do this. Either they are afraid to hear about science at all, like the lady who dreaded the Palestine exploration expedition 'for fear, my dear, they should find the Bible isn't true;' or (on the principle of Omar I.), that if science says the same as the Bible it is useless, if not the same, it is dangerous; or else they contradict all science that opposes *their* interpretation of the Scriptures, and so draw forth stronger oppositions of science. God undoubtedly could have taught us science by means of His Word, but He has not been pleased to do so; except a little information in the opening portion of Genesis, with the object of establishing the division of time into periods of seven days, and the sanctification of one day in seven. He is the Giver alike of the material creation, and of the intellectual faculties by which science penetrates its mysteries. His gift also is the spiritual creation, and those spiritual powers by which we apprehend it. His Holy Word is concerned only with the latter.

It is unwise to explain that every new scientific theory is found in the Bible. The theory falls, and the scientific world concludes the Bible has fallen too. Still no truth now established as a mathematical certainty is contradicted by the Bible, and we may well point this out to children. Probably no more unscientific expressions occur in the Bible than 'sunrise' and 'sunset,' terms daily used by men of science who do not expect to be thought ignorant men or false teachers. Let us not be afraid then to study the glories of the firmament, for in this grand science, do what we may, our knowledge can never equal our ignorance.

BOG-OAK.

---

## WINCHESTER COLLEGE MISSION, LANDPORT, PORTSMOUTH.

THE hearts of Christian people in our land are beginning to feel for the spiritual needs of the teeming populations that inhabit the slums of our great English cities.

This is a necessary consequence of the revival of religion that has been for now these many years going on in our midst.

We cannot any longer endure that so many lives for whom Christ died should perish for lack of the means of grace which He has given.

Perish because they have no shepherds to look after them. Perish because no one offers them the Bread of Life. Perish because we are false to our solemn trust, and choke our own barren hearts with the message of Christ's love which ought to burst forth to them.

An immense effort has lately been made in East London, and in other poor quarters of large towns, to overtake the arrears of work, and to bring to the hearts of the sinful and the ignorant the good news of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Perhaps the most interesting feature in this Missionary revival, and the most hopeful pledge of its continuance, is that so many of these Missions are supported by the public schools of England.

It is indeed a glorious sign of the times, and the brightest promise for our country's future, that the young hearts of the rising generation are awakening to the perils of our national life, and are already offering their lives and fortunes to recover our people to the love of God.

In our present paper we have to do with a Mission lately started by the boys of Winchester College in Landport, Portsmouth.

This is their *second* venture. The first has been a glorious success. A beautiful church in East London—a well-worked parish—large schools—a devout congregation—a permanent endowment—three resident clergy—are just the external and completed features of the most important work they inaugurated in Poplar some years ago.

To be sure, they tumbled into the spoils of a city church. But still the fact remains that they planted and worked the Mission from its first beginning. And God has thus prospered it.

The present Mission will be of slower growth. We cannot hope to acquire so easily an endowment, and thousands of pounds to build our church—but yet already, in these few months, we have seen immediate results which encourage us to hope that our labour will not be in vain.

It is now sixteen months since the Rev. Robert Linklater, who for

eleven years was curate of S. Peter's, London Docks, under Mr. Lowder, was sent down into Landport to commence this Mission.

The vicar of All Saints', from which parish the Mission district is taken, received him most cordially, and placed at his disposal the school-room of All Saints'.

Mr. Churchill also graciously permitted him to use the altar of All Saints', and appointed him Lent preacher for 1883. The Sunday schools of All Saints' were also placed under his charge.

One most blessed result of the Mission has been to strengthen the hands of the vicar, and to help on the work of the parish church.

At first Mr. Linklater was single-handed, but after Easter 1883 he was joined by the Rev. E. W. Sergeant, who for seventeen years had been a house-master of Winchester College, and by the Rev. Gordon Wickham, who for seven years was vicar of Crookham, Hants—both most energetic Missioners. God has wonderfully blessed the work of His servants. A very large congregation has been collected. Already there have been three confirmations held, and 162 persons confirmed. There are more than 100 communicants in the guild. There are about 400 children in the Sunday school, and 300 children in the middle-class day schools (fee, one shilling a week). The sick and poor are visited and relieved by a number of ladies, who have offered their services for this labour of love. There is a large choir of men and boys. Bible classes, mothers' meetings, benefit societies form the *et cetera* of Mission operations.

But as yet *the Mission has no church*, not even a room in the parish, for Divine service.

A school chapel is now being erected, which will cost 900*l.*, and will seat about 400 persons—towards the cost of which Mr. Linklater has received 557*l.*

A most earnest appeal is made for the remainder of the money, as well as for funds to carry on the various works.

The Mission is planted in the worst slums of the town, and it is confidently expected that the faithful of Christ's Church will support it by their alms and prayers.

The Mission clergy, with the exception of Mr. Linklater, give their services gratis. Mr. Linklater's stipend of 200*l.* is paid by the boys and masters of Winchester College and the A.C. S.

A site for a church has been secured, and about 1,000*l.* collected towards the building fund.

It is most desirable that this amount should not be drawn on for the building of the school chapel.

The members of the Mission congregation have collected 115*l.* themselves—an enormous sum considering how poor they are.

Contributions will be most thankfully received by Rev. R. LINKLATER, 30, Spring Street, Landport, Portsmouth.

Books for the library and old clothes most acceptable.

## 'THE GARDENER.'

BY A. F. THORNTON.

WITHIN the garden of my life  
I loitered, at eve's calm ;  
The rose displayed its crimson breast,  
The lilies sang their psalm,  
The jasmine flowers, star-shaped and white,  
Gleamed through the darkling air,  
While hidden clumps of violets shed  
Sweet odours everywhere.

The flowers bloomed at their own sweet will,  
Unpruned, untrained, unkept,  
The withered rose leaves blew across  
A lawn but rarely swept ;—  
I reached at last and stood a while  
Beneath a chestnut's shade,  
Whose branches sweeping to the ground  
A natural screen had made.

The soft wind of the evening stole  
Across the rustling leaves,  
I watched the swallows fly away  
To homes 'neath distant sheaves ;  
The unmown turf stretched at my feet  
With myriad daisies spread ;  
The untrimmed paths, wound damp and rough,  
With soft moss carpeted.

I had been placed there by my Lord  
To keep it neat and trim,  
That He might find it when He came  
A pleasaunce meet for Him :  
But I had risen late at morn,  
And rested long at noon ;  
My work had often lain undone,  
And He was coming soon.

My spirit failed me as I gazed  
On the neglected ground,  
When suddenly the garden gate  
Swung out with little sound :  
And one came in with step assured  
As with unquestioned right,  
And stood close by my hidden place  
In the red evening light.

A stately figure tall and fair,  
In flowing garments clad ;  
Far-seeing eyes that gazed around  
With glances keen and sad.  
I shrank beneath the friendly shade,  
Conscience condemned and dumb ;  
While through my heart the murmur rang,  
' The Gardener has come ! '

The roses might have been so fair—  
Alas ! they grew so wild ;  
The unpropped lilies' glorious heads  
Lay prostrate—earth defiled ;  
The deadly nightshade flaunted bold,  
With jasmine boughs entwined ;  
The violets, in beds o'ergrown  
With weeds, were hard to find.

I saw it all ! as one who sees  
Some long familiar scene :  
Lit up by one bright lightning flash,  
The thunder claps between.  
I marked the tokens of neglect,  
Of folly, everywhere—  
And bowed my stricken head beneath  
The shame and the despair.

How long I rested hidden there  
I cannot now recall,  
But here and there upon the grass  
I heard soft footsteps fall ;  
And faint low sounds of spade and scythe,  
As if some work were done  
Within that garden, which had lain  
So tangled and o'ergrown.

And then the trail of flowing robes  
Across the daisies passed,  
As some one came towards my place  
To seek me out at last.  
The chestnut boughs were thrust aside,  
A figure through them came ;  
And bending o'er my prostrate form  
A low voice spoke my name.

I shivered back, nor dared to raise  
My shamed and tear-stained face ;  
My trembling lips essayed to plead  
For some faint hope of grace :  
No answer came ! but on my arm  
A mastering hand was laid,  
Which drew me with resistless force  
From the concealing shade.

It drew me forth until I stood  
At length, with downcast eyes,  
Within a cleared and moonlit space  
Beneath the evening skies :—  
And then, the sweet voice spoke again,  
And bade me look around  
To see what changes had been wrought  
In that neglected ground.

I looked ! the weeds were all destroyed,  
The paths were smooth and fair ;  
On every side were wondrous signs  
Of culture and of care :  
The wild rose branches waved no more,  
By loving bands confined  
The tall white lilies stood erect,  
Scenting the evening wind.

Beneath my feet, the new-mown grass  
Lay smooth, and close, and green ;  
No token of my long neglect  
Could anywhere be seen.  
My spirit thrilled with grateful love,  
As with a rapture strange  
I turned to clasp the hand of Him  
Whose work had wrought the change.



And then He spake in accents sweet :  
‘ My child, and didst thou deem  
That thou couldst do the work alone ?  
That were an idle dream !  
If thou couldst keep this garden fair,  
In order meet to see,  
By thine own self, the King had had  
No further need of Me.

‘ But as He knows how little strength  
Is thine, whate’er thy will,  
Me, as His Gardener, He sends  
To help thee with My skill !  
The live-long day I have been near,  
Just by yon boundary wall ;  
Waiting through all the sultry hours,  
And listening for thy call.

‘ But as thou didst not call, I came  
Unbidden, for I knew  
How little of the Master’s work  
Could e’er be done by you.—  
Now others call Me, and I go,  
Yet know I still am near ;  
If thou dost need Me, cry aloud,  
And I shall surely hear !’

With that He turned, and passed away  
Along the pathway straight ;  
And I went with Him just so far  
As my own garden gate ;  
And leaning there, I saw the gleam  
Fade from those garments white ;  
And He across the barren heath  
Sped swiftly out of sight.

But still He comes, when morning skies  
Are lightening o’er the land ;  
And I, with reverential heed,  
Draw near, and by Him stand.  
He glances all around, and then  
I hear Him clearly say  
The work that He would have me do  
Through the long hours of day.

Again, when darksome night is close,  
And the soft light grows dim,  
I hear my garden wicket swing,  
And turn to welcome Him :  
And when He has my humble toil  
With sweet approval blessed,  
He sends me with a lightened heart  
To take a sanctioned rest.

I do not fear to see Him now,  
Nor tremble at His voice,  
I look for His approaching tread,  
And hearing it, rejoice !—  
For even when I know that I  
Have failed to do my task,  
I look for Him to give the aid  
That I have learnt to ask.

And so that wild and tangled ground,  
O'er which I vainly wept,  
Now lies beneath the scorching sun,  
A garden !—fairly kept.  
I know the King will soon be here,  
Though when I cannot tell,  
And hope to hear the gracious words,  
' My servant, it is well ! '

## ELEMENTARY PHYSIOLOGY.

## VI.

THE EYE (*continued*).

THERE are three little constitutional idiosyncrasies of the eye which it may be well to mention—‘*night-blindness*,’ ‘*snow-blindness*,’ and ‘*colour-blindness*,’ to the latter of which we have already briefly referred in our last article. *Night-blindness*, or *nyctalopia*, is a defect of sight, varying in degree from dimness to almost complete darkness, and experienced only after the sun has gone down. It is most frequently met with amongst sailors, soldiers, and others who have been much in the tropics. It is due to a blunted sensibility of the retina, which fails to appreciate fully the impressions which are produced by a dim light. There is amongst sailors a superstition, not wholly unsupported by the evidence of personal ‘yarns,’ that the power of visual deficiency is brought on by ‘sleeping in the moon.’ However that may be, there can be no doubt as to the fact that keeping awake in the snow is a too frequent cause of *snow-blindness*, which consists in a temporary loss of sight from the dazzling caused by brilliant whiteness. A similar condition may be produced by the excessive glare of artificial light. The keepers of light-ships around the coasts sometimes complain that, after trimming the lamps at night, they are for some minutes absolutely blinded, and that they do not completely recover from the paralysing effects of the intense glare for some hours. How much of this may result from fatigue of the retina, how much from constriction of the pupil, may perhaps be a question. But the result is unmistakable, and may be experienced on a small scale on passing from the full glare of a southern sun into the dark aisles of a church—say, for instance, Seville Cathedral, where for the first minute or two after entering it is as well to stand still and speculate passively.

But the most practically important of these three optical eccentricities is *colour-blindness*—a defect of sight by which the power of appreciating certain colours is either diminished or lost. The importance of detecting this defect in signal-men and sailors will be easily understood. Professor Donelers, of Utrecht, found that out of 2,300 railroad *employés* 152 were colour-blind. And as the lives of a few hundreds of persons may at any moment depend upon the ability of one or other of these 152 worthy people to distinguish a red lamp,

the subject is one in which those who travel by land or by water may be pardoned for taking some little interest.

And quite recently the railway authorities have begun to recognise this fact, and to display a little interest in the subject themselves. For instance, we will suppose a man wishing to get a post as signal-man. Nowadays, in addition to the old questions as to sobriety, &c., he will be tested for colour-blindness. The examining oculist has before him a heap of small skeins of Berlin wool of different colours. He selects a skein, say, of bright red wool, and requests the aspirant to match it. If the latter is *red-blind*, he will match the skein with one of dark green or dark brown, because the red skein appears to him as green or brown—because the green or brown appears to him as red. If, on the contrary, he is *green-blind*, he will choose *light green* or *light brown*. Red-blindness is by far the most frequent, so that red—the ‘danger’ colour—has in itself a special element of danger. Next comes green-blindness; whilst blue- or violet-blindness is very rare indeed. Occasionally a deficiency in the power of perception of colours may proceed from straining the eyes. A case has been known of a man who attained quite a reputation in a colour warehouse for his facility in sorting and matching colours. Gradually, however, his powers began to fail him; he could only distinguish whole colours, and had lost the faculty of discriminating shades of tint. Perhaps this faculty is more rare than is usually imagined. At any rate, we can call to mind a droll dispute in which we were principally concerned, and which took place as follows:—

‘We were going disconsolately into a French omnibus office to inquire after a lost umbrella, and were referred by a smart-looking inspector to an impenetrable individual who sat behind a wire netting very like the traditional spider’s, only that his parlour was by no means pretty. On being informed of our loss, this sphinx shook his head and went on sorting his papers quite imperturbably. We insisted. He shrugged in sphinx-like silence. “Still we *did* leave it in that omnibus, so it must be attainable somehow.” The sphinx raised its head, and slowly drawing out a paper from a pigeon-hole, asked for a particular description of the missing article. Meantime it was getting late, and the homeward-bound omnibuses were departing with aggravating rapidity. We replied desperately that the umbrella was made of brown silk. “*Marron*, perhaps?” said the enigma. “*Marron*, you might call it,” we incautiously replied. Whereupon the imperturbable drew the identical property from some obscure hiding-place, flourished it triumphantly in the air, and remarked exultingly, “Yes, yes, but you have not described it at all.” “Well, I thought it dark brown; I see it is greenish looking. I have other things to think about than the exact shade of my umbrella. Give it me, and make haste.” The sphinx—are there more of that persuasion by the way? but *n’importe*—shook his head once more and returned the umbrella to its

hole. Thereupon I waxed wrath, and a discussion ensued of a warm description. We begged him with desperate politeness to open the umbrella and hold it to the light, when the exact shade could be ascertained. He protested that we were culpably ignorant of the colour of an article of which we *pretended* (contemptuously) to be the owner, since we first called it brown and then called it green, whereas it was evident to any disinterested observer that it was neither. We contended with an assumption of superior information that it must be either brown or green, since it was of English make, and every well-educated person knew that all English umbrellas are of one or the other colour. Finally, much enforced, he bounced out of his den, and shaking the article in the face of the astonished inspector, roared—“They claim an umbrella which they describe as brown and green, whereas it is self-evident that the thing is *black*.” “Yes, it is black,” assented the inspector—and long after we had finally satisfied them and were walking away with our property, we heard them murmuring reproachfully, “All the same, the umbrella is *black*.”

We have seen how much the working of the different parts of the body depends upon *muscles*, which are accumulations of fibre having the power of contracting, that is to say, of shortening in length, while they increase in other dimensions. The heart is a large muscle; the arteries are muscular, though Harvey—misled by his vivisectional experiments—stoutly maintained that they were not; and the act of inspiration and expiration are performed by the dilatation and contraction of certain muscles of the chest and diaphragm. The movements of the larynx, the tension of the membranes of the ear, so that the effect of intense sound may be moderated, and the vibrations less extensive than would be the case in a loose membrane, and the direction given to the eyes, are all regulated by muscles. And finally the same provision may be found in the iris, which modifies the effect of intense light.

The iris is formed of muscular fibres, disposed in two sets—one set radiating from the inner to the outer edge of the ring, the other set arranged in circles. The contraction of the radiating set enlarges the pupil or aperture in the middle of the ring, while the contraction of the circular fibres diminishes it.

Having gone over the structure and physiology of the eye in as much detail as is permitted us, we cannot do better than quote, as a *résumé*, what the excellent Dr. Neil Arnott has so eloquently written upon the subject:—

‘But again, this miracle of *light* would have been totally useless had there not been the twin miracle of the *eye*, an organ of corresponding delicacy, to perceive the light. In the *eye* is to be considered the round window called the *cornea*, of perfect transparency, placed exactly in the fore part of the precious globe (and elsewhere it had been useless); then exactly behind this is the circular curtain, the *iris*, with its opening called the *pupil*, dilating and contracting, without consciousness of the person, to suit the varying intensity of

light ; and exactly behind the *iris*, again, is the *crystalline lens* possessed of the remarkable power of bending the entering light, to form on the retina perfect pictures or images of all objects in front ; the most sensitive portion of the retina being just where the images fall. Of these parts and conditions, had any *one* been otherwise than just as it is, the whole *eye* had been useless, and *light* useless, and therefore *the whole world* useless to man. Then, further, we find that this wondrous organ is placed in the person, not as if by accident anywhere, but aloft on a befitting eminence, where it becomes as the watch-tower of the soul ; and again, not so that to alter its direction the whole person must turn, but in the head, which, on a pivot of very peculiar structure, moves while the body is at rest ; besides that, the ball of the eye itself, by its muscles, can turn in its adapted socket as the will directs, sweeping instantly round the horizon, or above the head across the whole heavenly concave ; then is the delicate orb secured in a strong socket of bone, over which is placed the arched and padded eyebrow, to mitigate the shock of any accidental blow, and with its inclined hairs to turn aside any descending perspiration or other kind of moisture which might incommode ; then is there the soft and pliant eyelid with its beauteous fringes, incessantly wiping and moistening the polished surface, and spreading over it a pure moisture poured out from the *lachrymal glands*, of which moisture, the superfluity, by a nice mechanism, is sent into the nostril, there to be evaporated by the current of the breath ; still further, we have to note, that instead of there being only one so precious organ, there are two, lest one by any accident should be destroyed, but which two have so entire a sympathy, that they act together as one doubly powerful ; and finally, the sense of sight continues perfect from the birth of the individual to the maturity, although during growth a continual adjustment to one another of all the delicate parts has to be maintained ; and the pure liquid which distends the eyeball, if rendered turbid by any accident, is by the actions of life, although its source be the thick red blood, gradually restored to purest transparency.

---

## A CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

## A ONCE FAMOUS BOOK.'

*Spider.* I want something French to read !

*Arachne.* Did you ever read the old French classic, *Corinne* ?

*S.* Never. What is it about ?

*A.* That's the way with the younger generation. They never heard of what their grandmothers, ay, and their grandfathers too, used to rave about.

*S.* But what is it ? That row of little volumes 'dark with tarnished gold.' Whose is it ? *Par Madame la Baronne de Staël-Holstein* ?

*A.* Well, I suppose you have heard of Madame de Staël ?

*S.* Wasn't she a very conceited woman, who made herself very ridiculous when she went in a turban and scarf to see Goethe's mother ; and didn't she mix up the two Sidney Smiths together, and say she was curious to see '*ce grand Prêtre Amiral*.'

*A.* Such is fame ! I am afraid that people's absurdities by no means 'lie interred with their bones.'

*S.* But who was she ?

*A.* She was Necker's daughter ! Ah ! now we have found firm ground at last.

*S.* Yes, I know ; he was the Swiss banker who was called in to do what he could for the French finances when the Revolution was coming on, like a physician in a desperate case, and that he was called 'the Incorruptible Necker,' like Aristides the Just.

*A.* Precisely. He was a really good man, and his wife, a Swiss pastor's daughter, whom he had married for love, was a deeply religious, good woman, and so highly educated and clever that Gibbon, the historian, had been very anxious to marry her. When Necker was in the French ministry, their only child, Germaine, was still a little girl, but so exceedingly precocious and brilliant in conversation that as she sat on her little stool at her mother's feet, the most able and intellectual men at Paris used to delight to talk to her. There was a good deal of mockery even then. The old high nobility, who hated and mistrusted reforms that might dock their pensions and

sinecures, politically disliked Necker, and would naturally despise the *salons* of the Swiss pastor's daughter, so that there were plenty of spiteful reports abroad of their pretentiousness, stiffness, clumsiness, and the like. One story was that Mme. Necker was jealous of her daughter, and by way of self-assertion used continually to interrupt her with '*Germaine, tenez vous droite.*'

S. I dare say Germaine did poke!

A. Especially as she sat on a little wooden stool; but there is no doubt of the devoted affection between her and both her parents, who were very proud of her talents, and cultivated them to the utmost pitch. They made one unhappy mistake, however; they were too impatient to see her married to let her wait for love. I suppose, as a great heiress in troublous times, they wanted to secure a protector for her. First they tried to marry her to Mr. Pitt.

S. Oh! I wonder how that would have answered!

A. I don't think he would have got on with a wife who had so large a share of a man's mind; certainly not unless they had cared for one another enough for her to merge herself in him. However, at that time the only thing that Germaine wanted, was to have a husband who would let her continue to live with her parents, and of all people in the world, the Swedish ambassador was chosen. It turned out an unhappy marriage; the Baron de Staël was worthless and extravagant, and after they had had two sons and a daughter they were separated, though they had not exactly quarrelled, and she went to nurse him in his last illness. As an ambassadress, she was able to protect a great many persons during the outbreak of the Revolution, and when at last she left Paris, she carried off a whole party of intended victims, disguised as livery servants. Her home was then with her father at Coppet, near Geneva, and she continued to be a devoted mother and daughter. Indeed, even after the Reign of Terror was over and Napoleon was in the ascendant, she was never allowed to remain there long. Napoleon was jealous of all distinction save his own, even of Madame Recamier's beauty, and he hated Madame de Staël, first for her father's sake and then for her own, and absolutely persecuted her.

S. What did she do to make him hate her?

A. She was witty, brilliant, straightforward, and generous; she spoke and wrote openly; and he could not endure that she should either receive company or write books.

S. What did she write besides *Corinne*?

A. When the unhappy marriage had ended by M. de Staël's death, and she was much grieved and worried at the course of events in Europe, she tried to distract her mind by writing *Delphine*. I believe that romance and unsatisfied craving ran wild there, and that it is a very undesirable book. Then she made a journey in Germany, taking her children with her, and seeing a good deal of the intellectual court



at Weimar, especially of Schlegel, who became devoted to her. To her exceeding grief, almost despair, her father died before her return. She afterwards went to Italy, seeing everything in a leisurely way, and we have the results in the novel of *Corinne ou L'Italie*, which really made her fame, and people raved about it, all over Europe. I think she put a good deal of herself into it, and the descriptive parts are really beautiful, and were much admired. The hero is English.

S. Had she ever been in England?

A. She had made some stay there in a house at Mickleham, but, as you will see, she had not much real knowledge of the English. The date she takes is 1795.

S. That was before the French invasion of Italy.

A. It was in the days of the old régime. Here is an abstract which I wrote long ago for an exercise :—

‘The hero is Oswald, Lord Nelvil, a young Scottish nobleman, who has just lost his father. His grief has injured his health, on which account he is sent to winter in Italy with a year’s leave of absence from his regiment. He arrives just in time to witness one of those coronations in the Capitol at Rome that still were sometimes bestowed on the most distinguished in art or literature. A beautiful woman of six-and-twenty, only known by the Greek nymph’s appellation Corinna, is to be crowned, apparently as a poetess and *improvisatrice*. Her radiant beauty and the poem she declaims inspire Oswald with the greatest admiration, and he is further astonished to find her a lady of considerable wealth, living alone in Rome, surrounded by a court of most respectful and distant admirers. Corinne shows some emotion on hearing his title, but admits him to her society, and the first, and by far the best part of the book is spent on lionising Rome, Naples, and Venice. While thus employed a passionate love springs up between them. They are always telling one another that each has a confession to make, and then deferring it till the next expedition shall have been enjoyed together.

‘At last Lord Nelvil begins his confession, and it appears that his melancholy was caused by remorse at having, as he thought, broken his father’s heart by getting himself entangled in a very foolish and unnecessary love affair in France. When at length he found himself deceived, broke away, and came home, he found his father just dead, having left him special injunctions to marry Lucile, the daughter of Lord Edgermond; but the young lady being too young, and Oswald depressed in health and spirits, he had been sent to Italy to recover.

‘When Corinne at length makes up her mind to send her narrative, it appears that she is herself the elder daughter of Lord Edgermond, by an Italian mother. She had lived in Italy with an aunt till she was fifteen, and then was recalled to England, where she found her family living in a country town in Northumberland. Her stepmother was stiff and puritanical, and was scandalised by everything she did, even by her taking a walk by herself, and the society was ineffably dull. The ladies are described as sitting round in the evening till one says, “My dear, is it not time to pour out the tea?” while another supposes that the gentlemen are discussing the *chasse aux renards* that occupied them all last week and will occupy them all the next. Lady Edgermond discouraged all her step-daughter’s accomplishments, and would not even allow her to teach her little sister music; the excitable, art-loving temperament was a continual subject of alarm and distrust, and it further appeared that Lord Nelvil the elder had come to inspect the young lady, but had disapproved of her, believing that her Italian tastes would alienate his son from his home duties, and had requested that the matrimonial arrangement might be reserved for the younger sister when old enough.

‘After Lord Edgermond’s death, England became unbearable to his daughter,

and matters were brought to a climax when Lady Edgermond sent away some Italian sailors who had come to serenade the lady they recognised as a country-woman. Leaving England in their ship, she reached Italy, took possession of her mother's property, called herself Corinne, gave herself up to the enjoyment of freedom, art, and literature, and reigned as a beautiful sibyl over society.

'There were agonies and irresolutions, vows of constancy on Oswald's part; only half-accepted by Corinne, and the strange alternation of sentiment and scenery is only concluded at Venice by a summons to Oswald to rejoin his regiment, which is under orders for foreign service in "the Isles."

'At the parting, Oswald lies on the floor convulsed with grief, and finally departs almost unconscious, crouching in his gondola, while Corinne remains in equal or greater agonies. The only reason why he does not marry her at once appears to be that officers are not permitted to take their wives, and he also wanted to obtain full recognition of her from her family.

'In spite of his hasty summons home, and his leave being apparently over, he visits Lady Edgermond in the north, and sees his destined bride, Lucile, in whom Madame de Staël has drawn the French *jeune fille*, with her timidity and close bondage to restraints, rather than the English girl. Lady Edgermond is strong in her hostility to her step-daughter, and entirely refuses any reconciliation with her, bringing strongly before Lord Nelvil all his father's objections to her, even before the career in Italy, which to the lady's mind was simply shocking. Everything, paternal relics, old friends, and force of circumstances conspire to overthrow Oswald's constancy to Corinne, and to impel him towards her sister.

'Oswald is miserably weak and vacillating, and shows it in his letters. Corinne in restless misery follows him to England, but never reveals herself. She goes to the theatre, and, herself unseen, watches him escorting Lady Edgermond and Lucile, and again watches him salute them at a review of his regiment in Hyde Park. She even pursues the party to their castle in Northumberland, listens to gossip about the intended marriage between Lord Nelvil and Miss Edgermond, and wanders about gazing at the windows, while a ball was going on, and they are dancing together. Lucile, coming out on a balcony, recognises her features, but supposing she had been dead for seven years, faints away, and remains under the belief that her sister's spirit has appeared, moving towards her father's tomb, to reproach her with having enjoyed a dance before praying by the "revered ashes," which were, it seems, in a wood near the house, and thither, as soon as she can escape, she repairs, ball-dress and all, takes the wreath from her head, lays it on the tomb, and with looks of pure piety proceeds to implore her father and sister to pray for her, and then apologises to her father for having forgotten him, for the sake of the love he wished to encourage.

'Corinne, near at hand, hears all this. It decides her. She sends a letter to Oswald releasing him from his engagement, and restoring the ring that she had given to him. Then she makes her way back to Italy, and there lives a melancholy life, all her spirit and genius gone.

'Meantime Oswald, who has been, among other things, greatly touched by finding that Lucile has read with his father, and that she has erected on the spot where they used to study, a marble pedestal with the inscription, "To my second father," has been more and more worked upon by Lucile's innocent affection and by the force of circumstances, and, in his resentment at being set free by Corinne, he engages himself to Lucile, and actually marries her before sailing, leaving her with her mother. In "the Isles"—which may be supposed to mean the West Indies—he contrives to distinguish himself in war, and to expose his life a thousand times, finding himself always thinking more of Corinne's tears than of his wife's. At last he returns, when his little daughter is nearly four years old, and her grandmother, Lady Edgermond, is dying. After the old lady's death, his health breaks down again, and the whole family go to Italy, and reside at Florence, where Corinne is living, the wreck of her former self.

'Oswald dares not call on her, but Lucile is only too well aware that she has his heart. They do not meet, but Oswald sends the child to her daily, though

without asking the mother's consent. In a short time little Juliette (at five years old) sings Italian and plays on the harp, looking like a miniature of Corinne ! Lucile is hurt, but takes a sudden resolution to go and see Corinne. Then all the old sisterly love of their childhood revives. Corinne, who is evidently dying, receives Lucile's affectionate care, but will not see Lord Nelvil, except at a last entertainment, when all her friends are admitted to hear a poem of her composition, a farewell to life, recited by a young girl, as she is unequal to the exertion. Oswald faints at the end of it, and Corinne would have gone to him, but her strength fails her, nor does she admit him to her presence during the short remainder of her life, turning her thoughts to higher things. Only in her last moments is he permitted to kneel beside her, and she dies at last, directing his eyes to the moon covered with *the same cloud* which she had pointed out to him on the sea shore at Naples.'

S. Do you mean that people admired that ?

A. They were in raptures—such people as Lord Jeffreys and Sir James Mackintosh. But then, telling you the story in this bald way, you only hear the absurdities, and not the descriptions, many of which are really very fine, especially that of St. Peter's and of the Coliseum by moonlight. There are no details, no antiquarianism ; it is all light and shade, and there is a good deal of disquisition on national character, much of it very true and able, though coming in oddly when Oswald and Corinne are dying of love and uncertainty. Then the improvisations were thought exquisite, strange as was the notion of writing in French prose what was supposed to be spoken in Italian poetry. But the book at once achieved what is now called European fame, and Madame de Staël found everybody identifying her with *Corinne*, till she began to believe it herself, and forgot that Corinne was a lovely semi-Italian girl of six-and-twenty at most, while she was a stout Swiss widow of middle age, with no beauty but a wonderful pair of eyes, full of genius. She dressed to the part, and had been so often called a celebrity, that she showed that she believed it, and got herself spitefully laughed at by Lord Byron and others, which was a pity, for she really was a very noble woman, with real greatness and tenderness. Afterwards she went to Germany again, and wrote a book called *L'Allemagne*, a treatise on the national character and politics. I never saw it, but all agree that it was a wise, true, and brave book, and as it tended to rouse a patriotic spirit, it enraged Napoleon all the more against her—and as he had seized Switzerland, he was even able to persecute her at Coppet, forbidding her friends to visit her. Schlegel was ordered out of France, because he was anti-French, the proof being that he had declared the *Phædra* of Euripides superior to that of Racine. By this time Madame de Staël had secretly married a young Italian officer named Rocca, who had been terribly wounded in Spain, and had never recovered his health entirely. He was twenty-six and she forty-five ; but, poor woman, she really found in him the love she had longed for. The watch set upon her at Coppet, and her isolation there, grew intolerable, and she escaped at

last, with Rocca as a courier, to Vienna, where she made her way to Russia. On the fall of Napoleon, she was almost triumphantly received at Paris, her *salon* became more than all it had been in old times, and she was one of the glories of the Restoration. Her daughter married the Duc de Broglie, and all was prosperous with her ; but her health was broken, and she died in the January of 1818. Her life, by Dr. Stevens, published by Murray, is most interesting and curious, and I advise you to read both that and *Corinne*. There is something very fine about both, though very imperfect.

---

## THREE LITTLE DOGS.

BY MRS. JEROME MERCIER.

### CHAPTER X.

#### AN APPARITION.

*Ophelia.* What means this, my lord ?

*Hamlet.* Marry, this is miching mallecho ; it means mischief.

SHAKESPEARE.

MRS. PRICE was very carefully looked after. Paul had continued to attend her. There was no medical man at Allington ; the late doctor had been also medical attendant at the Loxby workhouse. On his death, the post was occupied by Mr. Mann, of Loxby, and so it was not worth any one's while to settle down at Allington on the chance of such poor practice as the little place afforded.

At least twice a week our gig spun along the high road to Allington. Once I said silyly that I thought Mrs. Price's must be a very interesting case. Paul laughed and pinched my chin. More than once he brought me flowers, fruit, or some choice vegetable, always prettily arranged in a little basket ; I was glad to see them—more glad, perhaps, than I should have been had Mrs. Mortimer never spoken.

One day, a strange thing happened. That day was eventful in our quiet lives. It was a bright morning early in August. About six o'clock, I was awakened by Wopsky's bark outside. Naughty little dog ! He had been out all night. He is aware how disreputable such conduct is, and is always penitent when discovered. Laughing at his misdeeds, and attracted by the bright sunshine which I knew was lying so sweetly on our quiet pastures whence the mist would be rolling away, I rose, and in dressing-gown and slippers stepped to the staircase window, which was open. Wopsky's bark had ceased. I made no observation to him, but put my head out quietly. When the little rascal has been naughty, he has a cunning trick of begging pardon by gestures which we call 'doing the frog.' He creeps along in the most abject posture, his tail between his legs, his hind-quarters almost on the ground, very like a frog indeed. As I peeped out, behold the culprit before the side door (his appointed entrance) positively practising 'doing the frog !' So, when Jessie should open the door, he would be already expressing contrition. He was creeping, wriggling himself along ; and surely he could not have heard me come to the window, and he did not look up to see me. I enjoyed his little subterfuge

immensely, and then, when he had wriggled himself round the corner of the house, remained looking at that sweet light through the trembling leaves of the chestnut-tree before the window.

The great fans, like wide-spread fingers, were interfused with golden light, and in it was a feeling of dawn, of youth, of the joy of fresh young life beginning its daily work with courage. The peep of landscape—two meadows, a little grove of trees, mist rising from the narrow river, a row of ricks—took a new beauty, and my beloved little garden was in all the charm of sun-touched dew-drops. At the end of the path below me, was a bower of clematis, where I love to sew in an afternoon, and Paul to smoke in the evening. As I turned my eyes to its beloved shadow, I saw within it a deeper shadow yet, some dark drapery whose folds hung beyond the opening. My heart gave one of those leaps which timid women know of. The folds remained motionless, yet somehow they suggested a human form behind the screen. I watched for some minutes; nothing stirred. Meanwhile, I racked my brains for an explanation consistent with common sense. Had I left a cloak—had Paul left a coat there last night? No doubt that was the solution; and hearing Jessie stir, I tapped at her door, and I asked her to go presently and see if we had left a coat or shawl in the arbour.

It was not yet seven, when a knock came at the side door, and I heard Jessie deliver a message to my brother. When she entered my room at seven, as usual, I asked her what it was.

‘A man on a velocipede, miss, from Allington, to say the little boy at Mr. Haywood’s is very bad, and would master please to go over as soon as convenient. Master told me to tell Jim to have the gig ready at eight, and to ask you to be so good as be down to breakfast a quarter before.’

‘Of course I will. And did you find anything in the arbour, Jessie?’

‘Nothing at all, ma’am?’

‘Not a coat of your master’s?’

‘No, ma’am; there was nothink there whatever.’

‘Do you think any one could have been there?’

‘I’m sure I don’t know, ma’am; there was a lot of leaves and flowers scattered about.’

When Paul had started, I went to the arbour, and indeed it was all strewn with leaves torn off the clematis. There was a small foot-print on a flower-bed close by.

When Paul came home, he told me the child had measles, in an aggravated form; probably a chill had been taken. Bertha Haywood felt the responsibility terribly.

‘She said if anything should happen to the child, and then his mother should come to claim him, she could not bear it.’

‘The mother ought to be very grateful to her,’ I said.

'So I told her. But she is very uneasy. She wished to advertise again for the parents, so I have promised to take charge of that business.'

The next day, Dodo was worse.

'Miss Haywood is wearing herself out,' said Paul. 'She seems to have no friend to help or cheer her, and she is very young for such an anxiety.'

'Suppose,' said I, after a pause, 'suppose I were to go over with you to-morrow, Paul, and speak a word of comfort, and stay or not as seems best.'

His eyes lighted up.

'Will you? Oh! thank you, Lucy. You are every one's good angel, I think.'

I thought, with a touch of jealousy, how soon I might cease to be *his* good angel; it would be hard for me to see my Paul, whom I have watched over all my life, turn in his joys and sorrows to another than me.

## CHAPTER XI.

### MEASLES.

'Have you had the measles? and if so, how many?'

THERE was a peculiar feeling about that fresh drive early on the morrow; a sense of renunciation, of farewell; a haunting suspicion that it might be among the last of our little journeys, we two alone, with no one to interfere even with our thoughts.

When we reached the little house, Mr. Haywood was about to start for town. He turned back to say that the child was no better.

'You know, it is really an awful nuisance,' he said, with justifiable annoyance. 'My sister is wearing herself to death.'

'But it is so *very* kind of you,' I answered feebly.

'Oh! well, of course, one can't let the poor little fellow starve. Come in, Miss Lennox; take a seat.'

'I thought I might be able to comfort your sister a little; I have experience of illness.'

'Oh! thank you, yes; extremely kind, I'm sure. Bertha will be delighted. Excuse me. Time and train, you know, wait for no man.' And off he strode, tearing on his gloves, which *of course* were dogskin.

I sat contemplating the deer-hound's head and turning over some books on the table, till Bertha came down. She looked thin and worn. As she gave me her hand, I leaned forward and kissed her cheek, and then she fell on my neck and broke suddenly into sobs.

'Oh, he is so ill, dear Miss Lennox—so ill.'

'There, my dear, there,' said I, gathering her into my arms and administering some consolatory pats. 'This is too much for you. Measles are not so bad, after all; you must take comfort.'



'But suppose his mother were to come—too late; what *should* I do? And he is such a dear little boy, besides.'

Paul had entered the room. 'Oh! come, come!' he said, in his cheery way. 'This *won't* do, you know. We must have courage. You will be ill, and much more ill than that little fellow up stairs, if you go on like this. Nothing like an excited fancy to make one ill. Nothing is going to happen to him.'

'Oh! do you really think he will get better?' she asked. She had hastily raised herself, and wiped her eyes, and was trying to laugh at her own emotion.

'Of course. He is getting better at this moment. The only danger is that he is such a little eel. If it were winter he would get a chill and throw the rash in. As it is—a few more hours, let him get a good sleep, and you will see him on the mend.'

He took her hand—to feel her pulse, as doctors have the privilege of doing *ad libitum*. But—oh! wicked Paul!—there was a consoling pressure which, if generally administered, would have gone far to make him a popular 'ladies' doctor.'

'I thought so; you are worn out,' he said. 'Now, here is Lucy; as good a nurse as there is in the world. She is going to look after Dodo, while you lie down and have a good rest. You were up all night again?'

'He was so restless, dear little fellow, I could not sleep. I *did* try,' she added, apologetically.

He looked at her with kind, merry, authoritative eyes.

'Oh yes! I know all about those little pretences. But now you are really going to lie down and sleep.'

'Are you sure you can stay?' she asked, turning with grateful anxiety to me.

'Certainly. I came on purpose to help you.'

'Shall you be here again to-day?' asked Bertha of Paul.

'I am going to Loxby for a consultation with Mr. Mann. On my way back I will come and see how you are getting on, and what good your sleep has done you,' he added, with a little archness in his smile.

'He is so kind,' murmured Bertha. 'And so are you, dear Miss Lennox. I feel it so much. It is like having a relation of one's own.'

'Have you none?'

'I have an aunt in Manchester, but she has a large family. I seldom see her. How often I wish for some one to advise me. It is so difficult to know what to do at all times.'

'It is—very hard. But you take the right line, dear; you simply think of duty, and nothing can go much amiss. But now for Dodo.'

The little lad looked very red and spotty. He was extremely comfortable in Bertha's own bed. His little cot stood near.



‘He has more room to kick about in mine,’ said the unselfish girl.

Everything was fresh and pretty. The room was well ventilated. A German nutcracker hung by a string from the top of the bed, and bobbed in front of Dodo’s nose. On the bed lay his favourite toy, an encaustic tile with a large dodo on it—a very emphatic sort of bird. Paul had presented this offering. It had formerly been part of a flower-stand before my window ; but Paul, struck with its appropriateness, had stolen it and replaced it by a more civilised object which I did not like half so much. My tile was highly appreciated by its present owner. He would not go to sleep without having it locked in his arms, nor take a meal unless it were propped in front of him. This was at times inconvenient, as Dodo’s namesake was apt to come tumbling down on the salt or upsetting the glasses. The young gentleman’s mind was supposed to be wandering, but when I instinctively took up my pet tile, he had wit to set up a valorous roar.

‘He thinks you are going to take it away. He does so like it, the darling!’ said Bertha.

I gave it to him at once. He kissed and hugged it.

‘Dodo’s dodo,’ he said, smiling contentedly. His dodo always wore a solemn grin, and was represented with three tail feathers cocked up haughtily, head well thrown back, galloping across country at a dignified pace of about two miles an hour.

‘The boy is all right,’ said I to Bertha. But here he created a new excitement by calling me Susan. I therefore despatched Bertha to rest in another room, and seated myself by little Dodo’s bed to watch. By the fender I then perceived the mother-pug in a basket, lying cosily on a bit of red blanket with her two puppies. I wondered if there were no fear of their catching measles too.

For two hours I sat there quietly. Dodo was troublesome at first. His big black eyes roved everywhere, his active little arms threw the coverings all about. At last I began to sing to him. He liked it, and became quiet, and in ten minutes was fast locked in as sound and healthy a slumber as I ever saw.

About one o’clock the maid came creeping in and whispered that her mistress was still asleep, what would I do about lunch? I had a sandwich as I sat there, and for nearly two hours more the house was still. It was a blessed sleep for the little boy ; and a good one, too, for his kind young nurse, who came in presently, stealthily, but hurriedly, with a rosy colour on her cheeks, and many apologies.

‘How soundly he sleeps, the darling!’ she whispered. ‘Do you think this is the crisis?’

‘No doubt you will find the fever much abated when he awakes.’

We did. That too great brightness was gone from his eyes when he awoke ; his skin was moist and cool, and he was satisfactorily surprised at seeing me.

We sat chatting quietly for another hour, mending Dodo’s socks.

Presently a cab came rattling up to the gate. A lady got out—a handsome person in stylish clothes untidily put on. Some wraps and a box were brought out, and the cab was dismissed.

‘It must be Dodo’s mother,’ whispered Bertha.

We waited in eager expectation. No message was brought up, but presently the bedroom door opened, and the same lady entered. She was not quite so attractive on nearer inspection as at a distance. Her features were large and coarse, and, at the present moment, were in some need of fresh water. Her bonnet, though of Paris shape, had a wreath of the very dirtiest flowers I ever saw. Torn trimmings hung about her in festoons. In fact, she looked as if all her garments had come from a secondhand clothes shop. She had very grand manners, however. She acknowledged our presence gracefully, but all her thought was for the child. She went up to him with that look of mother-love on her face which gives a certain beauty to the plainest woman.

‘My little Dodo!’ she said in a sweet, loving voice.

He was delighted to see her. He laughed, and held out his arms and said, ‘Mammy,’ and they were very happy together. We told her Dodo had been ill, and she said, ‘Poor little Dodo!’ and smoothed back his hair and kissed and cuddled him. It was all true feeling, yet she did everything with an air which made it seem like acting.

In a few minutes she turned to us.

‘I can never, never thank you for your goodness to my boy. The poor major and I were almost heart-broken at times.’

She addressed us both. I intimated that Miss Haywood was the person whom she had to thank.

‘Then you did not see my advertisement in the *Times*?’ said Bertha. ‘How anxious and wretched you must have been. I advertised directly we found him.’

‘I did not see it; but my nurse Susan, who went with us, heard before long from friends here how kind you were to him. Oh, I shall *never* forget your goodness. And naughty Dodo to run away from Susan. Shall I whip Dodo?’

She lifted her hand playfully. Dodo seemed to think it a great joke.

‘Sing Dsolly ’ittle Dod, Mammy,’ he said.

‘Nonsense! It is just a bit of play between his poor dear father and him,’ she explained apologetically.

‘He told us he was a jolly little dog directly we saw him,’ said Bertha.

Dodo repeated his request, enforcing it by throwing himself half out of bed.

‘There, there! Mammy will sing. Be a good Dodo—’

‘Jolly little dog  
Went out in a fog  
To play at Bo-peep, Bo!’

‘He sat in a corner,  
Like little Johnny Horner,  
And howled Boho ! Boho !’

The small song was sung in a very effective style, Bo ! being given from behind the curtain in orthodox fashion, and Boho ! rising to a furious squeak. It was really funny ; we all laughed. Dodo required two *encores* before he was satisfied ; and the mother did her comic part with a grace which made it quite dignified.

I felt bewildered. Was it possible this was the woman who had fled in the night from debts and arrest ? I had pictured her coming (if she should come at all) in dust and ashes, a woe-begone figure, wasted with care.

After the song she explained further.

‘I saw your second advertisement—so kind !—and came at once from Boulogne, where we are at present. The major said, “Lose no time, my love ; run any risk, run all risks, to relieve these kindest, best of friends from their anxiety about our child.” I assure you, you were his first thought. It has been a long visit that Dodo has paid you. Ah ! it should not have been so long had our circumstances been less sad, less peculiar. How strange that in a free country we dare not venture back to the place that has once been our home ! Dear old Bartons ! I loved its quaint solitude. Dull ! Dull to an unheard-of extent. One might have been in a prison. But quaint, and, I may say, poetical. At Boulogne there is far more life. It is more congenial to a man like the major.’

‘You must be very tired,’ said Bertha quietly. ‘Let me take you to a room where you can rest.’

‘Thank you. I slept charmingly in the railway carriage. In the first-class one can manage that very fairly well. I should certainly like to put myself a little tidy.’

Bertha moved to lead her to the spare bedroom.

‘And you must want refreshment. What will you have ?’

‘Thanks ; anything—a biscuit, a glass of sherry, a cup of tea—just whatever gives least trouble, whatever you are having. Your next meal—dinner ?—is sure to be soon enough for me. I can stand an enormous amount of fatigue.’

‘My brother has a tea-dinner at seven.’

‘Admirable ! The most charming of all meals.’ Then, in a lower tone, ‘You will kindly arrange that my presence here is not known—your servant will say nothing ? In our peculiar circumstances it might lead to a painful *dénouement*. Ah ! why need fellow-Christians persecute one another so ? The major cannot help his misfortunes ; no man can help his misfortunes.’

When Bertha returned, we exchanged glances and broke into laughter.

Mrs. Landall had her sherry and biscuit, and came back refreshed

and slightly cleaner, with a great deal of very dirty real lace, and an entire set of steel ornaments, including a chain almost as large as the Lord Mayor's. She produced some crochet-work—an aged antimacassar—with the remark—

‘I am so active ; I cannot sit still unless my fingers are usefully employed.’

We went on darning Dodo's socks. She entertained us and the little boy with amusing stories of society at Boulogne, in several of which the major figured, evidently brave as a lion, generous as a prince. He rescued three handsome young ladies from the assaults of a sturdy beggar. He relieved the wants of a starving family. He made a collection for them in the boarding-house where he was staying. How about the wants of the washerwoman here, to whom he owed twenty pounds ? Not a word was said on that subject.

At last, Mr. Haywood was heard returning. Mrs. Landall's bundle of wraps, still in the hall, attracted his attention. We heard his loud inquiry, ‘What's all this ?’ Bertha ran down. Some loud masculine grumblings were heard. The guest took no notice, but went on amusing me with lively conversation. By and by, Paul arrived also ; he had been detained by a crisis in the case. Mrs. Landall went up to him, and took his hand with tears in her voice (I did not observe her eyes).

‘And is this the doctor who has had pity on my child ? Oh ! sir ; how can I thank you ? He has indeed fallen among good Samaritans.’

Paul looked at her sharply, and said, rather abruptly—

‘You need only thank me in the usual way, madam.’

‘Ah ! that is not enough for me !’ she answered, with a sigh ; but she said no more about her gratitude.

‘The boy is better,’ said Paul. He gave a few directions and then left the room, with a cool bow to Mrs. Landall, and a sign to me to follow him.

‘I suppose you will come home with me now *she* has come ?’ he said on the landing.

‘I don't know. How long will it be before the child can be moved ?’

‘A week at least.’

‘Then I will ask Miss Haywood what I shall do. I fear Mrs. Landall will be rather an embarrassment than a help.’

I went and found Bertha, and asked her to decide for me.

‘I wish you *could* stay. Oh ! Miss Lennox, what shall I do with her ? I fear my brother will be so vexed about it. But I cannot take you from your home like that ; and now, you see, I have no room to offer you.’

‘Then I will go home with Paul now and come again to-morrow morning. I can return by the train at night. Mr. Haywood must make the best of it. Let Mrs. Landall entertain him, and keep up stairs with Dodo yourself. She is quite equal to the task.’

## CHAPTER XII.

## COME AND GONE.

‘Poor travellers all,  
Both great and small,  
How thoughtlessly we play,  
In a country  
Of mortality,  
Where never a man can stay.’

WAUGH.

‘THAT woman is a character,’ said Paul, as we were driving home. ‘I suppose people of that sort get on, as a rule, rather better than those who work honestly for their living.’

‘And the most irritating thing is that she is so highly moral. Well, she loves her little boy at any rate, and I suppose now she will relieve those poor Haywoods of him.’

‘What a noble girl that is!’ uttered Paul, presently.

‘She is a dear girl. She will make a good wife.’

‘Yes.’ No more.

‘Did you ever think, Paul,’ I began timidly, by and by, ‘what sort of woman you shall marry?’

‘Marry? I shall not marry. Why should I?’

‘Why should you not?’

‘Because I have as good as a wife now,’ he answered cheerfully.

‘Look here, Paul dear,’ I answered, ‘believe me that I mean what I say when I tell you I would far rather see you happily married to a good wife than to know you were unmarried for my sake. Why, think what pleasure it would be, as I grow old, to have a tribe of dear little nephews and nieces around me.’

‘Hallo!’ cried Paul, laughing. ‘We are going on apace! We have not chosen a wife yet, and we are reckoning on the tribe of nieces and nephews!’

I blushed, as old maids do when they have said anything which sounds in the very least ‘improper.’ But no one was the wiser for my blushing in the dark. And in the brightest of daylight the blushes of old maids are not regarded as equally important with those of young ladies of seventeen.

‘If I were to marry,’ began Paul, after a silence, ‘would you still live with me, Lucy?’

‘No, Paul; that I would not. It would be wrong and selfish of me to do so.’

‘Then it would be wrong and selfish of me to turn my dear little sister out of house and home.’

‘No, it would not. Have not I our mother’s money? I could live very comfortably close by, and have a nice little sitting-room after my

own heart, and have no dirty boots on my new chintz, and no smoking allowed,' I added, as cheerfully as if the very desire of my soul were to get away from my brother.

'Only some twenty little model nephews and nieces to run in and out,' said Paul.

After another pause, I began again, undaunted—

'Paul, I thought, when you looked at her to-day, that Bertha Haywood might be the girl you had set your heart on.'

'It is dangerous for a doctor to look spooney without knowing it. I must take to blue spectacles.'

'Paul, you should not tease your old sister.'

'Now, that is a new view of the case.' I answered nothing, and he feared he had hurt me a little. 'If you want to know the real facts—I agree with you she is the best and the dearest girl that ever walked this earth,' he said heartily.

'Then, Paul,' I replied, with a little tremble in my voice which I could not quite control, 'believe me once for all that I do honestly wish you to try for that which will make you happy; and that is the best way to make me happy too.'

'I think it is dark enough for a kiss,' was all Paul's reply, and we gave each other one, a good hearty kiss as when we were children; as when he was a baby, rather, and I still almost a child.

It was clear that he meant to say no more, and I had enough food for thought in the admission he had made.

It was with a new interest that I went back to Allington on the morrow, and I watched Bertha with the keenness of a loving jealousy. All that I saw in her was good and pure and true, and I thanked God for it.

Mrs. Landall was always urbane and gracious, and grateful in a manner which was far less embarrassing than the abject poverty we had pictured to ourselves would have been. Dodo improved. His mother was anxious to get away from a place where 'such strange dangers threatened her,' as she tragically observed, and Paul aided her by declaring that, if care were taken, Dodo might be moved at the end of a week. Mrs. Landall's constitution needed a good deal of repose; an afternoon nap was essential; and, during this time, Bertha and I had pleasant, friendly talk. Mrs. Landall and her 'useful' antimacassar were a trial to us.

One afternoon Dodo had been very troublesome. Neither his tile (which he had broken), his nutcracker, nor a *poissarde* with little blue skirt and white cap brought by his mother, could console him for the pangs of convalescence in one small room. At last, when we were well tired out, he fell suddenly asleep, to our intense relief.

'Poor little fellow,' said Bertha, 'It must be very trying to be ill. I don't know what it is. I never had a day's illness in my life.'

'What a blessing!' I answered, fervently.

‘Yes, it is. I fear you are not so fortunate. You look as if you had suffered a great deal,’ she added, gently.

‘I have suffered in mind as well as in body.’

‘I hope you may have no more trouble now.’

‘Thank you; that is not the lot of many while they remain on earth. I do not think it will be mine.’

My tone probably had meaning in it, for she glanced at me with sympathetic inquiry. Her face looked so good and sweet that I told her what I had never named to any human being, but what had lain heavy on my heart for many a day and wakeful night.

‘I almost fear I may be called to bear the one physical trial I used to think I *could* not endure.’

‘What is that?’

‘Cancer.’

‘Oh!’ She shuddered. ‘But you——do you suffer pain? What does your brother say?’

‘I have not told him.’

‘Surely you ought?’

‘No—not him. It may be fancy; I could not bear to trouble him. And, in the worst case, I would rather hear my fate from a stranger.’

‘Yes, I understand that.’ She came and sat by me and took my hand. ‘But I think it is really your *duty* to consult a good physician.’

‘I shrink from it so. I may be mistaken.’

‘Should you allow that excuse in another person?’

‘No; I know it is silly; but in one’s own case one is apt to be not over wise.’

‘Will you not tell me what you suffer?’

I told her all; it was a relief to bring my nightmare trouble to the light. When I had ended, she said—

‘I am *sure* you ought to consult a physician. Now you are nervous, and of course you cannot go alone. You want a friend. Have you one you would prefer, or may I go?’

‘You? Dear girl, you are too young for such a trial.’

‘If you mean I am too young for you to have confidence in me, and if you have another friend——’

‘No; my only other friend, Mrs. Mortimer, is now abroad.’

‘Then I am not too young to be firm. Do not judge me by my nervousness about Dodo. All my thought was of a poor, pale, half-starved mother coming too late to find him.’ We could not here restrain a smile.

‘But in this case there would be no call for anything but calmness, and I *can* be calm.’

It ended in my promising to go very soon to see Marcus Payne, and *perhaps* to take Bertha as my companion.

In three days more, Dodo went away. Bertha cried much; Dodo



cried a little, but promised to send home fishes and a whale to his Berty. The idea of the fishes, and the children, and the fun which his mother depicted consoled him, and he believed that the image of the whale would console Bertha. As Mrs. Landall got into the cab, she held to her eyes a handkerchief *not* recently washed, all frilled with torn lace two inches deep.

'Best of friends,' she said to Bertha, 'farewell. Accept a mother's gratitude and prayers. You will also accept some day a trifle in memory of one who has had many sorrows?'

She became so pathetic, I feared we should not get rid of her. But the cab drove off, Dodo flourishing his *poissarde* out of the window, and pulled back with a jerk by his mother, afraid perhaps of the cruel washerwoman who might attempt to persecute the major.

'Did she offer to pay any of your expenses with Dodo?' I asked, as we re-entered the parlour.

'Not a shilling. Of course, I never expected it.'

Bertha's tears subsided in laughter. And that was the last we saw of one little dog. But he had played his part in our history.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE BISHOP'S JOKE.

'The shout from a serious curate, won  
By a bending bishop's annual pun.'

W. M. PRAED.

THE Sunday following Dodo's departure, was the day fixed for the re-opening of our church. The work had been done in earnest, and Mr. Robertson was an active superintendent. During the month in which the building had been closed, a scraping of walls, a general remodelling of pews, and a destruction of the gallery had been going on, not to mention minor emendations and vigorous cleaning. The flooring had been good, and the seats were ready before the work began, and thus all was well in order by the appointed day. Several causes had prevented my visiting the church while the work was progressing, and the report that Mr. Denyer's pew was left alone in its glory, conveyed but a faint image to my mind.

A real bishop was to re-open the church; the first who had been seen in Compfield in Protestant times. The day came, and the bishop came, and, with many others, I pressed into the building. How nice it looked—how clean, how empty; how fresh it smelt! The moth-eaten baize was all gone, and with it a peculiar odour which I had known from childhood. It was a great improvement, but was I altogether glad to lose those foolish old associations? I doubt it.

Suddenly, glancing round, I was aware of Squire Denyer and his



pew. The latter is entered by a stone staircase outside the church, and has a door to itself on a level with the upper windows. It is close to the chancel arch, and would no doubt have been in the chancel if there had been room there. Mr. Denyer and his family had just entered by this special door of theirs, congratulating themselves doubtless on avoiding the crowd of persons attracted by the bishop. Mr. Denyer had a fat, contented look on his handsome, uninteresting face; he had settled himself well in his corner, and was examining the alterations, before he became aware of his own ludicrous position, and that several strangers were violently choking down smiles. That pew, the last relic of the discarded gallery, held aloft by its unsightly forelegs of props, dark and dingy in the midst of the novel cleanliness, was something more ridiculous than one can well describe.

The girls understood it at once, and withdrew to the background; I believe they had understood before how absurd it would be; but their father in his pompous self-complacency had been priding himself on having alone withstood the encroachments of priestcraft.

Presently, he saw it, and the perception grew; he became red, uncomfortable, angry. But he would not budge—not he. His wife was not there to keep him in countenance; she did not seem to think it was a part of her duty to attend church. And so he sat in the forefront, defying even the calm surprise of the bishop as the incongruous pew faced him when he mounted the pulpit. But when the bags went round, and the churchwarden as usual went outside and appeared again at Mr. Denyer's little door, not a sixpence was dropped in. Mr. Denyer kept his hands in front of him, grasping his hymn-book, and gave such a determined frown at his girls as restrained the coins in their fingers.

The bishop was to lunch at Fordham Park; we were also invited. His lordship was urbane; one felt that he was honouring us all by his presence. Mrs. Denyer was much pleased to entertain him; but the cloud had not yet passed from her husband's brow. The bishop had not observed that his host was the occupant of the unlucky relic, and inquired with a certain polished jocoseness—

‘And to whom does that very pertinacious pew belong, “the last of its clan?” To your Conservative member, I should think.’

The inevitable laugh at the bishop's joke was abated by the thunder-cloud on Mr. Denyer's brow.

‘I hope he may be our Conservative member some day, my lord,’ said Paul, in hopes of effecting a diversion. But our host's wrath had fermented, like his own ale, and no such feeble being could withstand it.

‘It is my pew, my lord,’ he said, from the head of the table. ‘I did not wish to see the pew where I and my family have sat for twenty years destroyed at any one's fancy. I saw no occasion for the alterations; the accommodation has been lessened, and the next thing

will be a talk about a new church. But not a farthing do I give, my lord. I am not used to be made a laughing-stock. I regard it as an insult.'

He glared at our innocent-looking curate in a way which made Mrs. Robertson flush and half rise from her seat. But Mr. Robertson looked affectionately sorry, as if Mr. Denyer had said he was suffering from a sudden attack of gout.

'Well, it is a pity it looks so absurd,' he said, earnestly. 'We could not quite tell beforehand. You thought it would be rather nice; didn't you, Mr. Denyer?'

The bishop smiled, and doubtless thought, as I did, that a large proportion of the wisdom of the serpent was mingled with Mr. Robertson's dove-like mildness.

'Ah, well!' said the prelate, kindly, 'a little incongruity is not of so much importance in a country place; and if Mr. Denyer dislikes it now he sees the effect, the pew can be quickly removed, Mr. Robertson, I should think.'

'Quickly enough, my lord; but, you see, most unfortunately we have spent all our money. I did not like the idea of one pew remaining myself; but the rector would not have liked to hurt Mr. Denyer's feelings. He is our best parishioner in several senses.'

'Ah; well! no doubt it will be pleasantly managed ere long. Mr.—a—Lennox, at what time did you say my train started?'

And so the talk went off in another direction, while the master of the house sat looking gloomily at the ice upon his plate. When you entertain a bishop for the first time, and give him venison and the best of wines, it is doubtless vexatious to know that you are furnishing an anecdote of which you are the 'witty point,' and which may probably be related in ten editions of the memoirs of your illustrious guest.

To anticipate a little, the ecclesiastical result of this incident was that Mr. Denyer was glad, before six months were over, to contribute all the necessary funds to remove the obnoxious pew, staircase, door and all, and make all good in its place. For some months he either went to London or nowhere to church; but by and by, when laid up with gout, he was so much mollified by Mr. Robertson's affectionate attention and enlivening conversation, and so much gratified by a circumstance which, alas! remains to be related, that the offence was forgiven, and our best parishioner came back and sat in a free and open bench with the worst of us.

*(To be continued.)*

## Spider Subjects.

---

To the words—Metelill—very good, but omits Pasquinade; Grasshopper, good; Apathy derives marauder from French *maraud*, from *mrag* (Sanskrit), to seek, and lumber from Hebrew *golem*, a mass, or *lumpen*, rags, or Danish *belemmeren*, to hinder; Spectacles, good; Titania says lumber comes from Saxon *lorna*, or Dutch *lornermering*, things out of place; Alert has briefly answered, from illness; Vögelein, Frances, Clover, also received; Spinning-Jenny best. Alert's is the best Tonnage and Poundage; the others are Hermine, Titania, Cobweb, and Apathy.

Marcus Aurelius (deferred from last time) has been worked out excellently, but at too much length, by Vögelein, Frances, and Titania; a Bee and Grizel are likewise very good; Nightingale, a Huguenot, clear and good; Vögelein is inserted.

GIVE THE HISTORY AND ALLUSIONS CONTAINED IN THE WORDS CANDIDATE,  
CICERONE, DELIRIUM, MARAUDER, PASQUINADE, TRIBULATION.

Arachne has erected a stage, on which she requires seven words to be represented in such attire and circumstance as shall tell something of their history.

*Candidate*.—First a Roman citizen comes upon the scene, clothed in white, drawing aside his candid toga to display wounds received in defence of his city, and also to show that it forms no cloak for money to be used as bribes to help him to secure the place he seeks in the government of the State. '*Tribunicus candidatus*,' says the voice of Livy. Then, as face and form change while the garment remains the same, Pliny says, '*Candidatus gloriæ et immortalitatis*.' While he is speaking, we seem to see a Christian church, and white-robed figures waiting for the laying-on of hands. To each of them may Dryden's words apply—'a candidate of Heaven.' But the world soon pushes them aside. The hustings and commerce, to say nothing of literature, science, and art, can each show candidates for place and fame, and sometimes a purple robe is put on more eagerly than the white linen of the citizen or the saint.

*Cicerone*.—Another Roman citizen stands before us. An orator pours forth his rhetoric, and we wait to hear what Cicero will say. But the scene changes; a glib-tongued guide is showing the way through a palace of art, and we hear a musical voice say, '*Egli è un cicerone*.'

*Delirium*.—Again we hear rapid utterance, but now it proceeds from the fevered lips of an invalid. In the background we see a field being ploughed. Perhaps the over-wrought student, whose brain is furrowed by the ploughshare of fever, so that his thoughts run out of the straight lines of reason, may be haunted by the allusion—'*Quid-quid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi*.'

*Lumber*.—The first bit of lumber that greets our eyes is an old

halberd, relic of that long partisan which gave the Lombards their name (Longobard). The last is that chest of melancholy fame, wherein the fair Ginevra hid on her bridal day, for, as Samuel Rogers tells us,

‘ Fifty years afterwards,  
On an idle day, a day of search  
Mid the old *lumber* in the gallery  
That mouldering chest was noticed.’

A little bit of by-play shows us the commercial dealings of the Lombards and their usurious traffic, which caused a pawnbroker’s store-place to be called a Lombard or lumber-room, and in time gave the name of lumber to all disused or stowed-away furniture.

*Marauder*.—A shifty and hazy scene. Representatives of the old English verb ‘myrran,’ to lay waste, developed into *mar*, of the Latin *morator*, and the statelier Spanish *merodeador*. In the background, in a rather uncertain light, a wood-encircled *Schloss*, called, we are told, *Merode*. Out of it come the lord of the castle and his retainers to harry the land and rob the inhabitants, and to give the name of *meroders* to future pillagers. In a rather obscure corner a *maraud*, or tom-cat disports himself. We turn from all these to watch for the arrival of that

‘ Marauding chief, his sole delight  
The moonlight raid, the morning fight.’

For

‘ A braver knight than Harden’s lord  
Ne’er belted on a brand.’

*Pasquinade*.—From a knight’s spurs we pass on to a cobbler’s heels. Here is Paschino, the bitter-tongued cobbler of Rome ; and here, in front of the Orsini Palace, is the statue of the gladiator, said to resemble Paschino. In memory of his gibes the pedestal of the statue is decorated with lampoons by the wits of the city, whose effusions are henceforth called *paschinados*. In the opinion of the *Tatler*, ‘*pasquinades* are a sort of playing with the four-and-twenty letters without sense, truth, or wit.’

*Tribulation*.—First a *tribulum*, or little dray, used for the same purpose as flails, to thresh out corn. Then we lose the primary use of the word, the curtain falls, and we only hear the rejoicing sound of an anthem sung by those who have come ‘out of great tribulation.’ ‘For,’ as George Withers says—

‘ Till the bruising flail of God’s corrections  
Have threshed out of us our vain affections :  
Till those corruptions which do misbecome us  
Are, by the Sacred Spirit, winnowed from us :  
Yea, till His flail upon us He doth lay,  
To thresh the husk of this our flesh away,  
We shall not up to highest wealth aspire.  
But then we shall : and that is my desire.’

SPINNING-JENNY.

#### TONNAGE AND POUNDAGE.

These were duties on wines and other merchandise imported into England, levied from the time of Edward III. up to 1787, when Mr. Pitt introduced the Customs Consolidation Act, which did away with tonnage and poundage, and established a fixed duty on every article.

The original object of the taxes was to provide the king with ready money for war or other emergencies, and they were first granted to the Crown for a stated number of years, and the grant renewed when that term had expired. Henry V. was the first king who possessed the grant for life. Charles I. attempted to raise the moneys by the royal authority alone, the Commons having agreed that he was only to receive them for one year; but he was persuaded to sign an Act promising not to raise these or other imposts without Parliamentary sanction. Charles II., James II., and William III. obtained the grants for life; but in the reign of Anne the taxes were mortgaged for the public debt.

ALERT.

#### THE HISTORY OF MARCUS AURELIUS.

Born A.D. 131, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus was the nephew and adopted son of the Emperor Antoninus Pius, he was remarkable for personal beauty and gracious deportment. His uncle named him 'Verissimus,' or 'most truthful'; at twelve years old he joined the Stoics. At eighteen the emperor had him proclaimed 'Cæsar,' and soon after married him to his beautiful but vicious daughter, Faustina. His equestrian statue on the Piazza of the capital is familiar to all who have been in Rome, and is one of the very few of its kind that have escaped destruction in the lapse of centuries.

In A.D. 161, he became emperor on the death of Antoninus Pius, and Lucius Verus was associated with him as Augustus and Imperator. The early part of their reign was disturbed by insurrections in Pannonia, Britain, and other provinces, but these were soon checked. A more serious war was begun by the invasion of Armenia (whose king Sohemus was an ally of the Romans) by Vologeses II., King of Parthia. Marcus Aurelius intrusted the charge of the expedition to Lucius Verus (who was shortly to become his son-in-law) in the hopes that the responsibility might tend to strengthen and develop his character, which, however, proved incapable of improvement. Verus was prevented from proceeding to the seat of war by an illness caused by surfeiting, and when he set off the following year he went no further than Antioch, where he spent four years in luxurious idleness, while his general, Avidius Cassius, brought the war to a successful termination, and almost succeeded in making Parthia tributary to Rome. The soldiers engaged in this war brought the seeds of the plague into Europe on their return, and for some time it raged violently, the air being tainted, and the fields lying untilled, notwithstanding the efforts of the great physician Galen, who devoted himself to the endeavour to check its ravages.

The terror caused by this immense outbreak of sickness, and other disasters, was such as to induce the superstitious people to impute their misfortunes to the anger of the gods, whom they thought might be appeased by an effusion of Christian blood. The emperor was easily persuaded to issue orders for a persecution in Asia Minor and other parts of the empire, and amongst the many who suffered for the name of Christ, one of the first and chief was S. Polycarp, the aged Bishop of Smyrna, and once the disciple of S. John the Beloved. That Marcus Aurelius should have permitted and encouraged persecution seems sadly in contradiction with the rest of his character; but he despised

the Christians as a mean sect, given to emotional excitement, and meeting death in a theatrical manner. Some years before, Justin Martyr had dedicated to him and Verus, his famous *Apology for the Christian Religion*, but we are not told how it was received.

Scarcely was the triumph celebrated for the victories over the Parthians, than the two emperors were forced to set out to quell a serious outbreak in Pannonia. They wintered at Aquileia, and here Verus died, his remains being conveyed to Rome for burial in the Mausoleum of Hadrian. The war was continued under Avidius Cassius and Pertinax; but the Roman arms met with a terrible check in the defeat of Vindex, Prefect of the Prætorians, who was slain, with 20,000 of his men, and the victorious Marcomanni advanced on Aquileia. Marcus Aurelius made every effort to raise fresh forces, and repaired to the scene of conflict. He even enrolled the gladiators in his ranks, a proceeding which produced great discontent among the Roman populace who saw themselves deprived of their circus-games in order to subdue a distant and barbarous people. The emperor commanded part of the army in person, and was once reduced to the utmost straits in Hungary, being hemmed in by the enemy for three days under a blazing sun, without water. Sacrifices and magic were resorted to in vain, but the twelfth or Melitene Legion, which was composed entirely of Christians, strong in faith, knelt down and called upon the name of their Lord, who answered them by a terrific tempest accompanied with torrents of rain, which the thirsty soldiers caught in their helmets, while the lightning and storm, driving right in the faces of the enemy, completely discomfited them. The legion henceforward bore the title of 'Thundering.' The emperor, in his proclamation, acknowledged that this interposition of heaven was owing probably to the prayers of the Christians, and it is commemorated in the bas-reliefs of the Antonine Column at Rome. Peace was concluded not long after with the Quadi and Marcomanni, and about the same time a revolt broke out amongst the peasantry of Egypt, headed by a priest, and called the Bucolic war. This was soon put down by Avidius Cassius. A report having reached him of the death of Marcus Aurelius, this popular general caused himself to be proclaimed Imperator, and his son Cæsar; but few joined his standard. When Marcus Aurelius heard of his rebellion, he called his troops together, and, informing them of what had happened, declared himself willing to pardon Cassius, and anxious that no one should endeavour to assassinate him in hopes of a reward. This however happened in less than three months, and the head was brought to the emperor, who gave it honourable burial, protected his family, and caused the letters found in his tent to be burnt.

Whilst in Pannonia about this time the emperor sent for his wife and son from Rome, and proceeded with them to the East. They were for some time in Cappadocia, and here the Empress Faustina died. Although fully aware of her scandalous conduct, Marcus Aurelius caused her to be deified by the Senate, and erected a temple to her honour in the Forum, and (strangest of all) commanded that henceforward all maidens on the eve of their marriage should pay their vows with their bridegrooms before her statue, and offer wreaths, as though she had been a model of domestic virtue. It was an anomalous feature in the character of a man of such pure and austere life as



Marcus Aurelius that he overlooked any amount of crime in others, considering it either an inherent disease, or a misfortune over which they had no control. Though it was well known to him and to his people that Faustina was addicted to spend her time in the gladiators' quarters, and places of still lower resort, he even praises her in his book of *Meditations*, which was begun some years before her death, and finished shortly after it.

On his return from the East, after an absence from Rome of eight years, the emperor was very warmly welcomed by his subjects, and he distributed a handsome *largesse* in the towns through which he passed. There was an invasion of Spain about this time by the Moors, which was repulsed by Septimius Severus, afterwards emperor. It was also about this time that another terrible persecution of the Christians took place; it was chiefly confined to southern Gaul, and the churches of Lyons and Vienne, A.D. 177. The aged Bishop Pothinus of Lyons was martyred, together with many of his people, who were put to horrid tortures, and confined in noisome dungeons below the river.

Marcus Aurelius was greatly distressed during his residence in Rome by the vicious life of his only surviving son Commodus, who inherited his mother's disposition and depraved tastes. His father made an effort to reclaim him, and appointed careful tutors for his education, but as this affected the lad's health—for he pined and sickened for want of his favourite dissipations—he was soon allowed to take his own way, and return to his evil habits and companions.

In 179 the war in Pannonia broke out again, and the emperor hastened thither in person, taking his son with him. After meeting with a few reverses, he gained a complete victory over the Marcomanni, and penetrated as far as Vindobonam (now Vienna). Here the plague broke out amongst his troops, and the emperor did not escape the contagion. After a short sickness he died in his fifty-ninth year, deeply mourned by his people, and his ashes were laid in Hadrian's Mausoleum, whilst the Senate placed his name upon the list of gods.

The *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius is a very remarkable book, full of the lofty sentiments of the Stoic philosophy, and also of much practical every-day advice. A few extracts will give a better idea of it than any description.

Book ii., clause 7.—‘Do not let accidents disturb or outward objects engross your thoughts, but keep your mind quiet and unengaged, that you may be at leisure to learn somewhat that is good; and do not ramble from one thing to another. Some people are busy and yet do nothing, they wear themselves yet drive at no point, nor propose any general end of action or design.’

Book iv., clause 7 (part).—‘Does the wickedness of the world trouble you? Out with your antidote, and consider that mankind were made for mutual advantage, and that forbearance is one part of justice, and that people misbehave themselves against their will (!). Or is it the government of the world that does not please you? Take the other notion, and argue thus. Either Providence or chance sits at the helm: if the first, the administration can't be questioned; if the latter, there's no mending on't.’

Book vii., clause 7.—‘Never be ashamed of assistance: like a sentinel at the storming of a town, your business is to maintain your

post and execute your orders. Now suppose you happen to be lame at an assault, and can't mount the breach on your own feet, won't you suffer your comrade to help you?'

BATH-BRICK.

---

It may form an interesting postscript to Water Wagtail's paper on Sirius if we add that the *receding* motion she alludes to is slackening speed at such a rate that it threatens to become an advancing motion, while, partly from spectroscopic data, and partly from observations on the small companion star which has been discovered, an orbit at least one hundred times greater than the terrestrial orbit has been computed for Sirius round the common centre of gravity, with a period of fifty years, in which time it alternately approaches and recedes from the earth. The best calculations of its speed, however (made by Huggins and others), gave only twenty miles of recession an hour, or 175,320 miles per annum, and this was quicker than previous ideas. We therefore see the reason that no great difference is observed in the brightness of Sirius now and in ancient times; a thousand million miles a year, if a constant rate of recession, would, during the centuries this star has been observed, tell even upon the light of Sirius.

BOG-OAK.

---

#### 'MONTHLY PACKET' BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

I have received twelve exercises, and apologies for non-sending from five more. This leaves rather a larger balance than there should be of non-contributors. The contributions are all good, and some may be called very good. I would now suggest to the members that they should detach from the specimens sent the special parts that mark the differences either of genus or species. This month, for instance, the parts might have been detached that show the difference between Rosaceæ and Ranunculaceæ, and between Prunus and Cratægus. I must ask the members to confine their contributions to the special month, and not to send in one month the specimens belonging to the previous or following month.

VERTUMNUS II.

*Bitton Vicarage, Bristol.*

---

#### SPIDER QUESTIONS.

What is to be said in favour of a wet day in-doors?

The life of Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury.

STAMPS RECEIVED.—Apathy, Grasshopper, Water Wagtail, Frances.



## Notices to Correspondents.

### QUOTATIONS WANTED.

'Wert thou blind of eye?  
Thy fate and ours were on the lot,  
And we believed the lying stars  
That said thy hand might seize the auspicious hour.'

'Wearing a face in which, were I thy lord,  
Singled from millions, blooms the world's one woman.

\* \* \* \* \*  
'Touch me not, speak not, for thy touch and word  
Alike are fire.'

*F. E.*

In what poem can I find the following (of music)?—

'O what is this that knows the road I came,  
The flame turned cloud, the cloud returned to flame,  
The lifted, shifted steeps and all the way?'

*M. B.*

*F. T.* asks where the following lines are to be found, and the author:—

'God bless the little feet  
That can never go astray.'

*E. A. W.* would be much obliged if any reader of the *Monthly Packet* could say who wrote the lines—

'How few think rightly of the thinking few!  
How many never think who think they do!'

Also where the tale of the cow in the churchyard tolling the bell at night can be found. It commences—

'Now poke the fire, the candle snuff,  
And pray be sure its long enough.'

### ANSWERS.

The lines beginning 'Great high priest,' &c., asked for by *Magdalen* in the May number of the *Monthly Packet*, are, in the original, German, by Johann Scheffler, commonly called Angelus (c. 1657); translated by Catherine Winkworth in the *Lyra Germanica*, for First Sunday after the Epiphany.

*M.*—The ermine was believed to allow itself to be killed rather than stain its white coat. Thence it appears on the shield of Brittany with the motto '*Malo mori quàm fœdari*'—Rather die than be stained.

'We had a pleasant walk to-day  
Over the hills and far away,'—

by T. Miller, is to be found in Chambers's *English Readers*, book iii. p. 23. *Miss Johnson*, 5, *Ranelagh Road*, *Winchester*, will be glad to lend the book.

*Snowdrop*.—Accounts of the Melanesian Mission are to be found from time to time in the *Net*.

*Mrs. Temple* begs to thank those ladies who have so kindly sent her the words of *The Courtship of Daddy Longlegs*.

*F. E.* would be greatly obliged if any one could lend her for a short time the Royal Academy Catalogues for 1869 and 1870; she has tried

to purchase them, but one is out of print. They shall be carefully returned, and postage paid both ways. Address—3, *Wray Crescent, Tollington Park, London, N.*

Can any one tell me if there is a home of rest for ladies not far from London, country or seaside? Address—*E. M., 30, Tabley Road, Holloway, N.*

Can any reader tell of a good geography book, which gives the government of different countries, and, in the case of European countries, their foreign possessions?—*E. M., 30, Tabley Road, Holloway, N.* [Cornwall's *Geography*, or the third, fourth, and fifth parts of Blackwood's, or Guthrie's, or National Society's *Standard Readers*.]

*Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford*.—A Scholarship of 35*l.* a year for three years, tenable at the Hall, will be offered for competition early next October. The Scholar will be expected to read for honours. For information apply to *Miss Wordsworth (the Lady Principal), Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford*.

*Mission to Chinese Ladies*.—*Mrs. Fagg, Homeside, Duppas Hill Terrace, Croydon*, acknowledges, with grateful thanks, the following sums sent in since May 5th. If any sum or article for sale is unacknowledged, kindly inform *Mrs. Fagg by letter* at once:—*Mrs. Grantham, 3*s.*; Miss Webb, 2*s.* 6*d.*; by Mrs. Fagg, 4*s.*; E. M. S., 2*s.* 6*d.*; a reader of *India's Women*, 1*s.* 6*d.*; by Miss Newman, 2*s.* 6*d.*; by Mrs. King, 1*l.* 10*s.*; Miss F. Smith, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Muriel, 1*s.**

---

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—May I ask you to let me plead in behalf of the Convalescent Hospital at Ascot? This hospital was built *chiefly* for the benefit of the sick and the incurables from the East of London, and when Dr. Pusey was with us these poor ones continuously flocked in, and were supported there by his fatherly charity. Now that he is gone there seems no one left for these—so utterly destitute—and the sisters dare not run into debt. It came into my mind that if people knew of this hospital, and if they would force themselves to realise the misery of a chronic invalid in the cellars of Shadwell and Bethnal Green, or, on the other hand, the impossibility of recovery from an acute illness in those dirty streets and in that stifling atmosphere, they would gladly help me to raise an annual sum of 500*l.*, whereby twenty beds might be kept free for these sufferers. These twenty beds—for the support of which I plead—would be called 'Pusey beds,' and would be in loving memory of Dr. Pusey's devotion to the sick poor of this district in London. May I, then, earnestly beg those who venerate Dr. Pusey, and who have benefited by his sermons, writings, and direction, to promise some small sum annually (if only half-a-crown) towards the good object for which I plead? Ascot seems so connected with Dr. Pusey, with his writings and his charity, as also with his departure, that I cannot conceive a more pleasing way of showing love to his memory than by enabling the sisters to continue his work of care for these—the poorest of the poor.

I am,

Dear Mr. Editor,

Faithfully yours,

ALICE SLATER.

# The Monthly Packet.

---

AUGUST, 1884.

---

## THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN, BY THE EDITOR.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### MY PERSECUTED UNCLE.

Dolores was allowed to go to Casement Cottage on Sunday. It was always rather an awful thing to her to get through the paddock when the farmer's cattle were turned out there. She did not mind it so much in the broad road and in the midst of a large party, with Hal among them, and no dogs; but alone with only one companion, and in the easy path which was the shortest way to the cottage, she winced and trembled at the little black, shaggy Scotch oxen, with white horns and faces that looked to her very wild and fierce.

'Oh, Gillian, those creatures! Can't we go the other way?'

'No; it is a great deal further round, and there's no time. They won't hurt. The farmer engaged not to turn out anything vicious here.'

'But how can he be sure?'

'Well, don't come if you don't like it,' said Gillian impatiently.

'It is your own concern. I must go.'

Dolores did not like the notion of Constance being told that she would not come because she was afraid of the oxen. She thought it very unkind of Gillian, but she came, and kept carefully on the side furthest from the formidable animals. And Gillian really was forbearing. She did make allowances for the London-bred girl's fears; and the only thing she did was, that when one of the animals lifted up its head and looked, and Dolores made a spring as if to run away, she caught the girl's arm, crying, 'Don't! That's the very way to make him run after you.'

They got safe out of the paddock at last, and rang at the door.

They were both kissed, Dolores with especial affectionateness, because the good ladies pitied her so much ; and then while Miss Rachel and Gillian went off to their class, Constance took Dolores up into her own room, and began to tell her how disappointed she was not to have seen more of her at the Festival.

‘But those curates would not let me alone. I was obliged to attend to them.’

And then she was very eager to know all about Lord Rotherwood, which rather amazed Dolores, who had been in the habit of hearing her father mention him as ‘that mad fellow Rotherwood,’ while her mother always spoke with contempt of people who ran after lords and ladies, and had been heard to say that Lord Rotherwood himself was well enough, but his wife was a mere fine lady.

But Dolores had a matter on which she was very anxious.

‘Connie, do they always read one’s letters first? I mean the old people, like Aunt Lily.’

‘What! has she been reading your letters?’

‘She says she always shall, except father’s and Maude Sefton’s, because papa spoke to her about that. She took a letter of mine the other day, and never let me have it till the evening, and I am sure Aunt Jane put her up to it.’

‘You poor darling!’ exclaimed Constance. ‘Was it anything you cared about?’

‘Oh, no—not that—but there might be. And I want to know whether she has the right.’

‘I should not have thought Lady Merrifield would have been so like an old schoolmistress. Miss Dormer always did, the old cat! where I went to school,’ said Constance. ‘We did hate it so! She looked over every one’s letters, except parents’, so that we never could have anything nice, except by a chance or so.’

‘It is tyranny,’ said Dolores solemnly. ‘I do not see why one should submit to it.’

‘We had dodges,’ continued Constance, warming with the history of her school-days, and far too eager to talk to think of the harm she might be doing to the younger girl. ‘Sometimes, when a lot of us went to a shop with one of the governesses, one would slip out and post a letter. Fraülein was so shortsighted, she never guessed. We used to call her the jolly old *Käfer*. But Mademoiselle was very sharp. She once caught Alice Bell, so that she had to make an excuse and say she had dropped something. You see, she really had—the letter into the slit.’

‘But that was an equivocation.’

‘Oh, you darling scrupulous, long-worded child! You aren’t like the girls at Miss Dormer’s, only she drove us to it you know. You’ll be horribly shocked, but I’ll tell you what Louie Preston did. There was a young man in the town whom she had met at a picnic in the

holidays—a clerk, he was, at the bank—and he used to put notes to her under the cushions at church ; but one unlucky Sunday, Louie had a cold and didn't go, and she told Mabel Blisset to bring it, and Mabel didn't understand the right place, and went poking about, so that Miss Dormer found it out, and there was such a row !'

'Wasn't that rather vulgar ?' said Dolores.

'Well, he was only a clerk, but he was a duck of a man, with regular auburn hair, you know. And he sang ! We used to go to the Choral Society concerts, and he sang ballads so beautifully, and always looked at Louie !'

'I should not care for anything of that sort,' said Dolores. 'I think it is bad form.'

'So it is,' said Constance seriously, 'only one can't help recollecting the fun of the thing, and what one was driven to in those days. Is there any one you are anxious to correspond with ?'

'Not in particular, only I can't bear to have Aunt Liliass meddling with my letters ; and there's a poor uncle of mine that I know would not like her, or any of the Mohuns, to see his letters.

'Indeed ! Your poor mamma's brother ?' cried Constance, full of curiosity.

'Mind, it is in confidence. You must never tell any one.'

'Never. Oh, you may trust me !' cried Constance.

'Her half-brother,' said Dolores ; and the girl proceeded to tell Constance what she had told Maude Sefton about Mr. Flinders, and how her mother had been used to assist him out of her own earnings, and how he had met her at Exeter station, and was so disappointed to have missed her father. Constance listened most eagerly, greatly delighted to have a secret confided to her, and promising to keep it with all her might.

'And now,' said Dolores, 'what shall I do ? If poor Uncle Alfred writes to me, Aunt Liliass will have the letter and read it, and the Mohuns are all so stuck up, ; they will despise him, and very likely she will never let me have the letter.'

'Yes, but, dear, couldn't you write here, with my things, and tell him how it is, and tell him to write under cover to me ?'

'Dear Connie ! How good you are ! Yes, that would be quite delightful !'

All the confidences and all the caresses had, however, taken quite as long as the G.F.S. class, and before Constance had cleared a space on the table for Dolores' letter, there was a summons to say that Gillian was ready to go home.

'So early !' said Constance. 'I thought you would have had tea and stayed to evening service.'

'I should like it *so much*,' cried Dolores, remembering that it would spare her the black oxen in the cross-path, as well as giving her the time with her friend.

So they went down with the invitation, but Gillian replied that mamma always liked to have all together for the catechism, and that she could not venture to leave Dolores without special permission.

‘Quite right, my dear,’ said Miss Hacket. ‘Connie would be very sorry to do anything against Lady Merrifield’s rules. We shall see you again in a day or two.’

And this is the way in which Constance kept her friend’s secret. When Miss Hacket had done her further work with a G.F.S. young woman who needed private instruction to prepare her for Baptism, the two sisters sat down to a leisurely tea before starting for evening-song; in the first place Constance detailed all she had discovered as to the connection with Lord Rotherwood, in which subject, it must be confessed, good Miss Hacket took a lively interest, having never so closely encountered a live Marquess, ‘and so affable,’ she contended; upon which Constance declared that they were all stuck-up, and were very unkind and hard to poor darling Dolores.

‘I don’t know. I cannot fancy dear Lady Merrifield being unkind to any one, especially a dear girl as good as an orphan,’ said Miss Hacket, who, if not the cleverest of women, was one of the best and most warm-hearted. ‘And, indeed, Connie, I don’t think dear Gillian and Mysie feel at all unkindly to their cousin.’

‘Ah! that’s just like you, Mary. You never see more than the outside, but then I am in dear Dolly’s confidence.’

‘What do you mean, Connie?’ said Miss Hacket, eagerly.

Constance had come home from school with the reputation of being much more accomplished than her elder sister, who had grown up while her father was a curate of very straitened means, and thus, though her junior, she was thought wonderfully superior in discernment and everything else.

‘Well,’ said Constance, ‘what do you think of Lady Merrifield sending her to bed for staying late here that morning?’

‘That was strict, certainly; but you know she sent Mysie too. It was all my own thoughtlessness for detaining them,’ said the good elder sister. ‘I was so grieved!’

‘Yes,’ said Constance, ‘it sounds all very well to say Mysie was treated in the same way, but in the afternoon Mysie was allowed to go and make messes with blackberry jam, while poor Dolly was kept shut up in the school-room!’

Constance did not like Lady Merrifield, who had unconsciously snubbed some of her affectations, and nipped in the bud a flirtation with Harry, besides calling off some of the curates to be helpful. But Miss Hacket admired her neighbour as much as her sister would permit, and made answer—

‘It is so hard to judge, my dear, without knowing all. Perhaps Mysie had finished her lessons.’

‘Ah! I know you always are for Lady Merrifield! But what

do you say, then, to her prying into all that poor child's correspondence ?'

'My dear, I think most people do think it advisable to have some check on young girls' letters. Perhaps Dolores' father desired it.'

'He never put on any restrictions,' said Constance. 'I am sure he never would. Men don't. It is always women, with their nasty, prying, tyrannous instincts.'

'I am sure,' returned Mary, 'one would not think a child like Dolores Mohun could have anything to conceal.'

'But she has !' cried Constance.

'No, my dear ! Impossible !' exclaimed Miss Hacket, looking very much shocked. 'Why, she can't be fourteen !'

'Oh ! it is nothing of *that* sort. Don't think about that, Mary.'

'No, no, I know, Connie dear ; you would never listen to any young girl's confidence of that kind—so improper and so vulgar,' said Miss Hacket, and Constance did not think it necessary to reveal her knowledge of the post-office under the cushions at church, and other little affairs of that sort.

'It is her uncle,' said Constance. 'Her mother, it seems, though quite a lady, was the daughter of a professor, a very learned man, very distinguished, and *all that*, but not of high family enough to please the Mohuns, and they never were friendly with her, or treated her as an equal.'

'That couldn't have been Lady Merrifield,' persevered Miss Hacket. 'She lamented to me herself that she had been out of England for so many years that she had scarcely seen Mrs. Maurice Mohun.'

'Well, there were the Miss Mohuns, and all the rest !' said Constance. 'Why, Dolores has only once been at the family place. And her mother had a brother, an author and a journalist, a very clever man, and the Mohuns have always regularly persecuted him. He has been very unfortunate, and Mrs. Maurice Mohun has done her utmost to help him, writing in periodicals and giving the proceeds to him. Wasn't that sweet ? And now Dolores feels quite cut off from him ; and she is so fond of him, poor darling, for her mother's sake.'

Tender-hearted as Miss Hacket was, she had seen enough of life to have some inkling of what being very unfortunate might sometimes mean.

'I should think,' she said, 'that Lady Merrifield would never withhold from the child any letter it was proper she should have, especially from a relation.'

'Yes, but I tell you she did keep back a letter on the festival day till she had looked at it. Poor Dolores saw it come, and she saw a glance pass between her and Miss Mohun, and she is quite sure, she says, her Aunt Jane had been poisoning her mind about this poor persecuted uncle, and that she shall never be allowed to hear from him.'



‘I don’t suppose there can be much for him to say to her,’ said Miss Hacket. Then, after a little reflection, ‘Connie, my dear, I really think you had better not interfere. There may be reasons that this poor child knows nothing about for keeping her aloof from this uncle.’

‘Oh! but her mother helped him.’

‘She was his sister. That was quite another thing. Indeed, Connie,’ said Miss Hacket, more earnestly, ‘I am quite sure that you will use your influence—and you have a great deal of influence, you know—most kindly by persuading this dear child to be happy with the Merrifields and submit to their arrangements.’

‘You are infatuated with Lady Merrifield,’ muttered Constance. ‘Ah! how little you know!’

Here the first warning note of the bell ended the discussion, and Constance did not think it necessary to tell her sister of the offer she had made to Dolores. In her eyes, Mary, who was the eldest of the family, had always been of the dull, grown-up, authoritative faction of the elders, while she herself was still one of the sweet junior party, full of antagonism to them, and ready to elude them in any way. Besides, she had promised her darling Dolores; and the thing was quite romantic; nor could any one call it blameworthy, since it was nothing like a lover—not even a young man, but only a persecuted uncle in distress.

So she awaited anxiously the next Sunday when Dolores’ letter was to be written in her room. To tell the truth, Dolores could quite as easily have written in her own, and brought down the letter in her pocket, if she had been eager about the matter; but she was not, except under the influence of making a grievance. She had never written to Uncle Alfred in her life, nor he to her; and his visits to her mother had always led to something uncomfortable. Nor would she have thought about the subject at all if it had not been for the sore sense that she was cut off from him, as she fancied, because he belonged to her mother.

Nothing particular had happened that week. There had been no very striking offences one way or the other; she was working better with her lessons and understanding more of Miss Vincent’s methods. She perceived that they were thorough, and respected them accordingly, and she had had the great satisfaction of getting more good marks for French and German than Mysie. She had become interested in *The Old Oak Staircase*, and began to look forward to Aunt Lily’s readings as the best part of the day. But she had not drawn in the least nearer to any of the family. She absolutely disliked, almost hated, the quarter of an hour which Aunt Lily devoted to her religious teaching every morning, though nobody was present, not even Primrose. She nearly refused to learn, and said as badly as possible the very small portions she was bidden to learn by heart, and she closed her



mind up against taking in the sense of the very short readings and her aunt's comments on them. It seemed to her to be treating her like a Sunday school child, and insulting her mother, who had never troubled her in this manner. Her aunt said no word of reproach, except to insist on attention and accuracy of repetition ; but there came to be an unusual gravity and gentleness about her in these lessons, as if she were keeping a guard over herself, and often a greatly disappointed look, which exasperated Dolores much more than a scolding.

Mysie had left off courting her cousin, finding that it only brought her rebuffs, and went her own way as before, pleased and honoured when Gillian would consort with her, but generally pairing with her younger sister.

Dolores, though hitherto ungracious, missed her attentions, and decided that they were 'all falseness.' Wilfred absolutely did tease and annoy her whenever he could, Fergus imitated him, and Valetta enjoyed and abetted him. These three had all been against her ever since the affair of the arrow ; but Wilfred had not many opportunities, for in the house there was a perpetual quiet supervision and influence. Mrs. Halfpenny was sure to detect traps in the passage, or bounces at the door. Miss Vincent looked daggers if other people's lesson books were interfered with. Mamma had eyes all round, and nobody dared to tease or play tricks in her presence. Hal, Gillian, and even Mysie always thwarted such amiable acts as putting a dead wasp into a shoe, or snapping a book in the reader's face ; while, as to venturing into the general family active games, Dolores would have felt it like rushing into a coroboree of savages !

There was one wet afternoon when they could not even get as far as to the loft over the stables ; at least the little ones could not have done so, and it was decided that it would be very cruel to them for all the others to run off, and leave them to Mrs. Halfpenny ; so the plan was given up.

Partly because Lady Merrifield thought it very amiable in Mysie and Valetta to make the sacrifice, and partly to disperse the thunder-cloud she saw gathering on Wilfred's brow, she not only consented to a magnificent and extraordinary game at wolves and bears all over the house, but even devoted herself to keeping Mrs. Halfpenny quiet by shutting herself into the nursery to look over all the wardrobes, and decide what was to 'go down' in the family, and what was to be given away, and what must be absolutely renewed. It was an operation that Mrs. Halfpenny enjoyed so much, that it warranted her to be deaf to shrieks and trampling, and almost to forget the chances of gathers and kilting being torn out, and trap-doors appearing in skirts and pinafores.

All that time Dolores sat hunched up in her own room, reading *Minnie the Orphan*, and realising the persecutions suffered by that afflicted child, who had just been nearly drowned in rescuing her

wickedest cousin, and was being carried into her noble grandfather's house, there to be recognised by her golden hair being exactly the colour it was when she was a baby.

There were horrible growlings at times outside her door, and she bolted it by way of precaution. Once there was a bounce against it, but Gillian's voice might be heard in the distance calling off the wolves.

Then came a lull. The wolves and bears had rushed up and down stairs till they were quite exhausted and out of breath, especially as Primrose had always been a cub, and gone in the arms of Hal or Gillian; Fergus at last had rolled down three steps, and been caught by Wilfred, who, in his character of bear, hugged and mauled him till his screams grew violent. Harry had come to the rescue, and it was decided that there had been enough of this, and that there should be a grand exhibition of tableaux from the history of England in the dining-room, which of course mamma was to guess, with the assistance of any one who was not required to act.

Mamma, ever obliging, hastily condemned two or three sunburnt hats and ancient pairs of shoes, to be added to the bundle for Miss Hacket's distribution, and let herself be hauled off to act audience.

'But where's Dolly?' she asked, as she looked at the assemblage on the stairs.

'Bolted into her room like a donkey,' said Wilfred, the last clause under his breath.

'Indeed, mamma, we did ask her, and gave her the choice between wolves and bears,' said Mysie.

'Unfortunately she is bear without choosing,' said Gill.

'A sucking of her paws in a hollow tree,' chimed in Hal.

'Hush! hush!' said Lady Merrifield, looking pained; 'perhaps the choice seemed very terrible to a poor only child like that. We, who had the luck to be one of many, don't know what wild cats you may all seem to her.'

'She never will play at anything,' said Val.

'She doesn't know how to,' said Mysie.

'And won't be taught,' added Wilfred.

'But that's very dreadful,' exclaimed Lady Merrifield. 'Fancy a poor child of thirteen not knowing how to play. I shall go and dig her out!'

So there came a gentle tap at the closed door, to which Dolores answered—

'Can't you let me alone? Go away,' thinking it a treacherous ruse of the enemy to effect an entrance; but when her aunt said—

'Is there anything the matter, my dear? Won't you let me in?' she was obliged to open it.

'No, there's nothing the matter,' she allowed. 'Only I wanted them to let me alone.'

‘They have not been rude to you, I hope.’

Dolores was too much afraid of Wilfred to mention the bouncing, so she allowed that no one had been rude to her, but she hated romping, which she managed to say in the tone of a rebuke to her aunt for suffering it.

However, Aunt Lily only smiled and said—

‘Ah! you have not been used to wholesome exercise in large families. I dare say it seems formidable; but, my dear, you are looking quite pale. I can’t allow you to stay stuffed up there, poking over a book all the afternoon. It is very bad for you. We are going to have some historical tableaux. They are to have one set, and I thought perhaps you and I would get up some for them to guess in turn.’

Dolores was not in a mood to be pleased, but she did not quite dare to say she did not choose to make herself ridiculous, and she knew there was authority in the tone, so she followed and endured.

So they beheld Alfred watching the cakes before the bright grate in the dining-room and having his ears beautifully boxed. Also Knut and the waves which were graphically represented by letting the wind in under the drugget, and pulling it up gradually over his feet, but these, Mysie explained, were only for the little ones. Rollo and his substitute doing homage to Charles the Simple were much more effective; as Gillian in that old military cloak of her father’s, which had seen as much service in the play-room as in the field, stood and scowled at Wilfred in *the* crown and mamma’s ermine mantle, being overthrown by Harry at his full height.

The excitement was immense when it was announced that mamma had a tableau to represent with the help of Dolores, who was really warming a little to the interest of the thing, and did not at all dislike being dressed up with one of the boy’s caps with three ostrich feathers, to accompany her aunt in hood and cloak and be challenged by Hal, who had, together with the bow and papa’s old regimental sword, been borrowed to personate the robber of Hexham. Everybody screamed with ecstasy except Fergus, who thought it very hard that he should not have been Prince Edward instead of a stupid girl.

So to content all parties mamma undertook to bring in as many as possible, and a series from the life of Elizabeth Woodville was accordingly arranged.

She stood under the oak, represented by the hall chandelier, with Fergus and Primrose as her infant sons, and fascinated King Edward on the rocking-horse, which was much too *vivant*, for it reared as perpendicularly as it could, and then nearly descended on its nose to mark the rider’s feelings.

Then, with her hair let down, which was stipulated for, though, as she observed, nothing would make it the right colour, she sat desolate on the hearth, surrounded by as many daughters as could be spared from

being spectators, as her youngest son was borne off from her maternal arms by a being as like a cardinal as a Galway cloak, disposed tippet fashion, could make him.

She could not be spared to put up her hair again before she had to forget her maternal feelings and be mere audience, while her two sons were smothered by Mysie and Dolores, converted into murderers one and two by slouched hats. Fergus, a little afraid of being actually suffocated, began to struggle, setting off Wilfred, and the adventure was having a conclusion which would have accounted for the authentic existence of Perkin Warbeck, when—oh horror! there was a peal at the door-bell, and before there was a moment for the general scurry, Herbert the button-boy popped out of the pantry passage and admitted Mr. Leadbitter, to whom, as a late sixth standard boy, he had a special allegiance, and having spied him coming hurried to let him in out of the rain instantly.

At least such was the charitable interpretation. Harry strongly suspected that the imp had been a concealed spectator all the time, and had particularly relished the mischief of the discomfiture, which, after all, was much greater on the part of the vicar than any one else, as he was a rather stiff old-fashioned gentleman. Lady Merrifield only laughed, said she had been beguiled into wet day sports with the children, begged him to excuse her for a moment or two, and tripped away, followed by Gillian to help her, quickly reappearing in her lace cap as the graceful matron, even before Mr. Leadbitter had quite done blushing and quoting to Harry '*desipere in loco*,' as he was assisted off with his dripping, shiny waterproof.

After all no harm would have been done if—Harry and Gillian being both off guard—Valetta had not exclaimed most unreasonably in her disappointment—

'I knew the fun would be spoilt the instant Dolores came in for it.'

'Yes, Mr. Murderer, you squashed my little finger and all but smothered me,' cried Fergus, throwing himself on Dolores and dropping her down.

'Don't! don't! You know you musn't,' screamed valiant Mysie, flying to the rescue.

'Murderers—murderers must be done for,' shouted Wilfred, falling upon Mysie.

'You shan't hurt my Mysie,' bellowed Valetta, hurling herself upon Wilfred.

And there they all were in a heap, when Gillian, summoned by the shrieks, came down from helping her mother, pulled Valetta off Wilfred, Wilfred off Mysie, Mysie off Fergus, and Fergus off Dolores, who was discovered at the bottom with an angry, frightened face, and all her hair standing on end.

'Are you hurt, Dolores? I am very sorry,' said Gillian. 'It was

very naughty. Go up to the nursery, Fergus and Val, and be made fit to be seen.'

They obeyed, crestfallen. Dolores felt herself all over. It would have been gratifying to have had some injury to complain of, but she had fallen on the prince's cushions and there really was none. So she only said, 'No, I'm not hurt, though it is a wonder;,' and off she walked to bolt herself into her own room again, there to brood on Valetta's speech.

It worked up into a very telling and pathetic history for Constance's sympathising ears on Sunday, especially as it turned out to be one of the things not reported to mamma.

And on that day Dolores, being reminded of it by her friend, sent a letter to Mr. Flinders to the office of the paper for which he worked in London, to tell him that if he wished to write to her as he had promised he must address under cover to Miss Constance Hacket, Casement Cottage, as otherwise Aunt Liliass would certainly read all his letters.

*(To be continued.)*

---

## A LOT WITH A CROOK IN IT.

BY CHRISTABEL K. COLERIDGE.

## CHAPTER XV.

## SHADOWS FROM THE PAST.

'And ghosts unseen crept in between,  
And marred our harmonies.'

THE gaieties of Oxley culminated early in January with an annual charity ball in the town hall, to be immediately preceded by a dance given by Mrs. Spencer, of Redhurst, in honour of the change of residence of her eldest son and his wife. Arthur Spencer, who had spent the time of the move with his married sister in Northumberland, returned in time for it, and a great frost taking place at the time added skating to the list of amusements. Florence Venning, whose sister was away for the holidays, invited Dulcie to come and stay with her; and as neither Captain nor Mrs. Fordham were particularly fond of late hours they were glad of an arrangement which put her under the charge of the Redhurst ladies. Redhurst was filled up by the married children and by visitors for the ball, so it was proposed that Arthur Spencer should entertain all the young men at the Bank House, Geoffrey Leighton and his brother Alick among the number. Annie Macdonald was to stay at Redhurst.

Florence Venning spent the autumn months in her usual round of vigorously performed duties, for though her sister would not consent to being spared by the need of any special teacher, there was not a department of the school in which her presence was not felt; and it was her influence that was spoken of as so specially advantageous to growing girlhood. Outside the school, too, she was an efficient helper in many good works and undertakings; and the business-like habits and the dignified decision of manner, which she had perhaps acquired from her half-professional training, sometimes made the neighbours forget, in spite of her fresh energies and blooming good looks, that she was still a 'young lady' after all.

Not that Florence had dropped any of the pursuits or amusements of girlhood, but at home she had too much to do to make them an object, and people acquiesced readily in her supposed superiority to them.

Florence had never hitherto troubled herself as to the light in which she might be regarded. What came to her hand she did with all her might, and, though perhaps rather fond of her own way, and confident in her own powers, her own self was the last subject which she spent her time in considering. Now she suddenly began to have misgivings as to the effect on a person's own character of constantly endeavouring to influence others. Perhaps the return of a friend of much earlier years naturally conduced to these reflections. When Arthur Spencer had been her companion she had been a vehement, eager girl, with all her present tastes in the bud, and had been frequently teased and laughed at for her overpowering energies.

Very few people in Oxley laughed at Miss Florence now.

'Why, Flossy,' Arthur had said, shortly after his return, when she had been forced to refuse an invitation on the ground of a G.F.S. Committee, or something equally unintelligible to the Anglo-Indian, 'why, Flossy, you have become quite a formidable personage.'

'Oh, Arthur, don't say such a thing!' she had exclaimed, with cheeks as pink and voice as vehement as ever could have been found in the Flossy of old.

Arthur had only intended a very innocent joke; but the words recurred to Florence's memory over and over again.

They had been boy and girl together, and she had rejoiced in his engagement to her favourite friend and playfellow, and then had grieved both for and with him in his great grief. But in the year that followed, when she had been his comforter and confidante, her feelings towards him had grown and changed. Dreamy and undeveloped, and utterly without thought of a return, as this romance of her youth had been, it had cost her pain and self-suppression, which she had recognised with clear good sense, and faced with high courage. Nor had her life been really saddened by it. Now, Arthur was here again, with nothing to mark him out from other men. His marriage was wondered about, and wished for by all his relations save his cousin Hugh. His aunt, warm-hearted and full of benevolent plans, never asked a girl to play lawn-tennis without a thought of the possible consequences to Arthur. He himself was as friendly to Florence as ever; and she was in the habit of being often at the Bank House, so that, busy as she was, she had seen a good deal of him, and she had blissful moments and sorrowful hours, and suddenly fancied, or found out, she couldn't tell which, that classes and committees were of very small importance. But she controlled herself with all the strength which the habits of her life had given her, and neither sought Arthur nor avoided him. As a girl she had faced the fact that her love-story was not likely to be joyous; as a woman she was equally determined that there should be nothing in it of which she could have cause to be ashamed.

About two o'clock on the day appointed for the dance at Redhurst



Geoffrey arrived at Oxley station, and, according to agreement, took his way at once to the flooded field, which was just now the centre of attraction.

Geoffrey was in high spirits. He had had a private interview with a great personage, and the Government Inspectorship might be almost considered as secure. He was also, as ever, very fond of amusement, and he liked the prospect both of skating and dancing. And Dulcie would be there, and she was not only the lady of his love, but the most delightful comrade he had ever known—better to talk to, better to listen to, than any one else. Geoffrey sped along the hard road, his skates swinging from his hand; the sharp sunny air, and the gay yet delicate colouring of a frosty day in the country, unconsciously adding to his exhilaration. There was scarcely a touch of snow, the hoar frost had melted on the southern banks, ivy and evergreens were alive and shining, the copses and the larger tree-trunks showed every variety of tint against the pale blue sky. Geoffrey heard the ring of the skates and the voices of the skaters long before he came out on to the raised path at one side of the field, and saw the ice, dark, smooth and promising, beneath him.

The field was very large, and was nearly covered with skaters, while a few spectators were walking up and down the raised path, at one end of which was a smart little striped tent, containing seats, and probably refreshments of some kind. Geoffrey had only a schoolboy's knowledge of his hosts, but he soon saw his brother's tall figure at the further end of the field, and presently after, Dulcie, holding by the hand of a tall young lady, with fair hair and rosy face, came skating rather timidly towards him.

'Ah, there you are!' she cried, 'I thought the train must be coming. This is Miss Florence Venning; she is teaching me to skate.'

Dulcie's hat and dress were trimmed with soft grey fur, her eyes were shining and her cheeks glowing; she seemed all alive with enjoyment and animation.

Geoffrey acknowledged the introduction, and said that he hoped Dulcie was a promising pupil.

'Pretty well,' said Florence, laughing; 'I think she is just a little bit of a coward. Perhaps now she will gain confidence.'

'Every one has been very kind in teaching me,' said Dulcie, 'but I shall never skate as you and Annie do. But I like it—oh, so much!'

Geoffrey had now put his skates on, and took Dulcie by the hand, while Florence turned away to speak to an acquaintance.

'Come, give me the map of the country,' said Geoffrey. 'Where's Mr. Spencer? He is to be my host, isn't he?'

'Yes. There he is, with a black beard, and a stick in his hand. Don't you see, he is speaking to some one—a man something like your



father, isn't he, Geoff?—with a little girl jumping up and down beside him. I declare his back quite reminds me of Mr. Leighton's.'

'What, there? Father wouldn't be flattered; but I make out Spencer now. He is giving the child a slide.'

'Yes, he is very good-natured. He gave me a long lesson yesterday. Ah, there he comes.'

Arthur, now perceiving Dulcie's companion, came up with a very cordial greeting, and begged him to find his way to the Bank House whenever he liked.

'For I may be in fifty places at once,' he added; 'but we are all to dine together at seven, before going out to Redhurst. My cousins will be here soon; they were to drive over later.'

'Thanks,' said Geoffrey; 'I sent on my things to the Bank House, and my brother and I will make our way there together.'

'There are our champion lady skaters,' said Arthur,—'Miss Florence Venning and Miss Macdonald; don't they skate well?'

'Oh, yes,' said Dulcie; 'but Miss Florence does everything well.'

'Doesn't she?' said Arthur, with a pleased look. 'I tell her that her capabilities are quite appalling. But I must go and find some skates for poor old Oakenshaw; I fancy he would like a turn.'

Arthur sped away towards the bank, and Geoffrey said—

'Yes, I admire Miss Venning. I think she is a very good friend for you, and you may learn a great deal from her.'

'Oh, I do,' said Dulcie. 'But just now, Geoff, I want to learn to skate. And what a delicious time we are having! How happy every one looks. I think I never enjoyed myself so much.'

As she held his hand and skimmed along by his side, her slender figure full of joyous life, and her face shining and beaming in the clear sparkling sunshine, she seemed to her young lover like joy incarnate, something that no art had ever depicted, no fancy ever conceived. No Greek ideal of Pagan peace could have held in her eyes such possibilities of infinite rapture, no northern elf or fairy was ever so sweet or so human, and assuredly, no mystical modern angel or goddess ever looked so bright or so fair.

'Dulcie,' he exclaimed, with abrupt and passionate vehemence, 'you beautiful creature! You are the loveliest of created things!'

'Oh, Geoff! Geoff! The air *must* be like champagne, as some one said it was yesterday.'

'Is it happiness that makes you so lovely? There are times when you transcend yourself.'

'Well,' said Dulcie, who had paused at this overwhelming compliment and now stood looking at him with eyes that smiled at his extravagance, 'there are times when I feel transcendent. Geoff, sometimes I think if the great temptations of life could only take one at the right moment they wouldn't be temptations at all.'

Dulcie and Geoffrey were quite young enough to find it easy to

combine skating and metaphysics, and to spring with a bound from compliments to casuistry.

‘What do you mean by the temptations of life?’ said Geoffrey.

‘I mean those times when it matters a great deal how one behaves, when one particularly wants a “right judgment.”’

Geoffrey’s brows drew together, and his fair face set hard.

‘I think it is more true to say that there are times when they would be quite sure to overcome one,’ he said. Then suddenly and abruptly, ‘You are fond of discussing hackneyed subjects. Would you rather that any one belonging to you died or was disgraced?’

‘Why, died, of course!’ answered Dulcie, as any girl would. But then she looked at her lover, and the sad story of the pair who had been parted by death flashed into her mind. Could, after all, any parting be like that of death! Never to see Geoffrey—never to hear him speak, or feel his hand! It was the sudden test of practice applied to belief. She tightened her clasp, and her eyes filled with tears.

‘Oh, my dear, I am afraid I am not quite sure!’ she said. She who had never before felt even pity for those who did not hold to the heroic side, suddenly she knew that she might have tied the white scarf on the Huguenot, shut the door on the warrior, held back the martyr from the stake.

‘Not sure, Dulcie!’ cried Geoffrey. ‘How can you say such a thing! If there is one thing I am sure of, it is that no suffering equals shame. I never could understand how torture was successful!’

‘Is Miss Fordham proposing any experiments of the kind?’ chimed in Arthur Spencer, coming up with Florence Venning and Annie Macdonald.

‘Oh,’ said Geoffrey, with more self-consciousness, ‘we are fond of casuistical discussions. This is a very old one. Miss Fordham thinks it would be possible to prefer the disgrace of a—a friend to their death. I say, it is a far more entire separation. Miss Venning, you do not teach her to doubt it?’

‘You see,’ said Arthur, after a moment’s pause, ‘it is not generally a matter of choice.’

‘It might be,’ said Geoffrey. ‘There are plenty of typical instances.’

‘Yes,’ said Florence, ‘and *some* typical people. We are not all heroes and heroines.’

‘Well,’ said Annie, ‘people *say* that virtue is its own reward; but for my part I never found a bad conscience—and I often have one—half so unpleasant as doing one’s duty always is.’

Geoffrey looked as if this remark was beneath contempt, and Arthur said, half smiling—

‘Isn’t it rather cold to stand here discussing abstract subjects?’

‘Yes, Geoffrey,’ said Dulcie. ‘I told you I wanted to skate.’

‘Come then,’ said Geoffrey, and they started on their joint career.

'Oh, Geoff,' she cried, 'I can't go so fast yet! Your pace is frightful.'

'Geoff always did skate like the man with the cork leg,' said Alick, joining them. 'Are you going to pull Dulcie off her feet in that fashion all through life? Hold on to me, Dulcie, and I'll watch over you like a mother. Let him go.'

'Do, Geoff. I want to see you,' said Dulcie.

'Well, just to warm myself,' said Geoffrey; 'but the only way to gain confidence is to go at it as hard as you can.'

'There he goes, just like the Double Dutchman!' said Alick. 'The crowds divide before him. I don't think it's good form to skate as if you were racing! There he is on the other side. No, that's another rocket, rather an unsteady one though. It's Oakenshaw; no doubt he is out of practice. I declare I thought it was Geoff.'

'Who is Oakenshaw?' asked Dulcie.

'A *protégé* of Spencer's. He brought him back with him from India. Well, he has got his feet in a wonderfully short time. How he spins along.'

'I told Geoffrey that I thought that man was like your father. How odd that you should mistake him for Geoff.'

'There is no likeness, really,' said Alick. 'It was only his pace. Bravo, Dulcie, you are making progress. Take it easy at first is the way.'

'Let us go grandly, and meet Geoff,' she said.

As Geoffrey came spinning at full speed towards them, he called out—

'Splendid ice; it's in first-rate condition.'

And Arthur Spencer coming up behind caught the echo of his voice, and said—

'How are you getting on, Oakenshaw? Ah! I beg your pardon, Mr. Leighton. I mistook your voice for some one else's.'

Geoffrey paused, and looked after Arthur, who skated past them with Annie Macdonald. Alick looked too, and saw them stop and speak to Mr. Oakenshaw, who was now moderating his ardour and letting his little girl run by his side. They were near enough to hear him answer Arthur, in brisk, lively tones—

'Oh, yes, Mr. Spencer, I was a great skater once, and the knack never quite leaves one. There's no fool like an old fool they say, and the sport is almost *worth* breaking one's bones for.'

Alick's thoughts were easily traceable as he remarked in a melancholy tone—

'What an *awfully* good-looking fellow Spencer is! And he skates so well too.'

'Every one says Charlie Osgood is equal to an American,' said Dulcie. 'And no wonder, for he is so mad about it that he has come over from Willingham every day by train to get this good ice.'

Geoffrey did not answer. He watched Oakenshaw round the field. This was not the first time in his life that Geoffrey had been haunted by a likeness, terrified by a possibility.

He well remembered, it seemed on looking back for half his childhood, how there was one particular man who sat in a particular corner of the church which they attended, with a pale face and long nose whom he had fancied like his father. Geoffrey always believed that that man kept his eye on them, and watched them during the sermon with a melancholy expression. None of the others had ever appeared to be aware of his existence ; but he had been the haunting bugbear of Geoffrey's early boyhood. Then, what had he not gone through when strangers wanted to see Mr. Leighton on business, and Mr. Leighton appeared preoccupied after the interview ? Once, two great coats and three umbrellas had disappeared, because Geoffrey could not bring himself to mention that he had seen an unaccountable man in the hall. Even at school there was a certain thin inhabitant of Oxley who had been 'in the colonies,' and who lived in a small lodging, and had no apparent reason for his existence, whom Geoffrey never quite liked to think of. He never saw any one from America or Australia without a half fear of whom they might have met on their travels. He had imagined likenesses many times before. Surely, he thought, he had outgrown that kind of folly. But his eyes followed the rapid skating of the man for whose voice his own had been mistaken. He did not know that Alick had also mistaken his figure. Mr. Oakenshaw, seen thus, looked many years younger, and much brighter than on his first return. He looked a gentleman, and as he called out to his little girl who was playing with some schoolfellows, his voice sounded loud, cheerful, and, to Geoffrey's excited ears, familiar. He did not know but what Mr. Oakenshaw was a perfectly well-known inhabitant of Oxley, till Dulcie remarked on the wonder of his skating, and having heard his history from Florence, repeated it for Geoffrey's benefit. She little knew how it fell on his ear. He was never a person who could speak of his troubles, and even Dulcie knew nothing of all his fears and fancies. He went on skating, laughing and talking, with the old unreal yet most tormenting fear haunting him through all his enjoyment ; while Mr. Oakenshaw was making the most of the hour that he had snatched from his work, to give Minnie the treat of seeing the skaters. He had not expected such a return to old habits for himself. He knew no one present but Arthur Spencer, and Miss Venning who had patronised his child, but it amused him to see once more a gathering of English ladies and gentlemen. He did not especially notice Geoffrey, but when he saw Charles Osgood's beautiful skating, and was told his name, he gave an odd laugh to himself, and tried to execute the old feats of former years.

Meanwhile, a break had arrived in the road containing the

remainder of the Redhurst party—the two Mrs. Crichtons and various ladies who were staying in the house.

A picnic-basket was also taken out, and it presently appeared that Mrs. Crichton had tea in the tent for all her acquaintances, after which she meant to carry off her own party to rest before the evening.

‘I had better go and bring people up, hadn’t I, Aunt Lily?’ said Arthur, who had come to meet them. ‘Some of these fellows ought to be introduced to you.’

‘Yes, do, my dear. What a pretty sight it is,’ said Mrs. Crichton, who always enjoyed pleasant gatherings. ‘But I should think all our party would rejoice in some tea.’

‘It seems rather hard-hearted to drink it with so many people looking on,’ said her daughter-in-law.

‘I am afraid we can’t quite give tea to all Oxley,’ said Arthur, who had returned with Florence, Dulcie, and the Leightons. ‘Won’t you come and have a turn, Violante?’

‘Thank you, but I don’t like the ice. I never saw any, you see, when I was young. I would rather give Miss Fordham and Flossy some tea,’ said Violante, smiling.

Dulcie, who had a great admiration for Violante’s soft dark eyes and gentle foreign tones, was pleased at this decision, and having by this time had enough of skating, sat down in the shelter of the tent and looked on, while the rest of the party disposed themselves on rugs on the bank, or on a bench which had been placed on the ice for the convenience of the skaters.

‘Is it quite safe, so near the edge?’ said Violante.

‘Yes,’ answered Arthur, ‘at this end. There, where the pond is, it is not safe at all. You see there is a post put up.’

‘Why, Arthur,’ said Mrs. Crichton, looking across the field, ‘is that Mr. Oakenshaw? Is the Local Board frozen out?’

‘I believe he has managed to get an hour somehow. It seems to be a return to a youthful passion. Don’t grudge the poor fellow a little amusement, Aunt Lily.’

‘He came to England because his little girl was ill, didn’t he? She seems lively enough now,’ said Mrs. Crichton.

‘She is a *very* noisy child,’ said Florence, ‘and rather wilful; but there is something refined about her face. Do you see her running along in front of those other children? I can hear her shouting and calling.’

‘I’ll pick her up and bring her to have a cake,’ said Arthur.

The little girl ran on along the ice, half sliding, half running, her long hair flying behind her, and her merry voice calling and crying ‘Come on! come on! you won’t catch me!’—when suddenly her shout changed into an awful cry, a scream of terror, as before Arthur could reach her she rushed on to the dangerous corner of the ice, it cracked and gave way beneath her, and she disappeared.

'Back! back! Stand back!' shouted Arthur. 'I know the ground! Hold off! it's all right!'

The ice gave way in a moment beneath his weight with a great splash and crash, as the two Leightons and a dozen others followed him, but held back at his warning; while the outcry of 'Child in the water!' and the screams of the other children, brought the poor father flying to the spot. He would have been in the water in another moment, but Alick threw both arms round him. Arthur gained his feet at the bottom of the pond, caught Minnie as she rose to the surface, and held her head above water; while Geoffrey, light of foot and limb, skimmed close enough to throw himself at full length on the ice, and drag her out of Arthur's arms, senseless from the shock and the chill—for she had been hardly a moment in the water. Her father, sobbing and quite beside himself with terror, seized on her with an outcry of—

'Oh, my darling! She's gone—she's quite gone! She'll never stand it!'

'No such thing,' said the vicar of Oxley, who had been among the skaters. 'She'll be all right in a minute. Take her into the tent. Mrs. Crichton, you'll allow us?'

Here he forcibly took Minnie himself, wrapped the cloak round her which some one put into his hand, and delivered her over to the ladies; while Alick, who had all this while retained his hold on Oakenshaw, uncertain as to what he would do next, induced him to sit down on the bench, and allow himself to be divested of his skates before following her.

In the meantime, Arthur, though in no danger of drowning, had considerable difficulty, between the mud and the broken ice, in getting out of the water, and was forced to break away the ice towards the bank, where he knew the pond ended. On his other side, where it was fed by a spring, it was deep and dangerous, and he was forced to warn off his helpers, and at last pulled himself up on to the steep bank, where he sat for a moment breathless and almost spent with the excessive chill and the exertion.

'You must not sit still! Can you stand? Shall I help you?' said Geoffrey, who was nearest to him.

'Thanks—my skates. Can you get rid of them? But the child—how is she? I shall be right in a minute.'

The skates fastened with springs, and were soon disposed of, and Arthur soon gained his feet, as Alick came back to them, saying—

'She's coming round. She isn't hurt. They were afraid at first she might have struck her head against the ice.'

'Oh, no, she did not,' said Arthur; 'I thought of that all the time.'

'Spencer!' cried one of the other by-standers, 'you are as white as a sheet! Come and get some of the hot coffee they have there, and get home and change your things at once.'

‘Rather too much iced water!’ said Arthur, still rather dreamily, as they came towards the tent, where Minnie was heard sobbing most reassuringly; while the vicar’s voice was heard to say—

‘Now then, my good fellow, leave her to the ladies, and come outside and compose yourself. Mrs. Crichton will drive her back in a minute.’

And he fairly hauled Mr. Oakenshaw out on to the bank, when seeing Arthur, the latter, still in much agitation, rushed at him and seized his hand.

‘How can I thank you? Always my best friend. She is alive. I thought I should never see her eyes open again. If you knew the agony of such a moment!’

‘I’m very glad she’s safe,’ said Arthur gently. ‘Thank you,’ as Alick put the coffee into his hand. ‘That’s famous stuff.’

But he let the empty cup fall, and forgot to notice it, as the vicar carried Minnie, wrapped in Mrs. Crichton’s fur cloak, her long wet hair hanging over his shoulder, to the break. Arthur shuddered from head to foot—a dazed, confused feeling came over him, the past seemed to blot out the present. The clinging garments, the drenched hair, the struggle in the water, brought upon him a dreadful sense of repetition. He recovered himself with a desperate effort. Other people might be recalled to painful memories if they saw how much he had been upset.

‘I think I’ll get home as fast as I can,’ he said to Geoffrey. ‘Will you come with me? you are wet as well—’

‘Yes, it’s much too cold to stand about. Your coat is positively stiff already, and mine too. In one moment.’

He dashed back for half a word to Dulcie, and then Arthur, glad of having only the company of an ignorant stranger, walked off as fast as his half-frozen garments and chilled limbs would let him, towards the Bank House.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### AT THE REDHURST BALL.

‘You’ll come—won’t you come—to our ball?’

For most of the bystanders the terror had hardly been felt before it was over. Dulcie had scarcely time for the shock and horror before she saw little Minnie safe in Geoffrey’s arms, and the child when brought into the tent began to sob and struggle as they removed her drenched clothes, leaving them in no doubt that the life was in her. Dulcie eagerly helped Violante to undress the poor little thing, wrap her up warmly, give her hot drink, coax her and soothe her; while the elder Mrs. Crichton at once scolded and encouraged her father, who seemed as much beside himself as the child. The fright had evidently



put Minnie in a passion ; and as her strength returned, she tried to struggle away from Violante's soft clasp ; and though she cried for her daddy, fought him off when he tried to administer some coffee, evidently under the impression that it was nasty medicine. She made a great noise, and deprived the scene of any sentimental interest, though her behaviour reassured her father considerably.

Florence, at the first alarm, had run down the bank with an instinct of going to the rescue, but had backed at Arthur's imperative order, seeing in a moment that the child was safe, but that he was in difficulties, and knowing the pond well enough to see why.

'Oh, mind the hole !' she cried, but no one heard her, and then she saw his eyes follow Minnie, and felt the association for him more than he felt it for himself. Dulcie ran up to her, saying that Mr. Spencer was dreadfully wet and half frozen, and that Geoffrey had gone home with him. Should they go back to the Manor too ?

The Redhurst party drove off in the break with little Minnie, and Florence agreed that they had better go home.

'Were you frightened ?' said Dulcie, seeing how pale she was.

'There was no time,' said Florence. 'But—but—you know he tried to save *her*, and carried her home in his arms. He must have felt it—— Never mind,' she added, hurriedly. 'Don't you linger about in the cold, dear, but come in and have some more tea, and then I will go and inquire for Minnie.'

As Florence carried out this wish she met Geoffrey Leighton, who told her that as Mr. Spencer seemed anxious about the child he had come to inquire for her.

'I thought that he should not come out again in the cold.'

'Certainly not,' said Florence. 'I hope he won't have caught cold already.'

'He seems all right,' answered Geoffrey. 'But he takes an interest, he says, in these people, and I was very glad to come and inquire.'

In the excitement of his share of the rescue Geoffrey had forgotten his previous impressions of Mr. Oakenshaw, till Arthur on the way back, by way of conversation and to divert his own mind, had told him the history of his connection with his late clerk.

It fitted in with Geoffrey's fears, and it was with a sort of daring of his fate that he came to look for him. Still, never had those fears seemed so unreal and fanciful as when he was brought into actual contact with the object of them ; and while Florence ran up stairs to look at Minnie, he was receiving grateful messages from her father for Arthur, and many thanks for himself. Mr. Oakenshaw was composed now, and spoke sensibly and pleasantly. Was there any reality in the odd sense of familiarity that seemed to creep over Geoffrey as he talked ? Was there an air of kindred in the tones, in the smile—that indescribable something that is often felt in the company of a strange kinsman, even if by no means a near relation ? Something

(what could he say—was it all fancy?) in the gesture with which this stranger leaned back in his seat, and pushed his hand up through his hair, as he said—

‘You gave my little one back to me, sir. May I ask your name? You are not, I think, a resident in Oxley.’

Geoffrey faced him, then suddenly turned and looked into the fire.

‘My name’s Geoffrey Leighton,’ he said, ‘and I live in Chelsea. My father is Mr. James Leighton, a barrister; you may have heard the name.’

Geoffrey felt that to look would cure his nervous fancy, but he could not look lest he should confirm it. There was a moment’s pause, but he did not learn what story that pause might have to tell.

‘Leighton? Yes, I think I may have heard the name. Thank you, Mr. Leighton. Ah, Miss Venning, you find my little girl quite herself again.’

‘Yes, I think so. You can tell Mr. Spencer so, Mr. Leighton. There is no reason to be uneasy now.’

She shook hands as she spoke with Mr. Oakenshaw, and under the circumstances Geoffrey would naturally have followed her example. Indeed instinct made him put out his hand, but Mr. Oakenshaw only bowed to him, and either his countenance changed suddenly, or Geoffrey fancied so. He hurried back to dinner very little in tune for the lively conversation of the young Fordhams, Osgoods, and others who were dining at the Bank House. Arthur Spencer looked a little pale and tired, evidently playing host with some effort—and natural as this was, Geoffrey was half suspicious of his more languid manner, and of the downcast air observable in Alick, though Geoffrey might have guessed that this was owing to Miss Macdonald’s rather marked avoidance of him on the ice. Geoffrey talked so much and so vehemently that he really did attract Arthur’s attention, and cause him to think this young Leighton a very odd and excitable fellow; but there was not much time for observations, for they all started early for Redhurst, and arrived there in time to welcome the first arrivals. Geoffrey noticed with some surprise that nothing was said publicly about the afternoon’s adventure—only, as he greeted them, Mr. Crichton shot an anxious inquiring glance at his cousin, which Arthur answered with a little nod and smile.

Redhurst festivities were always successful. Floor, lights, and music were all such as the most ardent dancers could desire. The elder Mrs. Crichton was a thoroughly kind and charming hostess, with tact and manners which made every stray young man feel himself a favoured guest; the younger was perfectly gracious and sweet, and by far the loveliest lady in the room. Giving balls was not much in her husband’s line, but Arthur Spencer was, in both senses of the word, a host in himself, and managed wonderfully to keep the ball going. So eager was he that his aunt’s ball should answer her expectations

that he hardly found out that he was putting a strain on himself, and that the vision of the afternoon's event recurred at every unoccupied moment. But for some of the others there was a skeleton at the feast. Dulcie, looking her prettiest in blush-rose pink, was dimly conscious, though Geoffrey danced, talked, and laughed, that something was amiss with him ; while for him, black care, in the shape of Frederick Oakenshaw, was his partner, instead of his little sweetheart. Alick could not get Annie to dance with him, though she could find dances to spare for Arthur Spencer, and he heard them complimenting each other on their skill. She was very popular, with her bright hair and air of distinction, and a black gown, plainer and shabbier than Alick guessed, freshened up as it was with the cleverest arrangement of holly. Florence Venning too, with her fresh cheeks and stately figure, set off by a handsome dress of pale blue silk, was popular and admired, yet she looked with a little melancholy superiority at the younger girls spinning about her. Gay dresses and light hearts, she thought, were the portion of youth ; yet it is doubtful if any dress had been chosen so carefully as Miss Flossy's, or if any one had thought more about the ball at Redhurst. But she was first anxious about Arthur, and secondly, considerably put out with him. Years before, when hearts had been light and spirits high, to be teased by Arthur had been the natural counterpoise to her graver occupations. She had never then resented being called a blue-stockings, or minded being laughed at either for her schemes or for her learning. But Arthur did not laugh at her now ; had he not talked to her through a whole dinner party soon after his return about Indian missions, asking her opinion, and only deferentially correcting it when his own happened to differ ? Arthur's sentiments on the subject were excellent, and Florence ought to have been delighted at the choice of a subject, since she managed a working party for India, and induced her scholars to support an Indian child. Yet somehow she wished Arthur would have talked of something nearer home. But now, as she stood by Dulcie for a moment, he came up and said, mischievously—

‘ Flossy, I begin to think that I haven't treated you with sufficient respect. I wanted to introduce young Hargrave to you, but he declines ; don't be hurt, he doesn't feel himself equal to the occasion, he is afraid of a lady who writes books, and is so clever ! ’

Flossy laughed rather unsuccessfully.

‘ I don't care about dancing,’ she said hurriedly.

‘ Too frivolous ? Ah, no wonder ! There are old Dr. Osgood and Mr. Blandford have got into a corner to talk shop, and I heard the latter mention “ Miss Florence Venning's opinion ” in tones of the deepest respect ! ’

Florence's blush was so fiery that it struck Arthur with surprise, and rather an odd look came into his eyes as he watched her. But

he did not ask her to dance as she had declared that she did not care to do so, and the striking up of the music obliged him to hurry away, as Dulcie said—

‘What can bring Dr. Osgood to a ball, Miss Florence?’

‘Oh, you know he has become quite lively since he was Master of S. Jude’s,’ said Florence. ‘And, Dulcie,’ she added, rather pettishly, ‘do drop “Miss Florence.” Why must one be a schoolmistress in the holidays?’

‘But don’t you know that it is like a pet name to us all, “Miss Florence.” But I shall like to call you Flossy, if I may.’

‘Why not?’ said Florence.

She fell a prey to Mr. Blandford as supper was announced, but not before in spite of her ‘superiority’ she had had leisure to feel herself uncommonly silly. She reasserted herself by being lively and pleasant to her companion as she found herself at supper near the end of a long table where Arthur was carving turkey and making himself agreeable to Mrs. Stafford, who still liked partners and attention, and as the head master’s wife had a claim on them; Alick, with a sunnier face than usual, for at last he had Annie by his side; Geoffrey and Dulcie were squeezed together at the corner. Geoffrey frowned when he saw his neighbours, for he had never ceased to hate Mrs. Stafford, and just now she especially jarred upon him; and Alick’s cheerful ‘Won’t you take some salad, cousin Rosie?’ perfectly aggravated him. Even the presence of Dr. Osgood was an element of annoyance, as he waited on the ladies with old-fashioned courtesy, and observed that such ardent votaries of Terpsichore must require a little refreshment.

Wherever Mrs. Stafford was she was always a centre, and now she was bent on being agreeable to the good-looking Mr. Spencer, and gracious to her husband’s late pupils.

‘Boys and young men like a little judicious notice,’ she used to say, looking round with her pretty brown eyes, before, in the head master’s drawing-room, she would advance on a shy youth with a photograph book. Now she began, ‘So you had quite a heroic adventure this afternoon, Mr. Spencer. I shall never forget it. I was quite at a distance when I heard the screams and saw that poor little girl dripping and insensible. It was frightful!’

‘There was no harm done, happily,’ said Arthur. His face changed a little; but Mrs. Stafford continued—

‘Ah, but if you had been a moment later! You were so prompt; and I am sure you ran a great risk of catching cold if of no more. Coming from a hot climate too. I like presence of mind.’

‘Yes,’ said Arthur, accepting the compliments, and by no means showing presence of mind in changing the subject; but Mrs. Stafford continued, with her sweetest look—

‘And my cousin here, too, was quite—on the spot. Isn’t that what

you boys say? I saw you show great agility. I have no doubt you noticed it, Dulcie, too?'

'We were all very much frightened, and I am sure we don't want to talk about it,' said Geoffrey, bluntly.

'Ah, no, it strikes a discordant note. But *what* an interesting-looking man the poor father is. And I fancied that he reminded me of somebody I had known.'

'Yes,' said Arthur, catching at this side of the subject. 'I dare say the same odd sort of likeness struck you, Mrs. Stafford. I was struck by Mr. Geoffrey Leighton's odd likeness in face and voice to Oakenshaw. Accidental resemblances are often curious.'

'Well,' said Florence, striking in to keep the talk away from the ice, 'I don't believe much in accidental likenesses. When one sees many young people of the same family, they are always much more like each other than they can be like any one else. And even with cousins, how many likenesses one sees in the village here. Every one, for instance, that comes of Barnes blood has those great black eyes.'

'Yes,' said Arthur; 'but old Barnes's grandfather was a gipsy. I don't think it's very general. I am sure neither Jem nor Hugh are at all like me.'

'Practical illustrations are so interesting,' said Mrs. Stafford.

'And by way of a practical illustration,' said Arthur—'as we are so practical and personal—here are two brothers,' looking at Geoffrey and Alick, 'and, as far as I can see, there is no likeness between them.'

Both the young men coloured up as Arthur delivered this remark in a cheerful conversational tone; and Alick said—

'Geoffrey is like our sister, Mrs. Clifton.'

'And who,' asked Dr. Osgood, 'may I ask, is the gentleman who has formed a text for this interesting discussion?'

'Dulcie, this is our dance,' said Geoffrey, suddenly starting up, and almost dragging Dulcie away.

What might not come next? What would Arthur say? What was Dr. Osgood thinking of? How would Mrs. Stafford strike in?

But Arthur himself was glad of a change, and with half a dozen words about Oakenshaw, said that he was afraid they were detaining Mrs. Stafford, and made a move to return to the ball-room.

'The very jolliest dance I ever saw!' said Charles Osgood, enthusiastically, as the last guests departed. 'Oh, Mrs. Crichton, we are all most awfully obliged to you for giving it.'

'My dear Charles, I like to entertain young people. I am very glad you have all been happy. I have,' said Mrs. Crichton.

'No one seemed dull,' said Violante. 'But Arthur was so clever in managing it all—much cleverer than you, Signor Hugo.'

'He always is,' said her husband. 'He has tired himself out.'

'Oh, no; it has been a great success,' said Arthur. 'But if we are not tired, Aunt Lily must be; so let us all get off quickly.'

‘Who was the leading beauty, Arthur?’ said his aunt. ‘Who was the belle of the ball?’

Arthur gave a smiling shake of the head, and then a little bow to Violante.

‘That’s not for me to say,’ he said.

‘I do not think that any one is handsomer than Florence,’ said Violante, with decision. ‘And—but it is too late to tell tales, so I will say good night.’

Geoffrey had been silent during these remarks. But though his Dulcie had been beside him, as sweet and fair as heart could wish, he could not endorse the opinion that it had been a pleasant ball.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A NEW RELATION.

‘A little more than kin and less than kind.’

IN the constant and lively companionship of all his fellow-guests at the Bank House, Geoffrey could not outwardly dwell on the conviction that had possessed him; but it was never out of his mind. Often as he had cried ‘wolf’ to himself, reality was different to fancy. This was the real ghost, not the nervous apprehension of it. He watched Alick, who looked downcast and tired, but he knew well enough that there was a far simpler reason for his want of spirits. None of the other young men were very early on the next morning, but Geoffrey got up and went out and paced up and down the streets of Oxley, debating with himself whether going to ask for Minnie Oakenshaw would be regarded as an act of attention to his host, or as a suspicious circumstance. Suddenly, as he stood in the broad market-place in front of the Bank House, looking vaguely about him, and watching the passers-by going through the frosty fog to their morning’s business, Mr. Oakenshaw, spruce and neat, came along the path on his way from the Local Board to the bank on some business. Both he and Geoffrey gave a violent start as they met, and in the reflection of his own consciousness in Oakenshaw’s face, Geoffrey read the strongest confirmation of his identity.

‘Good morning,’ he said, half mechanically. ‘How is the little girl?’

‘I am afraid she caught cold, but Mrs. Jones does not think it of consequence,’ answered Oakenshaw; but there was a certain absence in his manner, as if he was not quite attending to what he said. ‘I have a little business at the bank,’ he continued, ‘but I suppose Mr. Crichton has not come in yet?’

‘I don’t know,’ said Geoffrey; ‘it’s half-past ten.’

Neither had really anything further to say, yet both seemed to have an odd desire to prolong the interview.

‘Very handsome town,’ said Mr. Oakenshaw. ‘Do you know it well?’

‘Yes. I was at school here.’

‘Ah! I think you said your father lived near London?’

‘Yes,’ said Geoffrey; ‘but I think—I don’t know—— Now we have made so many friends here, perhaps he’ll come down and pay the place a visit.’

Again Geoffrey averted his eyes from the experiment which he could not help trying. Perhaps it was the frosty air which gave his companion a sudden catch in the breath, just as Mr. Crichton’s dog-cart drove up to the door.

‘Good morning,’ he said to Geoffrey, as he got out. ‘I didn’t expect to find any one stirring. If Arthur is awake, the ladies want me to make some arrangements with him. Ah! Mr. Oakenshaw, how is your little girl? I was to find that out also.’

‘A little cold—nothing, I hope, to signify. I have a message from the Board, sir, when you are at leisure.’

‘Very well. If you’ll be so kind as to step into the bank I’ll come, when I have spoken to my cousin.’

Mr. Crichton’s tone, though perfectly courteous, was naturally that of a superior, making arrangements at his own pleasure, and as Mr. Oakenshaw bowed and withdrew in silence, Geoffrey experienced a curious and perfectly unreasonable sense of annoyance at hearing him so addressed.

Perturbed and fretted, he followed Mr. Crichton into the Bank House dining-room, where Arthur and one or two of the other young men were beginning breakfast.

‘Hallo, Hugh, what praiseworthy activity! But you took it easier last night than we did. How are Aunt Lily and Violante?’

‘Too much pleased with their success to be tired. At least, I haven’t seen my mother; but I was to tell you that the water at the bottom of the garden will bear to-day. We thought no one would care about going to the field to-day, and we shall have lunch and tea going, so people can skate as much or as little as they have energy for. Violante will let the young ladies at the Manor know,’ he added, with a good-humoured smile at Geoffrey.

‘No—will she?’ said Arthur. ‘On the contrary, every one at Redhurst will be too busy to go, so some one from here *must* take the message.’

Geoffrey could not but laugh at the good-natured tone of kindly mischief, but he coloured up, while Alick, whose brow had cleared considerably at the arrangement, said that Geoffrey had succeeded already in persuading Fordham that his sister would like to see him that morning.



'Ah, then,' said Arthur, 'that settles itself easily, and we can all find our way to Redhurst as we like. Have some coffee, Hugh—never mind the bank.'

'I suppose that is the Indian plan of doing business,' said Hugh, sitting down nevertheless, and asking Arthur if iced water had agreed with him; while the rest of the party gathered in, and there was a great deal of talking and laughing and of mutual congratulation between the cousins on the success of the ball, and some discussion of it; while Alick, who knew perfectly well already that Mr. Spencer and Miss Macdonald had found each other's dancing suit remarkably well, felt his heart sink lower and lower every minute, as he candidly admired his host's good looks and pleasant ways, and weighed in the balance his independence and good position against his own youth and means represented by a minus quantity. Alick did not mentally call Arthur names, he only said to himself that he had never seen such a nice fellow, and said it with a very heavy heart. Geoffrey, meanwhile, was fuming with a sense that Mr. Oakenshaw was all this while waiting in the bank, longing to get rid of the weight of his near presence, yet with that strange sense of anger at his being disregarded and kept waiting.

Hugh remembered him, however, in course of time, and departed, and as Geoffrey walked fast along the road to the Manor with James Fordham, a reaction set in again, and he began to think what a fool he was for his fancies, and to make himself vigorously agreeable to Florence, when they arrived at the Manor, admiring its domestic architecture with that 'knowledgeable' air which sometimes sounded a little conceited, but was too hearty and enthusiastic to give offence. Miss Fenning was no doubt gratified at hearing that the round-arched windows and heavy cornices were in excellent taste, though she laughed and assured him that Mr. James Crichton had taught them long ago to admire their house.

Geoffrey talked cleverly and ardently all the way to Redhurst. He skated, and tried, as he said to himself, to feel that he was like all these commonplace happy people, in whose lives were no elements of misery and disgrace. Arthur came to the pond for a minute or two, but did not join in the skating, and Alick got Annie to himself and went in to lunch with her in better spirits than he had enjoyed the day before. It was much colder, and the air was dull and foggy. Florence and Dulcie went home early to rest before the evening. Geoffrey escorted them over the fields, and then set off for a walk by himself to try to think over all that had passed. He walked slowly along towards Oxley. The rustic hedges and the little suburban streets looked unspeakably dreary in the dismal hazy twilight; but Geoffrey, never very open to external influences, was quite unconscious of their effect. The gloom was in his own soul, and now he pulled himself up with a great effort and forced himself to consider of what

he was afraid ; trying to use his intellect to test and check his unreasonable misery. But he found it quite impossible to argue away his conviction that Frederick Oakenshaw and Frank Osgood were one and the same person, that the poor clerk whom Arthur Spencer patronised was his own 'near relation,' who had once been guilty of a gross fraud, and had fled the country in consequence of it, that, so far as Geoffrey knew, he was liable to a heavy punishment by the law of the land, that the likeness was no fancy of his own, but might at any time be observed by some one better informed than Arthur Spencer ; when the discovery of this unhappy kinsman would cover every Osgood and Leighton with perplexity, confusion, and shame, while the thought of what it might prove to himself made Geoffrey's very senses reel. No need, however, to drive it so near home. It was bad enough for James Leighton's son ; he need not think what it would be for Frank Osgood's. As for that 'near relation' himself, no thought but of wrath and bitterness touched Geoffrey's mind. It never even occurred to him to pity him or to feel for him anything but a shrinking horror. From the day, when as a little boy he had left that mysterious name out of his prayers, Geoffrey had never forgiven Frank Osgood for costing him so much suffering.

The story that Arthur had told him of the wife's death, the child's illness and recovery, and of the satisfaction of the poor fellow who had been tossed for so long about the world in finding a little haven of comfort, went for nothing. The fear of discovery of the family shame, of the revival of past troubles, was obvious and most reasonable. Geoffrey was right-minded enough to have faced this fear ; the dread that overwhelmed his conscience was the dread that in some way *he* might be recognised as Frank Osgood's son—it was the horror of being brought into a possible personal relation to him.

It had not yet occurred to him that he could or should have done anything to prevent a discovery, or that any course of action was open to him ; he had but just got beyond persuading himself that there was no real cause for fear when, as suddenly as in the morning, as he came to a turn of the road, he found himself face to face with the object of his fears. He started violently, and so did the other.

'Excuse me,' said Oakenshaw, as Geoffrey stopped short, 'I am in a hurry to get home.'

Geoffrey put up his hand as if to stop his path.

'I know who you are,' he said, without a moment's warning or premeditation. 'You are Frank Osgood. How can you dare to come back to England ?'

'Sir ?' exclaimed Oakenshaw, 'I—I don't understand you.'

'Yes—you do,' returned Geoffrey. 'I know you by your face and your voice, and others, older than I, will know you better.'

It was a sudden and impetuous challenge, and it was met by an equally sudden and impetuous answer.

‘If you do, you know also that the best friend Frank Osgood ever had in this world was your father!’

The truth was told, and in that moment of deadly certainty it seemed to Geoffrey that all his fears of this man’s identity were light as air. He and his ‘near relation’ stood face to face.

‘My best friend,’ said Frank Osgood, ‘your father’s son will never betray me.’

‘Why not? what do you mean?’ cried Geoffrey, grasping at the hedge by his side.

‘If you have a trace of James Leighton’s goodness of heart, or family feeling, you will help me to conceal a past that cannot be undone, and leave me in peace to repent of it.’

‘I have too much family feeling to allow you to remain, where a discovery is so probable.’

Frank Osgood was the threatened person, and was in a position of difficulty and danger; but he was the older man, and had been in as bad a case before; and moreover, merely regarded Geoffrey as his cousin’s son. He was therefore the most in command of his senses.

‘I don’t think,’ he said, ‘that at your age you can be quite well enough informed in the family history to call me to account. It is certainly to your interest to leave me alone, and I shall take care not to come across you. If you choose to tell your father that we have met, you can tell him also that I can earn my living independently of him.’

The familiar voice and manner, now that Frank Osgood spoke in his own person, for a moment silenced Geoffrey with an odd instinct of obedience. Next moment he resumed resolutely—

‘You have no right to take such a tone, and to make conditions with me. You are in my power; and I say that if you rely on my silence, you are bound to leave a place where you are so likely to be recognised for your own sake, and for—ours.’

‘I have friends here.’

‘Yes, under a false name and by false pretences.. I don’t want to be harsh. I have always expected that you would come back and disgrace me. But if you’ll hide yourself, go away entirely, I shall say nothing. I’ll give you the means to do so.’

Geoffrey jerked out these sentences one after another. He really was trying to control the exceeding anger and disgust which he felt; but the words awakened an unexpected response.

‘No, I had better trust older friends. Your father and mother, sir, will advise me better than you.’

‘Never! never!’ cried Geoffrey, in a sudden agony that swept away all his self-control. ‘If you will not swear never to reveal yourself to them—if you will not leave this place at once—if you let any one guess at your identity, I will speak; I will tell Mr. Crichton this night,

your employers ; I will give you up to justice. I swear that I will.' The vehemence and the force of the younger, more resolute nature, conquered. Frank Osgood's fence had been good ; but now he lost his guard, his thoughts were scattered ; a deadly fear seized on him. The threat of betrayal was perhaps equally terrible to each, and the stronger will got the upper hand.

'Won't you have pity on my child?' he said. '*She* is well here, and happy.'

'I don't wish to injure her. Take her away ; go abroad again at once, before you are seen further. I'll not let you starve here !'

'No, I am in no need at present,' said Osgood, stopping Geoffrey's hand. 'You drive me away then ?'

'I will betray you, if you betray yourself ! Promise !'

'I promise ! But, Geoffrey Leighton, when I remember your father and your mother, I wonder how it is that their son can be so hard.'

He turned off and walked away fast as he spoke, and Geoffrey stood still. His limbs trembled, he hid his face in his hands, as it came full upon him that this dreadful scene of mutual threat and fear had passed—possibly—with his own father. Had he threatened his *father*, and offered to pay him hush-money, and driven him from his only shelter ?

This seemed like a new horror to Geoffrey, though in truth it had been the fear of the discovery of his own connection with the story that had made a revelation so horrible to him. Had it been merely the fear of the discovery of the long-past *crime*, his own sense would have told him that Mr. Leighton would be the right person to deal with it. But the fulfilment of the spectral fear of a life-time had come suddenly upon him, and he had fled from it with unreasoning terror. He did not now see exactly for what he had to blame himself, and yet he was already filled with self-reproach. This man was a felon, and his discovery would be nothing but misery to himself and his relations, near or far. It had been the height of rash folly for him to venture where recognition was possible. Nobody could suppose that after nearly four-and-twenty years it was anybody's duty to give him up to justice ; no one else had been suspected in his stead ; his conviction could do nobody any good. Geoffrey had been quite justified in getting him out of the way. And he was prepared to pay for security, even, he felt, at the expense of his immediate marriage. Nobody could say that he had been harsh in urging concealments ; and he did not care what happened to Frank Osgood so long as he remained concealed. He felt as if he himself were the criminal, as he hurried back to the Bank House through the fog, as if some hitherto unknown breath of shame had passed over him, separating him from his companions. The ball was at the Town Hall, on the other side of the Market Place. Geoffrey felt as if the young men's talk over their dinner rang in his ears like tin kettles. He fancied they were

all watching him, that Alick, who of course knew his ways, would see that he was unlike himself.

They went in good time to the ball, of which Arthur was one of the stewards, to be ready to receive Mrs. Crichton and her party, to which Florence and Dulcie belonged—Dulcie, who was so anxious that Geoffrey should think her white dress as pretty as the pink of the day before. Geoffrey could hardly make up his mind to come up to her, but he followed Arthur, who, after supplying the two girls with cards, was proceeding to write his name on them.

‘Have you heard anything of Minnie Oakenshaw?’ he said to Flossy.

‘Yes, I am afraid she has really a bad, feverish cold, which is not to be wondered at.’

‘No, it was an awful chill. But I hope she isn’t very ill; she almost died, you know, in India—and that poor fellow does worship her!’

‘Mrs. Jones will make her keep quiet,’ said Florence; ‘but I think she is delicate.’

‘Dulcie!’ said Alick’s voice close by, ‘that is a get up! Come and give me this waltz, for I see Geoff is in a brown study.’

Dulcie laughed and put her hand in Alick’s arm, but Geoffrey did not heed her, nor look round. This was an echo and enforcement of Frank Osgood’s one appeal to his mercy.

*(To be continued.)*

## THREE LITTLE DOGS.

BY MRS. JEROME MERCIER.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## IN THE MOONSHINE.

'Cet oiseau de flamme,  
 Cette astre du jour,  
 Cette fleur de l'âme  
 S'appelle L'Amour.'  
 VICTOR HUGO.

A WEEK later, I handed a note on costly paper to my brother across the breakfast-table. It announced that Mrs. Denyer hoped to see us with other friends on the evening of the second day from this. Seven o'clock was the time: Martyr's Ring was the place.

'What a curious invitation,' said I.

'Bother!' exclaimed Paul, quite violently.

'What is it?'

'It is that moonlight picnic of which Coralie is always talking.'

'Moonlight picnic? I remember she spoke of something of the sort one day. What is it?'

'When we dined there last, she and I were in the garden by moonlight, and some one said a moonlight picnic would be a charming thing. At our tea-out-of-doors she challenged me to give it. I put her off; I didn't mean to do anything so silly. I suppose as I don't, *she* does.'

'Well, we need not go.'

'I can't get out of it now,' he answered pettishly.

'Perhaps it is to celebrate Mr. Burton's return. I met Mathurine on Wednesday, and she said he was expected to-morrow.'

'Thank goodness! Then one may enjoy the fun with a clear conscience.'

'You think, like Mrs. Mortimer, that Coralie is dangerous.'

'Did she say so? I don't know how or what it is, but a man seems to tread on a volcano when with her. I hope Burton has the coolness of an iceberg, or there will be an explosion some day.'

'I do not think I can go; it will be too late.'

'Will it? Try and go if you can. Of course, things will be capitally arranged, and all that. I like to talk over the fun with you afterwards.'

Both to please him, and on second thoughts, to keep a sort of watch over him, I went. At seven on the appointed day we reached the Martyr's Ring. It was a quaint spot, three miles from Compfield, within the park of a nobleman, who, being absent, allowed entrance to picnic parties, &c. A circle of stones stood weirdly up beside a tiny lake; there was an islet in this lake and boats were moored to the shore. On the islet twinkled soft lights of many colours. A little wood edged one bank of the lakelet, while the other lay flat and open to the light of the departed sun, and the coming radiance of the moon, now rising red and large behind a distant hill. It was on this flat stretch that the ring stood up, named (so it is said) from martyrs of the early British Church who shed their blood there in fire and by steel. Quaint gnarled trees overhung the mighty stones. Flowerets which we could not see sent up a sweet odour as we trod.

Somewhat removed from the water, beneath the outermost shadow of the wood, Mrs. Denyer's landau and her waggonette were drawn up. The horses had been led away. From the former came her jolly voice—

'Oh! here is Miss Lennox. Well, Miss Lennox, what do you say to this escapade of my girls? Nothing would suit them but a pic-nic by moonlight. My poor old bones will be all the worse, but they have no pity on us old folks. Here, you come in here; there's plenty of room. It's comfortable and warm, and we can watch the dancing and have our suppers without any bother. Those who come late must have the waggonette.'

Her daughters and some gentlemen here emerged from the wood. I saw other forms, male and female, flitting to and fro. The servants were putting the last touches to a collation under the trees. The night was deliciously warm and soft. The moon rose higher and cleared herself of the mists, which changed her from gold to red.

'I suppose this is in honour of Mr. Burton's return?' said I.

'Why, no; it would be queer if it was, you know, for he does not come home till Monday.'

'I thought Mathurine said——'

'Well, we did think so at first, Coralie said so. Her father would have nothing to do with this affair unless Burton were here. So we fixed it. But when it was all settled—yesterday—she told us that she was mistaken, or had another letter, or something. Well, Mrs. Curtis! There's a place for you here. Come in.'

Now a sweet music struck up from the islet. The young people strolled to the water's edge to hear it better, and some got into the pretty boats with coloured awnings and rowed to and fro. Swans came floating among them in hope of biscuit. There were some thirty guests.

Next a gong was struck hard by us, and the lights were lit on



the supper-table, and coloured lamps in festoons hung like magic flowers from bough to bough. Never was anything so pretty. The young folks came trooping back, their merry talk and laughter all soft and sweet in that air of evening which fuses all sounds in a fairy crucible. The light dresses, the soft, large mantles, pink and blue and amber, made a subdued glow under the lamps. Fruit and flowers were piled high and lavishly.

It was like a scene from Boccaccio. Stothard might have painted it. Turner might have dipped his brush in such pale harmonising tints with undertones of surpassing richness. The olive-brown background of leaves threw up all the gay scene in vivid contrast.

Coralie was the gayest there. Her abruptness, her strange silence, were gone. She was more like a merry and beautiful child than a woman, and like (I could not but think it) a child who is revelling in its last holiday. Why, oh why! was not her lover there? Why was he so little missed by her who should feel his absence the most keenly!

After supper, when the champagne-cup had warned us all, the sisters and some of their friends united their voices in a glee—one of Mendelssohn's. And then, when one of the sudden pauses which fall on every company had fallen here, Coralie's voice arose like a free woodland note—like the note of the nightingale, rich, and pure, and true, with a power of infinite sadness in it. The notes again were by Mendelssohn, the prince of pathos, and were there ever sweeter, sadder words than these, or sweeter tones than the falling cadence *Dann weine?*

‘Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath  
Dass man, vom liebsten was man hat  
Muss scheiden;  
Doch gibt es nichts im Lauf der Welt  
Dem Herzen ach! so sauer fällt  
Als scheiden.

‘Und hat dir Gott ein Lieb bescheert,  
Und hält'st Du sie recht innig werth,  
Die deine,  
Es wird nur wenig Zeit wohl sein  
Dann lässt sie dich sogar allein;  
Dann weine.

‘Nun, willst Du mich auch recht versteh'n;  
Ja, recht versteh'n;  
Wenn Menschen auseinander geh'n  
Dann sagen sie, Auf Wiederseh'n,  
Auf Wiederseh'n.’

‘The heavenly council hath decreed  
To try us, if we love indeed,  
By parting;  
Although 'twixt heaven and earth there's naught  
So bitterly with sorrow fraught  
As parting.

‘ And hast thou one whom thou dost love,  
 One dear to thee all else above,  
     Thine only ?  
 Before the roses bloom again,  
 For happy hours thou’lt sigh in vain,  
     So lonely.

‘ But I would have thee hear aright,  
     Yes, hear aright ;  
 When parting rends the heart in twain, ‘  
 ’Tis then we say : We meet again,  
     We meet again.’ \*

In the last verse others chimed in, and the chorus became rich Coralie left her pathetic tones and ended with a sort of reckless animation, and then burst forth into a ‘ Tra la la ’ Alpine song, which said, ‘ Let us dance, let us sing, for time’s on the wing.’ She rose, and this was the signal for the party around the table to break up, and for the musicians (who had come across the water in the boats) to burst into a dance tune. Now I felt anxious, I had a tremulous sense of danger, of evil, perhaps because of the gloom on my spirits from anxiety about my health. I watched Paul with sisterly fears ; one may love and trust one’s boy, and yet when one has known him for years one may be sure that he is not above mortal temptations, not quite an ice-block, nor beyond the possibility of such a siren’s power. But his first dance was with Mathurine, his second with a stranger. He came up to me after this, and I saw Coralie stop him and say with a childish pout and her large eyes innocently raised—

‘ Will you not dance with me at all, Mr. Lennox ? Have I been naughty ? ’

‘ I will dance with you, and be grateful for the chance, if you allow it me,’ he said, lightly and gallantly ; ‘ but it is no easy thing to get a dance from the chief personage of the evening.’

‘ Oh yes, yes ! ’ she answered, tossing her head and making a pretence of moving away ; ‘ we all know how to trust the modesty of men.’

‘ And shall it be the next ? ’

‘ It ? ’

‘ And the next, and the waltz after that ? ’

‘ That will depend.’

‘ And then she *did* turn away.

‘ And how are you getting on, little one ? ’ asked Paul, coming up to my side.

‘ It is very beautiful—charming. But we must not stay late, must we ? ’

‘ Do you feel chilly ? ’

‘ A little.’

‘ Here, have my shawl,’ said Mrs. Denyer. ‘ Nonsense ; I have

another. You can't go yet. It won't last late. Mr. Denyer won't allow it, nor will I. But let the young folks enjoy themselves a bit now. They have such a fine night.'

The dance went on, the fitting figures circling in a great patch of moonlight. My Paul had forgotten caution; the head of his lovely partner almost rested on his shoulder as they turned. I became feverishly nervous; I complained of stiffness, and said I would get out of the carriage and walk about a little. It was in the interlude between two dances, and I moved a few steps up a woodland glade, and there stopped, arrested by the beauty of the scene—the twinkling earth-lights, the great, broad, all-embracing splendour of the moon, resplendent on the water, soft upon the land. A lace-like frame of boughs made it into a picture for me. There is something mournful in the moonlight, and I felt with a pang of self-pity that this might be the last time I should rejoice in the sense of beauty; that all the short remnant of my life henceforth might be one agony. And then, my brother—to whom should I leave him? Ah! to whom?

He came with Coralie (they were wandering about after their second dance), and she seated herself hard by on the trunk of a tree. I was standing quietly in the shadow and they did not see me. It never struck me I was as a spy upon them. In a few seconds—had they not spoken—I should have accosted them; but I did not wish to speak to Coralie then. Paul was trying hard to be cautious.

'And when does Mr. Burton come back?' he said. 'I thought he was to be here to-night?'

'Did you? Did you really?' she replied, with a strange angry defiance.

'They told me so.'

'And you believed it?'

'Why not?'

'Did you think I would spoil the party we had planned? No; I know better than that.'

She laughed mockingly; her voice was 'like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.'

'Now look here, Coralie,' said Paul (how all the men call her 'Coralie!'). He never calls Bertha by her Christian name). 'Don't think me a prig; we are sworn friends, aren't we?'

'Oh yes! what you like.'

'Then, you know, you should take a word of advice; that's a friend's privilege.'

'I know what you are going to say.'

'What?'

'Fall in love with Charlie Burton as fast as you can.'

'No; I should not be so impertinent. I never doubted you loved him, or I should never *seem* to doubt it, if I did. Don't be so rash and daring as you are; you will repent it some day.'

‘When?’

The concentrated passion in her voice gave one the sensation of having a cocked pistol pointed at one, and a desperate finger on the trigger.

‘When you have broken a good fellow’s heart.’

‘Mine goes for nothing.’

‘Well, you know what I mean. Ten words are as good as a thousand. You know it is a shame as well as I do.’

Her quivering voice burst forth—

‘A shame! What is a shame? Not to seem to care for Charlie Burton, when you know—you know——’

‘Oh! *there* you are!’ I said, coolly stepping forward. One can be brave to save one’s own. ‘I do so want you, Paul. Should you very much mind going home now?’

‘What is it, Lucy? Are you tired?’

‘Yes, and not very well. If you don’t *much* mind——’

‘Certainly. Shall we go to Mrs. Denyer?’

He offered his arm to Coralie, and drew her shawl around [her] shoulders. She flung his hand away, and let the shawl drop and trail upon the grass. Her hat was in her hand, and she walked apart from us, bare-headed, in her gleaming white dress. Instinctively I thought of Norma, the miserable heathen priestess.

Oh! how glad I was to be driving home with my brother. He was very silent.

‘She is dangerous, Paul,’ I said timidly, at last.

‘Dangerous? As fire,’ he answered, drawing a hissing breath.

‘And yet—cannot a man withstand a girl, a beautiful girl, but heartless and reckless, and one whom he does not respect overmuch?’

‘You are hard on each other, you women,’ he answered, with a short laugh.

‘Is she not all that? Am I too hard?’

‘If not, you don’t know what it is; you don’t know what a power mere physical beauty is, and always has been, and always will be. And yet you ought: women like a handsome face too. But you are too good, Lucy; you are like the snowdrops, or like those little pure silvery clouds about the moon up yonder. It’s a terrible thing—great beauty—terrible!’

## CHAPTER XV.

### A LONELY WEEK.

‘All we know really of our dogs is, that amongst all the creatures they only are our never-failing friends and servants of their own free will and choice.’—  
GWYNFRYN.

Two days later I went to town with Bertha to decide my fate. She was so kind and good and helpful, like a younger sister. In such

critical moments the mere presence of a stranger helps one to control oneself, and when that stranger is also kind and calm, the help is marvellous and comforting. Talk of snowdrops, indeed! *she* looked like a snowdrop. If an old maid is to be compared to any vegetable production, it should be a headless old cabbage-stalk, left lonely in the kitchen garden. But Bertha, with her pretty, simple face, was really like a snowdrop; and like it, too, in her neat, fresh white bonnet, with a little green about it. It drew even Paul's masculine, uncomprehending attention. He thought we were bound on a shopping expedition, and when he said good-bye to us as we took our places in the train, he added—

'You both look so smart, I cannot think what you want with the milliners.'

Marcus Payne saw me by appointment, and I returned at once relieved and downcast. My worst fears were not realised; it was not cancer. But I was to prepare and get strength for the inevitable operation by a course of liberal diet and by sea air. Sea air! It was exile! I promised every other care, every other effort to grow strong, if I might but stay in my own dear home. The fiat had gone forth; it was not to be. In my nervous, weak state, it seemed a decree of solitary death. Bertha tried to cheer me, but on this point I could not be cheered.

Mr. Payne had, at my request, given me a note for my brother, stating his view of the case and its treatment. When Paul's day's work was done, and he had had his evening meal, I gave it to him quietly as I lay knitting on my sofa.

'There is something for you to read, dear,' I said.

'What is it?' he asked, bewildered, when he had scanned the first lines.

'Something I ought to have told you before, perhaps; but I could not. I have felt very uneasy about myself lately, and to-day I went to Marcus Payne. That is his opinion.'

He read it seriously and carefully through, growing pale as he did so. Then he came and knelt down by me, drew my head on to his shoulder, and kissed my forehead again and again. Tears stood in his eyes.

'My dear little sister,' he said, 'why should you have so much to bear? And we can do so little for you; you *must* suffer, dear.'

'Yes, Paul; it is God's will. I will try to bear it as I ought.'

'You are sure to do that. Oh! my little darling, who has always been so good to me, I wish I could keep all pain away from you.'

It was an inexpressible comfort to have a good cry on his shoulder: I felt better able to bear my trial. At once he began to 'take care of me,' as he called it; he watched my every step; he petted me and prescribed a good supper for me. He made me laugh, and that did as much good as the supper.

On the Saturday, his friend Stanley came to take his place in case of necessity, while he took me down to Lipton-by-the-Sea. It is a growing place, where there are still quiet walks, though rows of pretentious houses have arisen. I was left to rest in an hotel while Paul sought for lodgings. He took them with the sense one might expect from an unmarried man, in one of the tallest rows of houses with the biggest posts before the doors; exactly opposite the sea. They were frightfully dear, of course; and not only did they supply rooms, attendance, and cold, slippery arm-chairs, there was also an incessant monotonous roar free of charge, and insects in abundance. The earwigs that dropped into the tea, the daddy-long-legs that straggled over the bread-and-butter, the spiders that alarmed one, were beyond the limits of arithmetic. However, Paul was proud of his choice, and I would not say a word against it. But when he left on Monday morning, my loneliness was more than I could bear. The size of the rooms, the noise of the sea dashing and shrieking close by, the constant passengers upon the parade, made me miserable; I wanted quiet and comfort. Wopsky was my only friend, except a tabby kitten, which was very much in the way of the landlady, and took refuge with me. I named it Fatima, on account of its plump proportions, and it afforded me the only amusement I had during this dreary week. A week!—how short a time in one's life! and yet it may hold the happiness of a life-time, or (as I then experienced) the dreariness of a century.

Poor old Wopsky, whose eyes were already becoming dimmed by a light blue film, would come creeping up to my arm along the sofa. I am sure he knew I was in trouble. He resented the introduction of the kitten, as he had that of Roddy. But, like an intelligent human being, he had not grown too old to learn; and when he was dainty in his diet, and refused bread, I taught him, as a punishment, to go and nurse Fatima. 'Go and nurse!' I would say. And he went with dejected mien, creeping into Fatima's basket, and taking her dutifully between his lumbering paws; while she, with dim recollections of a mother now gone from her (for Fatima was weaned, and had to be fed with a spoon), would turn him over with her small agile movements, and nuzzle up to him, and be happy under the delusion that she was in the embrace of one who loved her.

I read, but hated all my books. I knitted, and sewed, and thought and fretted, and longed for home. I was far from a model invalid. Pain I could have borne; but exile from Paul was to me the unendurable evil. How could I bear the separation of his marriage? I asked myself the question, and could find no answer but that I hoped, *if it were Bertha*, she would not mind my living close by and popping in about twice a day to see how things were getting on.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## AN IDYLL BY THE SEA.

'The sea hath its pearls,  
The heaven hath its stars,  
And my heart, my heart,  
My heart hath its love.'

LONGFELLOW.

I WROTE an account of myself to Bertha, as she had wished ; and by return of post the dear girl sent me flowers in a little box. They seemed to breathe of life and home.

I did not expect Paul on the Saturday ; he had a very bad case on hand, and could not leave unless there were a change. I was quite at a loss, therefore, when, after a double knock, I heard steps approaching my room. And there could hardly have been a more welcome sight than Bertha's bright face set in that same little snowdrop of a bonnet which Paul had admired. I was so weak and silly, that tears came to my eyes as I rested my head on her shoulder. It seemed to me that she was an old friend ; there was so much sympathy in her look and tone.

'How nice to see you,' I said, drying my eyes and laughing at my own folly. 'And how did you come like a good fairy?'

'My brother wanted a little change, and we thought we should like to run down here. He is on the beach. Can you come out or not?'

'Oh, yes! the sea air is just my medicine ; but there is no pleasure in sitting by the sea alone. *Now*, I shall enjoy it.'

She fetched my shawl and bonnet, and we went and joined Mr. Haywood. By and by, a friend of his came up by chance, and the young men strolled away, glad of a cigar and a congenial chat. I told Bertha all my troubles. We laughed at the earwigs and the fat landlady, too lazy to answer my bell. But Bertha could enter into those little trials, and understand their magnitude to an invalid.

'You are not comfortable, dear,' she said. 'It is not the place for you. You want a little cottage, *not* just on the parade, where cabs are always passing and bands playing.'

'And waves swish—swishing,' I added. 'They keep me awake at night.'

'Let me go and find you such lodgings as you want. I know exactly what they should be.'

'Oh no! thank you. Paul thought these so nice. I would not hurt him by changing them.'

'But Paul would rather—' she began energetically ; then checked herself blushing. 'I am sure Mr. Lennox would ten times rather you were comfortable. All he wants is your comfort.'



'I would rather not,' I said, and there it ended. But in half an hour, as we were in the midst of a profound chat, a tiny pebble pitched into my lap; and looking up to see if it were raining pebbles, I saw Paul's dear old face smiling at me.

'I thought you could not come.'

'Poor old Jones is dead, and—here I am. I thought you were my second-best patient. Well; and how are you getting on?'

He threw himself on the beach at our side, and Bertha made him laugh about the earwigs; frown as I would, the naughty girl would dress up the story in its most ridiculous colours. We sat, chatting and laughing, and watching Paul pitch pebbles into the sea till the tide drew unpleasantly near. The sun was declining; rich colours came upon the sky, and decked the sea with the hues of a dying dolphin. Pink shoaled into lilac, blue into ineffable green; and the whole was a pale sheeny grey with a veil of silver network over it. The little waves came leaping to our feet. On either hand, the indented coast, with dark red cliffs, was only varied by a martello tower here and there.

'What is beyond this first headland?' asked Bertha.

'Darell's Cove,' answered Paul. 'I went there when I was here two years ago. It is a pretty little quiet bay, wonderfully shut in by precipitous rocks. I found some charming shells there. Do you remember, Lucy?'

'I remember you bringing them home. They are on my fernery now.'

Bertha gave a little scream, for a very daring wave ran up far ahead of all its brethren, and drenched a founce of her fresh muslin dress.

'The tide says tea is ready,' said I. 'I fear I have not much to offer you, but I hope you and your brother, Bertha, will share what we have.'

'Mr. Lennox will take you home while I find my brother,' she answered, 'and then we shall be very glad to come.' She knew Paul and I must want a few words together.

When she came in, it was with bags bursting with sausage rolls and delicate biscuits, which she set out in dishes and trimmed with sprays of Virginia creeper that she had stolen off a wall as she came along. We had a little feast; then I was tired, and the three went out together. They were longer absent than I expected; but in my contentment, I was restful in mind, and had enjoyed a little sleep, from which their returning footsteps awoke me in the deep twilight, the room only illumined by the gleam from a lamp outside. How impatiently I had watched that flickering gleam on other evenings! Now, it had a friendly aspect.

'Where do you think we have been, and what do you think we have been doing?' asked Bertha, as she kissed me.

‘Tell me at once, little puss.’

‘No, no; you shall know to-morrow; shall she not, Mr. Lennox? After this last dull week, it will do her good to tantalise her a little. Now, *mind* you don’t tell!’

So I was left in suspense that night, sure that something pleasant had been planned by my kind people.

On the morrow, I went with Paul quietly to an early service close by, which gave me strength and hope. Bertha came in soon after breakfast, radiant with her grand secret, and promising to tell me after church. I asked the Haywoods to dinner, but they were too considerate to accept, knowing the resources of lodgings in general, and guessing the nature of my landlady’s temper in particular. I saw them go off side by side to the church, chattering and laughing, blithesome, light-hearted young creatures; their dawning romance gave my faded heart a little tender thrill, half of memory, half of hope. I had a quiet morning with my book and my pets; then Paul returned and we dined together, but the secret was not disclosed till the Haywoods came early in the afternoon, and I was bidden to array myself for a drive.

‘And you will see what you shall see,’ said Bertha.

We drove back from the parade into the heart of the town, and then took a turn which led us to a country lane, and in this lane we found a little cottage, overgrown with clematis, and here we alighted and the great secret was disclosed. This was to be my new home. A clean little maid opened to us, smiling. A motherly woman came forward to show the neat little parlour in which an invalid chair and a bunch of flowers betrayed the kind and loving thought of *my two*, as I began to call them in my mind. The good woman told us she had had ‘a sight of trouble, and brought up a heavy family.’ She was used to every kind of sickness, and would do her best to make the poor lady comfortable. There was something cheery in the homelike aspect of the place and of the woman.

That very day, after a drive along the cliffs, I entered on my new home. All the minor difficulties were smoothed away by my good friends, and I enjoyed my favourite luxury—a good cup of tea—for the first time in Lipton, in my new chair beside the lattice window framed in green, and open to the sunny air. Green grass stretched away before the cottage, restful to the eye, and a silver steep beyond told that the sea lay foaming at the base of the promontory on which we were.

That evening the young men had gone out to walk and clamber and explore; Bertha and I had read and talked together, listening to the evening bells, until I fell into one of those little dozes which Paul especially recommended as a means of bringing the wished-for strength. When I awoke, the room was dark. Only a last gleam of amber light was dashed across the dark, grey sky without. The wind was rising.

Long trailers of a rose struck sharply across the window, and three poplars in a little hollow swayed their tops to and fro in my sight. By the window were two forms;—Bertha's pretty head, with its smooth plaits in full relief against the light in the sky; her elbow rested on the window-ledge, and her chin was in her hand. Lower, and more in the shadow, Paul's face was turned up to hers, as he sat leaning forward. They were talking softly.

'So you promise, do you, Mr. Lennox?'

'I promise anything.'

'Then I wish you to remember that when she wants me, you will let me come?'

'When she wants you?'

'Yes; when she is worse; when the operation is performed. She has no lady friend; Mrs. Mortimer is away; I have asked my brother's leave. Let me come, Mr. Lennox.'

He did not answer for the moment.

'Are you *every one's* good angel?' he said, with a voice full of feeling.

She laughed a low merry laugh.

'An angel? Very little like that.'

'I think you must be one indeed.'

'Let me feel my shoulders. No; I am not aware of anything bony or feathery. No wings.'

'I suppose when we speak of an angel upon earth we mean one who comes to do good and to make men better.'

'I suppose, when we speak of an angel upon earth, we are uncommonly sentimental, and that is a sin I never accused you of before.'

'Very well. What may I say? Thank you?'

'If you like. There is nothing embarrassing in Thank you.'

'Then I thank you with all my heart.'

His hand moved to hers, and she did not draw it away. 'I cannot refuse for her.'

'It is a sad time for you,' she said kindly, and gently withdrawing her hand.

'It is a wretched time. There never was any one so good as she has been to me. Mother, and sister, and friend.'

I feared the proverbial time might be coming when, as a listener, I should hear otherwise than good of myself, and as the romance of the moment was past, I gave a hypocritical yawn and appeared to rouse myself with extreme difficulty.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## A WOMAN'S WORD.

- 'What is lighter than a feather?  
Dust, my friend, in windy weather.  
And what more light than dust, I pray?  
The wind that blows the dust away.  
And what is lighter than the wind?  
The lightness of a woman's mind.  
• And what is lighter than the last?  
Ah! there, my friend, you have me fast.'

It was Saturday again, and again Paul was with me. Thanks to my new lodgings, the week had passed far more cheerily than its predecessor, and I was in better health and spirits.

'Have you seen the Haywoods this week?' I asked.

'Yes; I was over there once,' answered Paul, with a miserable effort at indifference. It ended in our eyes meeting with a laugh—one of those happy laughs which predicts a glad future.

'And the Denyers?'

'I have not been there.'

'Have you seen the girls?'

'I met Coralie riding one day.'

My eyes asked a question on which my lips did not venture.

'I joined her a little way,' he replied, in answer to that look.

'Is Mr. Burton in England?'

'I believe so; but she would not say much about him, and I have not seen the rest.'

'I wish she were safely married,' I said involuntarily.

'I believe you think that girl will devour us bodily some day.'

'I don't know what I think. I do not trust her.'

'Nor me?'

'Who can trust a man? I will tell you whom I do trust—my little maid Jessie. Is she going on well?'

'Excellently. She is only too conscientious, and goes about with a ton of responsibility on her shoulders. She complained to me yesterday that the Tamil would look over the garden wall at her when she was "washing up" in the pantry. So I made Roddy bark at him next time; let him out to curvet a bit in front of that ugly phiz, and success was instantaneous. Down went Tammy like a shot. Oh! and the colonel has actually softened so much through the news of your illness, that he sent compliments one day this week, and wished to know how you are.'

'That is good. It is something to achieve such a triumph of the weak over the strong.'

I suddenly stopped. A female form passed the window. Could I believe my sight? A thrill of foreboded evil crossed my mind.

There was a knock at the cottage door, and soon our little maid announced that a lady wished to see me. She followed immediately. It was Coralie. She was dressed carelessly, yet I never saw her so beautiful. A red shawl thrown loosely over her shoulder, and a broad hat shading her face, gave her a picturesque gipsy look more attractive than the most exquisite neatness. Did she know it? I do not think she did. The very charm now added was a softness, a timidity, mixed with anxiety and distress. Never had I seen so much expression on her countenance.

‘You, Coralie?’

She came forward hesitatingly as I offered my hand.

‘I came to you because I did not know what to do,’ she said. ‘I hope you will let me stay.’

‘Stay? with me, dear? Are not your parents here?’

‘No. I am alone. I—I have run away.’

‘My dear girl, what nonsense!’

‘It is not nonsense; I have really. I am so unhappy; I——’

Here she broke down and threw herself on the floor at my feet, laying her head on my knees and sobbing bitterly. Paul had risen and come a little forward. He was much agitated. No man could see such a girl in great sorrow and not be moved. I soothed her as well as I could, for her emotion was genuine. At last, Paul came and laid his hand gently on her shoulder.

‘Can you not try to be calm?’ he said, very kindly. ‘My sister is far from well. I am anxious to spare her trouble of every sort.’

She raised her eyes to his with the look of a penitent child, and then took my hand between both hers, and said, while a sob came now and then—

‘Oh yes; I am very sorry you are ill. It is very wrong of me to worry you. I will not do it any more.’

She smoothed back her hair and got as far as a little stool, on which she sat like a good child in a tract.

‘That is right; be calm,’ I said. ‘And now tell us what all this means. Does not your mother know where you are?’

‘No; no one knows but Annette. She is here, at the hotel, with my boxes.’

‘So you have not run away, like the ladies in old ballads, with a harp, and nothing else. And pray what made you run away at all?’

‘I was so miserable, I did not know what to do. Charlie Burton was so cruel; he went to father and made him promise I should fix a day. And I won’t; I won’t marry him.’

‘Oh, Coralie! how wrong you are! It is you who are cruel.’

‘I am very sorry for Charlie, of course; it is a pity he ever asked me.’

‘And you accepted him.’

‘Yes, that is a pity too. But it is no use to make things worse. I

will not—oh! I will not. I should go wild; I should kill myself, if they made me marry him.'

'Now quiet, quiet; don't excite yourself. No one can force you to marry against your wish. But you should not run the risk of making an *esclandre* like this. What will your mother think? What will people say? Be a good girl, and go home again.'

She shook her head, and there was all the obstinacy of a naughty child in that shake.

'I will leave you together. Women can comfort one another best,' said Paul, smiling. 'Give her some tea; that is the panacea. Be a good girl when I come back, Coralie, and let me see you off by the next train.'

He made light of it, but I think he was uneasy. I was sure there was more beneath.

When he was gone I scolded her well, as no old woman dare scold a pretty young one in a man's presence. She took the scolding with perfect good temper and indifference. It was my business to scold, she knew that; and it was hers not to obey. She repeated from time to time that she could not and would not marry Charlie; that her father had been very angry with her, and threatened dreadful things if she would not fulfil her promise. No questions drew from her the reason of her coming to me, nor her further plans. She had no further plans, and she came to me because she knew no one else who would be kind to her. Kind to her! I could have boxed her ears, pretty as she was; and down below, covered with a veil of talk, lay in my heart a cold presentiment that she would have her own way, and that her way meant our misery.

Presently we had the prescribed tea, and then Paul came in, smilingly asking, 'Am I to see you to the station by the 7.15? It is a fast train.'

'You may see me to the hotel if you please,' she answered; 'I am not going any farther.'

So they went away together. As they went, I could have said to the girl 'Have pity.' I know something of what passed, and will set it down.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### LOVE AND PASSION.

'Love himself took part against himself  
To warn us off; and Duty loved of Love  
(O this world's curse, beloved but hated), came  
Like death between thy dear embrace and mine;  
And crying, "Who is this? Behold thy bride!"  
She pushed me from thee.'—TENNYSON.

As the two went along, in the twilight, talking, they turned towards the sands, where the tide was lying low and leaving bare the large

grey stones and the masses of brown weed. One huge boulder stood up, casting a shadow upon the shore, and making a shelter from the evening breeze, which was rising fast. The sea was calm as yet; a little moon was sailing up from the horizon.

‘Let us sit down under this great stone,’ said Coralie. ‘I cannot go into that dreary hotel yet.’

‘You will be cold,’ said Paul; ‘the air is chilly.’

‘Cold! What does it matter if I am cold or warm!’ Yet she shivered and drew her shawl around her. ‘The best thing I could do would be to lie down on these sands and let the tide come up and cover me, and by and by, I suppose, some great wave would come and wash me out to sea, and there would be an end of me, and I should not bother any one any more.’

‘Coralie, what makes you so reckless? Other people have their troubles; cannot you bear yours?’

He spoke half jestingly, but he meant what he said.

‘No, I cannot, I cannot. Oh, Paul, don’t you know what makes me reckless?’

She said it with a sadness and a timidity which gave an irresistible power to the ardent yearning look of her deep eyes as she fixed them on him for a moment, and then covered her face with her hands, and shuddered. She did not shed a tear. She was not acting a part. Her feelings, though shallow, were strong and real. She knew nothing of the silent depth of patient love; but of passion, with its rapid and intense changes, she knew much. And how should a man know the comparative depth of the hearts of women? How should he withstand the misery of a gloriously beautiful creature, and the love which she did not, which a man would have said she *could* not, hide.

That was a moment of bitter struggle in Paul’s heart. The higher love cried out against the lower. Nay, this was not love at all; it was pity and admiration, and the weakness of feeling himself beloved. On the one hand, the pure whiteness of Bertha’s nature beckoned him to that higher life which he had already dreamed of. Her image passed before him like a vision, as he stood leaning on the great stone, looking down on Coralie’s bent head, shielding her from the notice of loiterers; but this was a lonely spot, and there were few to break the solitude. On the other hand, that beautiful figure drew him as with a magic chain. No word, no look, bound him yet to Bertha, nor her to him. He had no reason to believe for one moment that he was more to her than a friend. True, he had hoped to win her; but he had not dared to look on her as already won. Her simple dignity had kept back the words which he might before now have spoken to a more facile maiden. He had then but his own hopes of happiness to renounce, and a fatal inclination added itself to his natural kindness. With a sort of passionate recklessness he thrust aside all his former self.



‘Coralie!’ he said, putting his arm round her and drawing down her hand from her eyes; ‘would it end your difficulties if you belonged to me?’

She did not move for a few seconds. This was what she had waited and hoped for. Then she raised her head and gave him a long strange look. It was as if she were asking, ‘Do you want me, as I want you?’ or else, ‘Shall I accept this sacrifice which you are making?’

‘Do you mean, if we were engaged?’ she asked presently, with an almost ludicrous simplicity.

‘Yes.’

‘Oh! I wish we were!’

What can a man say under such circumstances? The thing was done, and when Paul came home an hour later there was an excited, restless look on his face which told me my fears were realised.

‘You still up, little one?’ he said. ‘Naughty, naughty; get away to bed directly.’

‘You have been a long time,’ I observed, with an inquiring look.

‘The evening is so beautiful, it tempts one to stay out,’ he answered evasively, offering his hand to raise me from my low seat. I was not deceived, but I knew he wished me to have a good night’s rest, and by an effort which surprised me I forced myself to sleep, though a slumber disturbed by dreams, and from which I awoke with a presentiment of trouble.

After breakfast, I opened the subject.

‘What will Coralie do?’ I said. ‘I think we ought to have telegraphed to her mother.’

‘I tried to do so, but it was too late. I sent a line in your name to say she was safe.’

‘Then Mrs. Denyer will be here to-day, no doubt.’

The pause which followed was like the lull before a storm. Paul was standing by the window, looking out vaguely enough. Then he turned round and the bolt fell.

‘Lucy dear, I want you to be good to Coralie, and take care of her. She has promised to be my wife.’

I flushed with sudden anger, not against *him*.

‘And Mr. Burton?’ I said.

‘Poor fellow, I am awfully sorry for him. But I do not think I have done what is dishonourable. They are trying to force her to marry him against her will, and she is very wretched, poor girl. Won’t you have pity on her, Lucy?’

‘Pity!’ I said, hardly and scornfully. I could not help it. ‘And is a man’s life to be ruined by his pity for a girl?’

‘Don’t talk like that. The thing is done,’ he said, in a voice which showed me I must venture no further.

Presently he added more gently, ‘It is hard for you, I know. She is not to your fancy; but I have heard you say there is good in

her, and you will try to love her for my sake, won't you? I may bring her here? It is not right for her to be in that hotel.'

'Certainly not. Bring her here by all means,' I answered, as calmly as I could. 'I will do my best for her. But I doubt if she will be in any better position here while you remain—I mean as regards appearances.'

'I shall go home to-day. I must see her father at once, and try at least to induce them to let her alone.'

'You will bring a great deal of annoyance on yourself.'

'Oh, well,' he answered, with some heat, 'one cannot be always thinking of oneself.'

Selfishness was not *his* besetting sin, poor fellow.

Within an hour he brought Coralie. She still wore that agreeable timid look of yesterday. For the first time since I had known her real deep feeling was awake within her, banishing vanity and self-consciousness—not, alas, as yet, banishing self-love. I took her hand and kissed her. She sat down beside me and said nothing. There is a great power in silence; people interpret it how they will, and give one credit for their own meaning. Therefore, I took Coralie's silence to mean affection too deep for speech—and perhaps it did.

'Well, here she is,' said Paul, sitting down opposite me, and speaking very cheerily. 'I have brought the Coralie safe into port after she has risked a good many quicksands.'

'Do you feel happier now, dear?' I asked.

'Oh, yes.'

She was too sincerely happy to be coquettish.

'This is embarrassing,' said Paul, and made a pretence of hiding his blushes.

'I am happy to get rid of Charlie, you know,' she said archly.

'Poor old fellow!'

'He shouldn't have bothered me. But never mind him now.'

At this moment the door opened gently and Wopsky trotted in. He had been visiting friends during the early part of the interview. And, strangely enough, he no sooner saw Coralie than he set up a hullabaloo of furious barking such as I never heard surpassed. Nothing would quiet him.

'What a vicious little brute,' said Coralie calmly. 'Why don't you hang him?'

'Hang Wopsky, indeed! Lucy would as soon let you hang me,' said Paul.

He stooped down to take up the dog, and it snapped at him, showing its teeth spitefully. What ailed the creature? It was as if he knew what was passing, and refused his small consent.

I went myself and took him up and beat him, and then Paul carried him away to be shut up in durance vile.

'And now you are going to church, I suppose,' I said, when he returned

'Oh, I don't know,' said Coralie. 'I don't care much about going to church ; do you, Paul ?'

'Yes, I do.'

'Well, I don't mind ; but it is a pity to waste such a fine morning.'

'I should not think I was engaged at all,' said I, 'until I had been to church with my——'

'Young man,' Paul interpolated.

'What ! To make believe getting married ?' asked Coralie.

'Oh, no. I don't think you quite understand what I mean.'

'No, I don't think I do ; but, you see, Paul is talking of going home to-day. It is very stupid—but if he goes, and we lose the morning, we have no time to amuse ourselves at all.'

'Come, then, we will stroll along the beach, and perhaps you will feel more inclined for church as we go along,' said Paul.

So they went away together. Bitterly I contrasted her with the modest girl who had walked by Paul's side a week earlier. Paul seemed gay and contented enough ; for, besides the natural joy which any man might take in so much beauty, he was glad at her naïve gladness. And she was softened and humanised by her happiness. But when all was said, what a mind, what a character, were left ! Frivolous, idle, devoid of delicacy. 'Ah, me !' I sighed, 'if this is Paul's wife, he is lost to me indeed.'

## CHAPTER XIX.

### LOVE OR SELF-LOVE ?

'Je lis dans notre cœur, et je vois votre envie.'—PIRON.

PAUL was gone, and Coralie and I were left alone. I felt something of the restraint one may experience in the presence of a mild lunatic, with whom one touches fearfully on any new subject of conversation, lest it should be the very point on which the brain is at fault, so timid was I of broaching any topic which might endanger the formal tranquillity between us.

She tried to be kind and thoughtful ; several times she offered to do this little thing or that for me, and some things she did. It was a novel sight to see the disdainful, indifferent Coralie giving herself trouble to be agreeable. I was touched by it, and patiently endured the familiar references to 'Paul' and 'our engagement.'

'I don't see why it should be a long engagement,' she said once, in a burst of confidence. 'I hate long engagements. Don't you ? Perhaps if I had been engaged to Charlie Burton only a month or so, I might never have grown tired of him.'

Of the delicate reticence which seemed to me an integral part of maidenly love, she had never dreamed.

Towards evening, when I was feeling very weary, painfully conscious that this day of excitement had been no Sabbath of rest to me, and when (to my relief) Coralie had just announced 'I will take Annette and go for a little stroll,' a cab came lumbering up to the door, and out of it poured Mrs. Denyer's portly frame, her rugs, her shawls, her travelling-bag, her umbrella. My heart sank. No reprieve for me.

'Good gracious, here's mamma!' cried my future sister-in-law.

She came in, heralded by the sound of her asthmatical panting, and at her ponderous presence the room seemed to shrink to the size of a pill-box.

'Oh, Coralie! you naughty girl! What a fright you've given your poor pa and me! Miss Lennox, how d'ye do? Very kind to write. She has half broken all our hearts.'

The good lady sat down in a chair, which gave an ominous creak under her weight. She took out her handkerchief, and alternately fanned herself, wiped her brow and her eyes, where tears were supposed to be, and perhaps were.

Coralie had remained calmly standing by the mantelpiece.

'How could you give us such a fright, Coralie, you naughty girl?'

'You shouldn't have worried me so, mamma. What was the good?'

'Your pa couldn't see you act so disgracefully by poor Burton. It was of your own free will you were engaged to him. I am sure no one tried to force you. And then, when he comes forward with the handsomest proposals about settlements, you call back, and pretend you never meant it. Upon my word, that's how she acted, Miss Lennox. You'll hardly believe it.'

'Miss Lennox knows it well enough. She has reason to know it, because I am engaged to her brother.'

'What!'

Mrs. Denyer's two arms went straight down by her sides, and the handkerchief fluttered to the ground.

'I am.'

'What nonsense! Don't frighten me so; you'll give me palpitation.'

'Ask Miss Lennox.'

'It is true,' said I. 'I do not like to say unfortunately true, because my brother did what was honourable and kind, and is now on his way to see Mr. Denyer and break the news to him.'

At the words 'honourable and kind,' Coralie glanced sharply at me, but she let them pass.

Mrs. Denyer flushed very red, and with some maternal dignity, asked—

'And when, pray, did this take place?'

'Yesterday.'

'I have seen a good deal going on. I am not blind. But I did not

believe it was so bad as this. 'I know what a flirt you are, Coralie; I must say it, though you are my own child. What that poor young man will do, I don't know; blow his brains out, I should not be surprised.'

Coralie laughed scornfully.

'And your pa; you will not laugh when you hear his opinion. He will never have you back again; he will never leave you a penny, as sure as I sit here. And then do you think Mr. Lennox will have you? What do you think he has been after—a young man in his position?'

'Nonsense!' was all Coralie said.

I added, stiffly—

'I can excuse much from you, Mrs. Denyer, but do not impute motives to my brother. Your property is the last thing he will think of.'

'I mean no offence, Miss Lennox. It is not *your* fault. And as to him, young men will look after their own interests. I don't blame him, for it is natural. But he will get nothing; I am quite sure of that.'

I was provoked beyond endurance by this cool assumption. Had I been less worn out I might have been wiser.

'Coralie came yesterday without the slightest intimation. My brother was thunderstruck, like myself. He knew well enough what remarks such a course would call down upon her, and he is not a man to let a woman suffer if she has come to him for protection.'

Mrs. Denyer shook her head.

'Do you suppose, with your experience, a girl would run away from one man to another without encouragement? I have not had my eyes shut, as I said before. I saw long ago your brother was after her, but we never thought it would go so far as this.'

Enraged by this and by Coralie's silence, I retorted—

'My brother had no such designs as you insinuate. He had very different hopes until Coralie came and—and appealed to him.'

I had no sooner said the words than I would have given all I possessed to recall them. I glanced quickly at Coralie. Her face had suddenly flushed to her very temples; her brow was knitted with passionate anger. Her hands were tightly clasped, and she did not raise her eyes, which had been bent on the ground ever since she last spoke.

To Mrs. Denyer the words were too idle to attract attention.

'Well, well,' she said, 'I don't wish to blame or upset you, Miss Lennox. I am very sorry to hear you are so poorly, and I dare say you will be glad enough to be left alone. It has been a great deal of fuss for you. I am sure it has worried me so, I feel quite ill. And the worst is not over yet. Oh dear! dear!' She rose sighing, and prepared to go, slowly and heavily, as she did everything. 'We must stay here, I suppose, till I hear from Mr. Denyer. I daren't take Coralie back till something is settled.'

At last I was left alone. Coralie came forward as if she would have spoken, but her mother interposed, and said good-naturedly that poor Miss Lennox did not want a word more to worry her.

There is very little interest in the record of my feelings; I need not detail them; they are easy enough to imagine.

On the morrow, Coralie appeared early. I had received a line from Paul, saying that Mr. Denyer was not more angry than he expected—not much to reassure me—that I was not to disturb myself about anything, but to keep up a brave heart for a day in the following week, when he thought my personal trial might be brought to its crisis.

I received Coralie as kindly and calmly as I could.

‘Is your mother well?’ I said.

‘Oh, yes! quite well, of course.’

‘She is not with you?’

‘She does not know I am here. She said I ought not to come.’

‘Then you must not come, Coralie, indeed.’

‘Oh! nonsense; of course she will say that sort of thing. Papa will like it when she tells him. She does not in the least expect me to obey her; she knows I always do as I like.’

I shook my head. What was the use of language?

‘There, never mind; I always was naughty, and I always shall be, you know. I am none of your pattern girls. I wanted to know how you are, and I want to know what you meant yesterday.’

‘I meant nothing, Coralie, which was of the slightest consequence. I was tired and worried, and I spoke without thinking.’

‘Oh yes! but you meant something too. I know whom you meant; you meant Miss Haywood.’

‘Coralie, what is the use of making so much of a trifle? I spoke thoughtlessly, from an idea which may have been in my own mind, but had no foundation. Paul is engaged to you, and that is enough.’

‘No, it is not enough if he does not love me. He must and shall love me. Am I not good-looking? The men are fond of telling me I am.’

‘You know it well, then, without a word from me, who am only a woman.’

‘But am I not?—am I not? You horrid creature, don’t tease me so.’

She was feverish and excited, and from the look of her eyes I knew she had slept little. She sat before me, and she leaned forward and took my hands in hers, and patted them against her cheeks, and looked up at me to force me to answer. Seeing her resolved, I gave the true one.

‘You are more beautiful than any woman I ever saw.’

‘Then!’ triumphantly, ‘he *must* love me.’

‘Why do you torment yourself? He has asked you to be his wife. Are you not sure of his love?’

'No, I am not. I am sure I love him. Oh! *you* don't know what I mean when I say I love him. I have dreamed of him day and night for months; I care for nothing but to see him; when I go out, I am in a fever, thinking I may meet him at every corner. Once I came before the sun rose and sat for an hour in your garden. I have his letter here—his first,' she said, striking her bosom; 'it is very cold; it is like none I ever had from a lover before; a brother might have written me such a letter. But I would not change it for gold.'

The girl seemed transformed; the molten metal of passionate love had broken the mould of her icy manner.

'And do you think I would give him up? Do you think *she* loves him as I do?'

'Coralie, you must not talk like that of another girl. No one has named any other girl except yourself. You have no right to name another girl. And you have no right to suppose Paul loves any one but you.'

It mattered little to the incorrigible creature what might be my opinion as to her conduct.

'I had not thought about it before; she is such a little insignificant thing. But now I know why it was so hard to make him look at me or speak to me. I *know* she does not love him as I do. I have the best right to him, and he will love me in time and forget her.'

'You are exciting yourself,' I said coldly. 'I will not hear another word on this subject. And, unless you wish to make a quarrel between Paul and me, you will not say a word to him.'

'I will not unless I forget. I often speak without thinking.'

'You do not wish to make mischief, Coralie?—when I am so ill too.'

'Oh no; but, of course, I shall be always thinking, and perhaps I may speak some day before I know it. Oh! I won't make mischief; there is no use in that. I like you very much, and I think you are very kind to me. Many sisters would be jealous. But you are kind because, you know I love Paul, don't you?'

'Yes; you *love* him.'

'What do you mean?'

'You love him in one way; you know nothing of the other.'

'Two ways of loving? Oh!'

'Certainly there are two.'

'What are they?'

'Some love for their own sake; some for the sake of those they love.'

'That sounds like poetry. I don't understand it.'

'I said you did not.'

'Don't provoke me. Tell me how I love Paul.'

'You love him for your own sake.'

'Now, you are to explain that.'



We were half laughing ; she had caught my hand and was giving it a playful pat at each sentence. To all appearance we were very friendly sisters-in-law, yet my heart was cold beneath her naïve, child-like selfishness, and I could not forbear a little bitterness, try as I would.

‘What does it mean to love him for my own sake?’

‘It means that you would never give up your own happiness for his.’

‘How do you know that?’

‘I am sure of it.’

‘Are you?’

She asked it with such a strange tone, that I looked questioningly at her. Were there depths in her character which I had never divined? I said nothing, for the simple reason that I did not know what to say, and there ended a conversation which left with me an uncomfortable sensation of having sown a seed which might produce a beautiful flower or a fatal and poisonous weed.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE CRUEL TIDE.

‘The crawling tide came up,  
Came up and hid the land,  
And o’er and o’er the sand,  
And round and round the sand,  
As far as eye could see.’—C. KINGSLEY.

‘A penn’orth of bread  
To stick in his head,  
A ha’porth of cheese to choke him.’

So sang some shrill, young, tuneless voices under my window.

‘The old ditty,’ I said smiling.

‘Is it really Gunpowder Plot Day? It seems more like August still.’

My eyes rested on the sunny stretch of down before the window. A gull flitted over it athwart the blue. The silver strip beyond all gave a little message of the sea.

‘It is like a return of summer,’ said Bertha. She was with me, as she had promised. She came down with Mr. Marcus Payne and the nurse; and she had been more to me than words can tell; more than a sister.

The Denyers were still at Lipton. Mr. Denyer continued to be furiously angry. Every fourth or fifth day came a telegram to summon his wife home. She generally obeyed the summons with a martyr’s patience; then contrived to soothe her irate husband or to convince him that Coralie could not be left alone; and returned before

nightfall with a basket of grapes or other delicacies for me. She allowed Paul to visit her, and to walk out with Coralie when he had the opportunity, which was not very often. 'There is never any use in driving young people desperate,' she said, wisely enough. 'You only make them do worse on the sly.'

Coralie came regularly to see me, and in her odd abrupt way was kind and amusing. I trembled when she first met Bertha; but there was no need to tremble. Bertha's utter unconsciousness, Coralie's undemonstrative manner, prevented any catastrophe. Often I caught Coralie's eyes searchingly and sometimes scornfully fixed on the simple little maid, whose childlike, sensible, pretty face was certainly eclipsed by Coralie's radiant beauty. Yet there was no doubt in my mind as to which of the two were the more lovable, nor do I think there was any doubt in Paul's. Sometimes I caught a worn, weary look on his face which told that the struggle was almost more than he could bear. My heart bled for him that at this crisis he was forced into Bertha's society and to see her in her most amiable aspect. I tried to induce her to leave me; but, all unconscious of my meaning, she was not to be persuaded. And if I had ever had any doubt lest she also was being sacrificed to my ease and well-being, I was reassured by her sisterly simplicity towards Paul.

Once, when she saw me in low spirits—when, indeed, Mr. Payne had declared that I had something 'on my mind' which retarded my recovery, I was led to tell her thus much—that I feared Paul had chosen rather for Coralie's sake than for his own.

Perhaps I had a latent idea that it might comfort her to think so too. But she was distressed.

'Oh! don't say that. It would make us—you—so very unhappy. He *must* love her, she is so very beautiful—more beautiful than any picture I ever saw.'

'The question is, is her mind equal in beauty to her face?'

'She is very nice. She has faults; who has not? But they are on the surface. I am sure she has a good heart. Besides, he will teach her and guide her. She must improve when she is his wife. And men do not look on women as we do. Beauty makes a greater part of their delight.'

She was quite eager. My mind was relieved for her, if not for Paul.

'But my fear is that she may *not* improve, and that the faults are not all so superficial as you think. And suppose it is so, and Paul is disenchanted after marriage, what then? One reads in romances of such ill-sorted marriages producing catastrophes and disgrace.'

'Oh! don't think that for a moment in this case; don't, dear Miss Lennox. If he should not find her all he expects, he will know what is due from a man to his wife. He will be tender to her faults, and hide them.'

'But he will be drawn down.'

‘Not he! He will be drawn *up* by his kindness and forbearance. And he will always love her beauty. Let us believe they will be very happy.’

The girl had tears in her eyes. I drew her to me and kissed her with emotion. ‘You are a dear little comforter,’ I said.

The two girls seemed to agree well enough when—as sometimes happened—they walked together on the beach or cliffs. While the boys were still singing their own peculiar National Anthem, I chanced to notice how pale and tired Bertha looked. Perhaps the genial sunshine showed the dark lines under the eyes more clearly, or perhaps I had been made selfish by the natural egotism of sickness.

‘Are you qualifying for a guy?’ I asked. ‘Run out instantly, and get some ozone, if there is such a thing to be had, and come back with a little colour in those white cheeks.’

‘These white cheeks mean nothing but that the cats kept me awake last night,’ she said, merrily enough.

‘Oh yes! the cat—the old excuse. Now, out you go at once.’

‘Coralie is down stairs. She came to see if I could take a walk with her, and I asked her to wait a little.’

‘Very well; all the better. I wish you would take Wopsky too; he is getting absolutely lazy.’

So the simple little hat and cloak were put on; Wopsky was summoned, and went gladly at Bertha’s call: she had a charm for all dumb animals. The two girls set out, the slight, neat form of Bertha sedately moving beside the majestic figure of the other, with her sweeping skirts, which, as she gathered them in walking, seemed always to escape from her hand and ripple down in statuesque wealth of drapery. Little I thought by how slight a chance those two would escape a fatal end to that November walk.

They had arranged that they would pass beyond the promontory which bounded the northern reach of Lipton Bay, and explore Darrell’s Cove, of which Paul had spoken. They went along the cliffs by a path leading from the very gate of our cottage. The wind was the delicious wind of an autumn day; fine, bright, full of a certain pathos gleaned from its passage over the fair decay of many lovely things—leaves and grass and flowers.

At the northern end of Lipton Bay a rugged descent led down to the beach. Coralie was in wild spirits. She sprang from point to point like a kid, and laughed and sang gaily as she went. They rounded the northern horn of the bay, slipping on the seaweed, springing over the rocks.

‘Where is Wopsky?’ asked Bertha, suddenly.

He was called for, but nowhere did he appear.

‘Lazy little coward, he is gone back,’ said Coralie.

‘Poor little soul, he is old,’ said Bertha. ‘He has been dragging himself along. Will he find his way home? No! Look there! there he is, little monkey, on the cliffs, calmly surveying us.’

There he was, indeed, and they went on, leaving him to his luck.

Presently, they were in Darrell's Cove. It was a small bay of a perfect crescent-shape, walled in by high grey rocks with seams of chalk. The tide seemed far away as the girls rounded the promontory. Tired with their walk, they lay on the dry sand, hunting for shells, lulled by the wind and the distant murmur of the waves.

By and by, they noticed a cave among the rocks, and nothing would please Coralie but to go in. There was a pool in the midst, where delicate rosy and green seaweeds gently waved, and pale-hued anemones unfolded their soft tentacles. A flickering glaucous light reflected from the water played upon the rocky ceiling. Time passed on. Coralie threw out her fine voice in snatches of song, which echoed in the cavern, and neither thought of time. Bertha remembered it at last, and drew Coralie out on to the beach. As she looked at the road by which they had come, she saw that the horn was surrounded by the tide, sending up its white spray in showers.

'Oh! how wrong of us to stay so long!' she said. 'We shall frighten them so if we have to remain here till the tide turns.'

'It is more important that we shall be very uncomfortable ourselves,' answered Coralie, coolly; 'they have their dinners to console them, and we have not. I am beginning to be very hungry, and I don't think raw anemones can be nice.'

'Let us try to wade.'

After some persuasion Coralie was induced to take off her boots and make the attempt. But it was soon evident that the evil was too far gone for that. The force of the waves would carry the girls away long before they reached the point. Way up to the cliffs there was none. The walls were precipitous and sheer, and in some parts even overhanging. Bertha was much distressed. She was in tears.

'Poor Miss Lennox,' she said, 'she will be so dreadfully anxious. She will be ill.'

'Oh! make the best of it. There is no help now. We must stay here, unless they have the sense to send a boat.'

As the waves came on the girls retreated, and at last were sitting at the mouth of the cave, the extreme part of the little cove.

'Look here,' said Coralie, with perfect *sang froid*, when the waves were within twenty yards of them, 'do you see this sea-weed? It is quite moist. And how do you suppose that pool in the cave keeps fresh?'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean, you see, that the tide comes up here.'

'Here? Where we are sitting?'

'Yes, and above it. Look up. The cliff is stained by the water far above our heads.'

'But then we shall be—drowned?'

'I suppose so.'

They looked at one another: Bertha white and trembling; Coralie, apparently, quite calm. She even had a mocking smile upon her lips.

‘Oh! Coralie, what shall we do?’

‘Do! There is not much to be done. We sit here till the water is high enough, and then—there is an end of us.’

‘It cannot—cannot be.’

‘I think it is.’

Bertha watched and waited in silent anguish, and behold! the water came up, now creeping, now dashing onwards, always pitiless and inevitable.

‘Let us say a prayer, Coralie,’ she said.

‘Praying is not a boat. That is what we want.’

‘Oh! do not speak so. Do not defy God, dear Coralie, in such a terrible moment. He will tell us what to do.’

She knelt upon the sand, clasping Coralie’s hand in hers. Coralie would not kneel, but she was silent while Bertha poured out her full heart, without a word uttered, in an unsyllabled appeal of trust and agony to her Father in Heaven.

When she raised her head she was calmer, and could see the approaching waves without trembling.

‘Let us cry out together. Perhaps we might be heard.’

‘No one will hear,’ said Coralie; but she did not refuse to join her voice to Bertha’s, and five times, six times, they sent up a piercing cry. At the sixth time an answer came—alas! no human voice, only that of my poor little dog, who was waiting for his dear friend, Bertha, on the cliff. He heard her voice and barked in concert.

Once more they called, and then Bertha said—

‘I cannot call any more; I am cold with fear. Are you?’

‘No. It is not pleasant; but perhaps it is as well. I am sorry for you.’

‘For me!’

‘Look!’ said Coralie, ‘there is a ledge above us. I am sure one could stand on it. And, higher still, there is a bit of rock projecting which one could hold by. It is above the water-mark. You can get up there. I will lift you, and you will be safe till the tide has turned.’

By this time the spray of the advancing waves had dashed on their faces.

‘Is there room to stand? Are you sure?’ asked Bertha, eagerly.

‘Not sure; but it is worth trying. There is only room for one, at any rate. Come; you must not waste time. Take hold there; put your foot *there*.’

‘No, no; not I. *You* shall go. Go, Coralie; be quick, lest it will not bear you, and then there may be no time, if you delay, to think of any other plan.’

‘I tell you, you shall go. You are frightened, I am not. You seem

as if you would rather not be drowned. Well, I feel as if I could bear it quite as well as other things I may have to bear. Better than not to be loved by the only one you love in the world.'

'Coralie, for pity's sake do not delay. Do you think I would not rather you should live than I? My life is nothing. Oh, girl! yours is so precious. Go.'

'Why is my life so precious, pray?' She spoke as calmly as in her own room; yet a red spot had now come on either cheek.

'You know! Because Paul loves you. Oh! save yourself for his sake. What matters it for me!'

Coralie caught her hands till her grasp hurt like a vice.

'You love him too,' she said, drawing in her breath with a hissing sound.

'Girl, girl! don't play with life.'

'Do you love him?'

'Love him! Yes, as my dearest friend, and as your lover.'

'And you would give your life for mine because he is my lover and not yours?'

'Coralie, go, go! Why are you so mad? Will you kill us both? If you do not go I will run down and meet the water. I am going.'

She leaped forward, but Coralie caught her and held her back with a strong grasp. As she did so, both slipped on the stones, now glassy with the spray.

'I will go up then,' said Coralie, 'and before I go, kiss me.'

They gave each other a long kiss.

'You are a good girl,' said Coralie slowly. Then, 'I only go on one condition—that we tie our handkerchiefs together and you hold firmly to the one end while I hold the other in my hand.'

'You cannot hold that and the bit of rock there too.'

'Yes, I can. I would rather hold you. If you do not do as I bid you, or if you let go, I shall let go too, and throw myself down.'

Coralie mounted to her dangerous niche, beautiful as the Andromeda, and holding firmly with one hand to the improvised support which Bertha, standing on the highest point of the beach, her hand raised high above her head, could but just contrive to grasp. Coralie's position was infinitely straining and painful, but she did not move.

The waves seethed and cried around them; they came dashing, and wetted Bertha to the knees. Her feet were covered with water. But above, unheard by them, the little dog was crying for help, howling and barking, and rushing to and fro. And at last help came. The coastguardsman saw my little Wopsky, my little treasure of a poor old dog, and came running with a companion to the spot.

The girls at last heard a halloo from above, and in a few seconds more a cord with a slip-knot and noose dangled before them.

Bertha was too cold, too deathly frightened to know what it meant. For one instant Coralie looked up and saw a human face over the edge

of the cliff, and saw that the rope was held by a human hand. Then she leaped into the water, wounding her feet, and trembling from the stiffness of her limbs, agonised by their constrained position. She knotted the cord round Bertha's figure, and signed to the men to draw her up.

She knew that, standing where she did, and devoid of any support, she would probably be carried away before the rope could again be let down. But she did not hesitate. And before Bertha had moved, another rope was flung down to her.

There was thankfulness in my heart that night, greater, perhaps, for the noble action of Paul's Coralie than for the physical deliverance of the two.

*(To be continued.)*

---



## CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

## CAMEO CCXI.

1630—1632.

THE SNOW KING (*continued*).

Gustavus had marched to Erfurt, and then turned towards the Maine, where there was a long row of those prince bishoprics established on the frontier by the policy of Charlemagne—Wurtzburg, Bamberg, Fulda, Köln, Triers, Mentz, Wurms, Spiers. These had never been secularised, and were popularly called the Priest's Lane. They had given all their forces to the Catholic League, and Gustavus meant to repay himself upon them. He permitted no cruelties, no persecutions; but he levied heavy contributions, and his troops made merry with the good Rhenish wine when he kept his Christmas at Mentz.

He invited the dispossessed Elector Palatine to join him, and Frederick started for the camp, after the christening of his thirteenth child, taking a solemn leave of the Prince of Orange and the States General. Among his attendants went the young Lord Craven, who had come from England out of a romantic devotion to the Queen. The suite was numerous enough to fill forty coaches, escorted by seventy horse—pretty well for an exiled prince dependent on the bounty of Holland and England. But the exiled Court had so far lived a merry life, regardless of debt, and Elizabeth wrote lively letters. There was plenty of hunting, and on one occasion it is said the young Prince Rupert was lost. Search was made, and at last a pair of boots were seen protruding from a hole. On pulling at these out came the prince's tutor, pulling Rupert after him, Rupert in his turn pulling out his favourite hound, and the hound pulling out a fox. The fox had gone into the hole, the hound had gone after the fox, the prince after the hound, the tutor after the prince, and for a wonder, none were suffocated.

Frederick found Gustavus at Frankfort, where the Queen of Sweden was present. To his great satisfaction he was greeted by his royal title, though he had never received it from either English king. There was much pleasant intimacy from this time between Gustavus and Frederick, who lived together as brothers-in-arms.

Once again Frederick saw his native home, and was greeted with the utmost joy by his people. There was the utmost enthusiasm for the Swede in England, and the Marquess of Hamilton obtained permission to raise a body of volunteers to join the Swedish standards, and in the August of 1631 brought 6,000 English and Scots in four small regiments; but they proved of little use, and speedily became diseased, many dying of eating heavy German bread and the new honey that abounded on the banks of the Oder.

Hamilton kept a most magnificent suite about him, forty pages and 200 guards attending on his person, comporting himself like a prince of the blood. He was only twenty-four, and if Gustavus had not managed with great tact he would have done great harm by his quarrels with Banier, the best Swedish general. Moreover his men melted away, until at last the remnants had to be united to the corps of Bernhard of Saxe Weimar, while Hamilton for a short time served with Gustavus as a volunteer, and then returned to Scotland.

So far as the King's plans can be understood, he meant to have formed a number of Protestant principalities, and united them in what he called *Corpus Evangelicorum* around the Baltic and the Elbe, as a balance to the Austrian Roman Catholic power in southern Germany. Frederick wanted to raise an army of his own people and take the command, but to this Gustavus would not consent, having probably no great confidence in his capacity. All the Palatinate was free from the enemy except the three fortresses of Heidelberg, Frankenthal, and Kreuznach, and the last of these was immediately besieged. Lord Craven was foremost in leading the assault, exposing himself so bravely that Gustavus clapped him on the shoulder, and told him he was doing his best to make his younger brother head of the family.

In the midst of the exultation Frederick was grieved to learn that his beautiful home at Heidelberg had been ravaged by fire, probably by the Spanish garrison in expectation of having to abandon it. But as Tilly was collecting his forces again, Gustavus would not wait to master that place or Frankenthal, and recrossed the Rhine. Sir Harry Vane had been sent as ambassador from Charles I. to arrange for the restoration of the Palatinate, the King offering 10,000*l.* a month for the expense of the war, and proposing that if, as was only too probable, he should be prevented from performing this promise, some of the fortresses should be left as guarantees in the hands of the Swedes.

Frederick took great and petulant offence at this stipulation, and complained, with tears in his eyes, to Vane and the Marquess of Hamilton, that he had rather have no treaty at all than one that should keep him in constant subjection to Sweden. He persuaded them to suppress this article, though they warned him that if the treaty failed it would be by his own fault. It did in fact fail, for, as usual, the English money was not forthcoming, and even if it had been, Gustavus declared that he would be no man's servant for a few thousand pounds. Frederick also refused the King's own stipulation, that Lutherans should enjoy equal rights with Calvinists.

Moreover, the Swedish success had been considerably more than was desired by his French allies, who had expected only a little vexatious diversion to the Imperialist advance, but who did not at all sympathise with the victorious career of a northern Protestant. The Bishop of Wurtzburg, who had been expelled from his principality, came to Paris, and made loud complaints that this heretic invasion of

a new Alaric with his Goths should have the support of the Most Christian King, declaring that Gustavus meant, after conquering Germany, to invade France. Louis XIII. was distressed, but Richelieu silenced him, only attempting to make a treaty with the Swedes by which the Elector of Bavaria and the Catholic League should be neutral on condition of the restoration of the bishops. To this, however, Gustavus could not fully consent, and imposed conditions which the Catholics could not accept. Tilly was collecting his forces and threatening Nuremberg, but the Swedes advanced, and he was forced to retreat, so that it was as a deliverer that, on the 31st March, Gustavus was received in beautiful old Nuremberg with a rapture of welcome, tears streaming down the cheeks of elderly men, and women crowding to kiss his horse, his boots, his cloak, as they owned him as their deliverer. His portrait hung in every house, and a citizen composed a pedigree to show that the King was connected with the old Burggrafen of the city. The enthusiasm saddened Gustavus's pious spirit. He said they were trusting to second causes and making him a god; but when they recollected Magdeburg, they thought no homage too great for one who had averted from them the like fate. Indeed he came upon them like an angel of deliverance, with his fair open face, bright steadfast blue eyes, and floating golden hair, shining like his cuirass. The Italians in the enemy's army called him '*Il Rè d'Oro*,' the golden king.

Tilly had taken post on the Lech, and Maximilian was collecting an army in Bavaria. The object of Gustavus was now to beat one or other of them before they could join together: so he marched forward, took Donauwerth, and tried to take Ingoldstadt, but found it would occupy too much time, and though all the generals were of a contrary opinion, resolved to attack Tilly and force the passage of the Lech.

The Imperialists had fortified it to the utmost, but in their very teeth, the Swedes succeeded in taking advantage of a bend in the river to play on them with their formidable artillery, construct a pontoon bridge, and, after a desperate struggle, effect a passage. Tilly was struck by a cannon-shot in the knee; his second in command, though also badly wounded, succeeded in carrying him off to Ingoldstadt, where the old captain died, at seventy-three years of age, victorious in all save the two last of his thirty-two battles.

On went Gustavus to Augsburg, which Lutherans viewed with honour as the familiar head of their confession of faith; but where the Emperor had expelled the Lutheran pastors, and cleared the municipal council of Protestant burgomasters. In restoring the former state of things, Gustavus took a fresh step, making the magistrates not only swear fidelity to him as an ally till the end of the war, but as a sovereign. This made the Germans begin to wonder what were his ulterior views.

Then he marched on upon Bavaria, intending to bridge the Danube

and take Ratisbon, but two strong forts prevented this. One he took, but before the other the Markgraf of Baden was killed, and the King's own horse was shot under him. He, however, made his way into the country between the Inn and the Lech, Maximilian retreating before him. Merseburg, Landshut, and Freisingen, which tried to resist him, were burnt, but otherwise he kept good discipline and prevented plunder or injury to the inoffensive, as well as any insults to the Catholic Churches.

At Munich the inhabitants brought him their keys. As they knelt he said, 'Rise, worship God, not man,' and he rode in peacefully, with the Elector Palatine by his side, saying that he hoped one day to sup with him at Heidelberg.

'I confess I do not of all men pity the Elector of Bavaria,' wrote Elizabeth; 'the King of Sweden is but paying him what he lent us.' Still, of all the exquisite works of art already collected by the Bavarian Princes, not one was touched by Gustavus nor Frederick, even by way of reprisals. Some of the officers wanted him to enrich Stockholm with a few of these precious spoils, but he said he had no mind to imitate the Goths and Vandals, their forefathers. To compensate to the soldiers for not plundering the city, the King gave them each a crown on the day of their entrance, but he forgave the burghers a third of their contributions, and he distributed alms to the sick and poor. The ramparts were bare of cannon, and inquiry elicited that these had been buried, so Bavarian peasants were hired to dig for them, and up came one hundred and forty pieces, twelve very large indeed, the lowest and biggest, commonly called the Sow, stuffed full of gold crowns. This Gustavus called waking up the dead.

Catholic Germany was in despair. There was only one general in whom there was any hope, and that was the discarded Wallenstein, who looked on at the general distress in grim assurance that the stars destined him to be called to the front. He made himself be courted. He would not come to Vienna, only to Znaim in Moravia, where he made his terms like an independent prince whose alliance was to be sought. He would not hear of being second in command to any one, even to the heir-apparent, and professed to be perfectly indifferent, and reluctant to disturb himself, until he had been persuaded and flattered through his friend the Prince of Egenberg, who, all the spring after the battle of Breitenwald, went backwards and forwards mediating between him and the Emperor. At last he undertook to collect an army, but refused to take the command for more than three months.

His name was enough to bring his Friedlanders flocking to his standard. Not only Catholics, but Protestants came, viewing Gustavus as a foreign invader, or with their imaginations more touched by the proud, gloomy, haughty leader than by the bright, frank, honest, and hearty king. Besides, the Imperialist camp cared only for such discipline as made an effective soldier. he man might

be what he pleased, and might revel in license and savagery without restraint. Indeed the Croats were defined as 'a sort of Christians who did not regard the eighth commandment.'

Wallenstein received subsidies not only from the Emperor, but from the Pope and the King of Spain, towards levying and equipping them, and by the end of the three months he had the full 40,000 all in full order for the march.

Then he resigned the command, well knowing by this time that Tilly was dead and the Swedes were on the Danube. He affected to be bent only on going back to his tower and his stars at Prague, and to yield slowly to the proposals made him. He was to be Generalissimo, neither Emperor nor Archduke was ever to enter his camp; he was to name all his officers, and have absolute control, no order from the Emperor being valid unless he countersigned it. Moreover, he might levy contributions as he chose, and to dispose as he pleased of lands and property taken from the enemy; Mecklenburg was to be secured to him, together with further rewards yet unspecified; and when Bohemia was freed from the enemy, the Emperor was to live there, no doubt under his control.

In all his distress, the Elector of Bavaria was in consternation at these conditions, and Ferdinand writhed under them, but there was no help for it, and Wallenstein thus became the chief power in the Empire, in fact a Dictator. The power was conferred on him in April.

The first thing he did was to turn the Saxons out of Bohemia, which was an easy matter; and, hoping to disunite the Protestants, he offered peace to the Elector John George, who had been so reluctant to join Gustavus, but the Saxon was steady to his oaths, and referred to the King. There were some negotiations which came to nothing, and the Elector of Bavaria came to join Wallenstein at Egra, a necessity which must have galled him almost as much as the loss of Munich. His arrival with his troops raised the Catholic force to 60,000.

The whole army marched upon Nuremberg, and Gustavus, with only 20,000 men, dashed back to its defence. Wallenstein had intrenched himself on an eminence called Fürth, which he so surrounded with earthworks and intrenchments as to make it more like a fortress than a camp, spreading his defences out for twelve miles round, and there following his favourite policy of avoiding battle till he could have such superiority of numbers as to deal a crushing blow.

Nuremberg meantime was terribly distressed. The fugitives from the country were crowding into it, famine and pestilence followed on them, people were dying in the streets, and Gustavus's own army was suffering from scarcity. The Germans who had flocked into it were habituated to plunder, they began to commit outrages, and Gustavus dreaded that the infection would spread to his Swedes. He sent for

the chief German officers, and never before had he shown himself in such a rage.

‘You ! princes, counts, and nobles,’ he said, ‘you are showing your disloyalty and wickedness on your own fatherland. You, colonels and officers, from the highest to the lowest, it is you who steal, and rob every one without exception. You plunder your own brothers in the faith. You make me disgusted with you. My heart is filled with gall when I see any of you behaving so villanously. You cause men to say openly “The King, who is our friend, does us more harm than our enemies.” If you were real Christians you would consider what I am doing for you, how I am spending my life in your service. I have given up the treasures of my crown for your sake, and have not had from your German Empire enough to buy myself a bad suit of clothes with.’

Very strange must this speech have sounded to men who, under Christian of Brunswick, had held that robbing a fat merchant was a good joke, and that peasants were made to be trampled on. Gustavus went on—‘Enter into your hearts, and think how you are grieving me, so that the tears are in my eyes. You treat me ill with your evil discipline ; I do not say with your evil fighting, for in that you have behaved like honourable gentlemen, and for that I am much obliged to you. I am so grieved for you that I am vexed that I ever had anything to do with so stiff-necked a nation. Well then, take my warning to heart ; we will soon show our enemies that we are honest men and honourable gentlemen.’

A King, undoubtedly one of the bravest of men, with voice trembling and tears in his eyes for a miserable boor robbed of his cattle, was a new sight to these men. When he found a corporal driving off a poor man’s cow, his words were almost like those of Joshua to Achan, ‘My son, it is better that I should punish you, than that God should punish not only you, but me and all of us for your sake.’

Rather than let this state of things continue, Gustavus undertook the desperate measure of storming Wallenstein in his camp on the 24th August. By extreme valour he broke through the intrenchments, but though he poured in regiment after regiment, he could not succeed in penetrating to the centre ; and when he had lost 3,000 of his own Swedes, and at least three times as many Germans, he was obliged to sound a retreat ; and his old officers said that, compared with this day, Breitenwald was but child’s play. For a fortnight he still continued to watch Wallenstein, but at last, after seventy-two days, he marched off towards the Danube, past the camp with drums beating and colours flying, hoping to lure out the Imperialists to an attack ; but for this Wallenstein was too wary. He durst not pursue the Swedes, nor assault Nuremberg, which was secured by a Swedish garrison ; but he broke up his camp and entered Saxony, ravaging the country with a view to forcing the Elector to desert Gustavus. He meant to seize



Weimar and Thuringia, and make another of his impregnable camps with Erfurt for its centre, thence to defy the Swedes, and again make them waste their strength and weary out their allies.

Gustavus felt the need of saving Saxony, and preventing the enemy from having time thus to strengthen himself in his intended position. He dashed back from Bavaria by forced marches, uniting with the troops of Saxe Weimar and Brunswick on his way. Here was Gustavus's opportunity. He hurried through the Thuringian forest, and arrived at Erfurt, where his Queen then was. He had little time to spend with her, as he had to write letters and despatch orders half the night. His beloved Eleonore kept beside him till he mounted his horse with a last embrace, and 'God bless thee,' and marched on towards the Saal.

He entered Saxony as a deliverer, meeting everywhere poor wretches flying from the cruelties of the Friedlanders. When he rode into Naumburg, which had momentarily expected to be seized, the people crowded round him in those transports which he always strove to repress, as impious in their extravagance. He was out of spirits, and told his chaplain the people were relying on him as on an arm of flesh, and that harm would come of it.

Wallenstein, unable to gain the position he had expected, intrenched himself at Lützen, where, as it was now November, he expected to remain unmolested while the Swedes went into winter quarters. He so little expected an attack that he yielded to the request of Pappenheim, who wished to lead a detachment of the army to make a raid on the secularised bishoprics.

Wallenstein perceived that the King had effected what he had never for a moment expected, and sent courier after courier to recall Pappenheim, Gallas, and all the scattered divisions of his army. On the 5th of November, after a long march, Gustavus asked a Saxon gentleman how far they still were from Lützen, the imperialist centre.

'There, sire, it lies under your eyes.'

The castle of Lützen, with the camp spreading from it, did in fact lie before them, looking much nearer than it really was, for between lay eight miles, first of freshly-ploughed fields, all November clay and beyond, a swamp around a sluggish rivulet, crossed by a little bridge so narrow that only two persons could cross it at once. On the opposite side lay a hamlet held by a regiment of Croats and another of Cuirassiers, and the Swedes, who had sunk up to their knees in the mud, and all the unexpected difficulties of their march, had only time to dislodge these men before dark, taking from them a standard with the Imperial Eagle and the goddess Fortune on one side, and on the other the motto, '*Fortuna et Aquila Romana*,' which was esteemed a good omen.

It was plain on each side that if there were to be a battle it would



be a desperate one. Kniphausen, one of Gustavus's generals, wanted him to retreat; but he could not have done so without risk of a fearful attack from Wallenstein, and besides, he said he had always longed to unearth the enemy, and see him in the open country. Wallenstein also considered of a retreat during the night, but this would have damaged his fame. His officers thought his position secure, and his astrologer told him the stars of the 6th of November were unfavourable to Gustavus.

A broad road leading to Leipsic lay between the two armies, bordered with willow trees, and with a deep ditch on each side. The Swedes were to the south of this, the Friedlanders to the north—these last upon high ground on which stood several windmills, and beyond them the town of Lützen to the right, or south-west, and on the left or north-east, was a deep ditch or mill-stream, called the Floss-graben. The high road wound a little, which caused the lines of the two armies to be drawn up in curves, the Swedes being in a convex form, the Imperialists in a concave one.

It was a dark night, and Wallenstein caused the ditches on his side of the road to be deepened. In the morning he drew up his men in five heavy squares, each consisting of about 5,000 men, equal numbers of pikemen and musketeers. His cavalry were on the flanks, his artillery, eighty forty-eight pounders, were disposed along the whole front of his line. Having gout about him, he did not ride, but was carried about in a sedan chair.

Gustavus got what rest he could in his carriage, which he shared with Bernhard of Saxe Weimar and General Kniphausen. There was little food to be had, and the soldiers stood to their arms all night. Gustavus had meant to begin his attack two hours before daybreak, so as to have the battle over before Pappenheim could return; but it was so dark, and there was so heavy a fog, that it was impossible to move. At daybreak he changed his dress, wearing no armour, only a cloth coat over a buff waistcoat of elk-leather, and he ordered prayers to be read at the head of all the regiments. Two hymns were sung—

‘Ein’ feste Burg ist unser Gott,’

and—

‘Verzage nicht, du Häuflein klein;’

the words of which latter are said to have been his own composition. He commanded his Swedes on the right wing, Duke Bernhard the Germans on the left. At eleven o'clock the fog lifted, and the two armies beheld one another. The artillery began to fire, but Wallenstein's was pointed too high, and did little damage, while the Swedes in the centre struggled through the ditches in spite of the musketeers, Gustavus leading them, pike in hand, and fell upon Wallenstein's squares, breaking them by the sudden attack; but just then the

Friedlander cuirassiers came thundering up, and drove the Swedes back across the road, taking a battery with seven cannon.

Gustavus mounted his horse, and put himself at the head of a Swedish regiment which had just lost its commanding officer, and seeing the dark mass of General Piccolomini's cuirassiers, he called out to his friend Colonel Stahlhaus, 'Charge me those black fellows soundly, or they will do us a mischief;' then galloped across the road before the men to attack the flank of another cuirassier regiment, shouting aloud as he went, 'Now, in God's Name, at them! Jesus! we fight for the honour of Thy holy Name,' and threw himself on the enemy. Four persons were close to him, besides some grooms, Hof Marshal Kreilsholm, Chamberlain Truchsess, Duke Francis Albert of Saxe Lunenberg, and a young Nuremberger volunteer, named Löbeling, of eighteen years old. They were too far in advance of the troopers, who had much difficulty in getting across the ditch. The King and his few followers were mingled with the cuirassiers, and a pistol shot broke Gustavus's arm. He called on his men at first, but becoming faint, he turned his horse's head, saying to the Duke, '*Mon cousin, tirez moi d'ici, car je suis fort blessé.*'

At that moment some horsemen cried, 'Art thou here? I have long waited for thee,' and shot him through the back. He dropped, and young Löbeling, springing down, offered his own horse. The King held out both hands, but he was too heavy for the lad to lift, and could not help himself. The enemy thronged round and demanded who the fallen man was. There was no answer, and one fired a pistol at the King's head. He said, 'I am the King of Sweden! My poor Queen! My God! my God!' and 'fell asleep.' There was a fierce fight over the body; the poor boy received two shots and three stabs, and both were stripped and mangled. Piccolomini, hearing a cry that the King of Sweden was killed, dashed up with ten cuirassiers and tried to carry off the body; but two of the wounded comrades threw themselves over it, and Stahlhaus's troop charged with the greatest fury and drove him back. The sight of Gustavus's horse, wounded and galloping masterless, revealed the fatal news to Bernhard, who whispered it to Kniphausen; and, in the hope that the King might be only a prisoner, they fought so furiously as to recover their battery, and break the squares, whilst Nils Brake drove the Imperialists from the windmills. Bernhard presently told Kniphausen that the King was really dead.

'We can make a good retreat,' was the answer.

'Revenge, not retreat,' said Bernhard, and took the head of the regiment that the King had been leading. It was just in time, for Pappenheim was coming up at last with 6,000 or 7,000 cavalry. He led on their charge with the cry, 'Where is the King?' but in the onset, he received two balls in the thigh, and was carried away to his carriage, where he soon died. Astrologers remembered that he was

born on the same day as was Gustavus, and thus was under the same influences; each was thirty-eight years old. The last order Pappenheim had received from Wallenstein, as well the King's buff waistcoat, are both in the museum at Vienna. He had been in forty-four battles, and the Order of the Golden Fleece was awaiting him.

For two hours there was a tremendous fight under the fog, which had come down again, each man fighting hand to hand without knowing how the day was going, till, towards sunset, the curtain of mist drew up, and Bernhard, galloping about the field, saw Kniphausen's reserve in perfect order, and unhurt, though Nils Brake and his men were all lying round the windmills in their ranks, straightened out as if in a churchyard—while the enemy's squares were broken, the cuirassiers out of sight. Bernhard rallied the remnant of his first line, and with Kniphausen, once more crossed the road, and charged the exhausted enemy. This time they carried all before them, took the cannon, drove back the Imperialists, and after one more sharp struggle, gained the windmills.

Wallenstein had sent Piccolomini and Tertsy out to survey the field. They convinced him that the battle was lost, and he sounded a retreat.

Pappenheim's infantry was just coming up. Had they charged, the Swedes, after nine hours of terrific fighting, could hardly have withstood fresh men, but darkness was coming on, no one gave them orders, and they halted for the night, only saving Wallenstein's retreat to Leipsic.

The Swedes, heavy-hearted and exhausted, did not know, in the darkness and fog, how the day had ended, and Bernhard and Kniphausen deliberated whether to retreat to Weissenfels, but they finally determined to remain where they were till morning; and just then a prisoner was brought in, from whom they learnt that Wallenstein was in full retreat to Leipsic. At least they had this knowledge to console them on that terrible night, when the living lay down among the dead, worn out, grief stricken, exhausted and hungry, and a sharp frost killed many of the wounded.

Gustavus's corpse was found, and the poor young volunteer still alive beside him. The lad was carried to Naumburg, where he told his story to some kind friends, and died. The King's body was taken to Naumburg, and eventually to Stockholm. The King's equerry, Jacob Erichson, harnessed ten boors from Menchen to a huge rough boulder, and placed it so as to mark the place of the hero's fall, carving on it the letters 'G. A., 1632.'

Up to the days when another battle of Lützen somewhat effaced the memory of the first, the Saxon peasant never passed without baring his head in reverence to the Stone of the Swede, the great and good man who died in the defence of oppressed Germany.

## PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

## VII.

## THE CREEDS OF THE WEST.

*Susan.* I suppose the Creed is still part of the Service of Praise.

*Aunt Anne.* Assuredly ; since there can be no such praise to God as the simple declaration of what He is and what He has done for us.

*S.* You will not let me say that the Apostles' Creed was really framed by the Apostles.

*A.* I can let you teach *as fact* nothing but what can be proved to be fact. Rufinus, the first author who states the tradition, lived in 400, so that there is no contemporary evidence that before the Apostles parted to go their several ways they agreed on this form, which goes by their name. Old sculpture and glass sometimes marks each figure of the twelve with the clause he was said to have contributed ; but of course it is very improbable that they should have drawn it up in that especial manner. St. Augustine is said to have stated that, but it is not in any genuine work of his that we have.

*S.* You think, then, that they did compose it ?

*A.* I think they were certain to have agreed on some one formula of faith, so that their teaching might be the same throughout all the lands to which they were to travel. And there are traces in the Epistles of some such form having been actually taught to S. Paul, and handed on by him. Look at 1 Corinthians xv. 3, 4.

*S.* 'I delivered unto you that which I also received.' And then—why, it is a bit of the Nicene Creed !

*A.* Of course, those words may have been copied by the Nicene Fathers ; but on the other hand, they all declared that the summary of the faith that they sealed had been taught to them from the very first. Moreover, look at S. Paul's charges to Timothy (2 Tim. 1-13).

*S.* 'Hold fast the form of sound words which thou has heard of me.'

*A.* Observe, the earlier Gospels were scarcely yet written. Neither of them could have been what was delivered to S. Paul, or what he gave to the Corinthians or to Timothy.

*S.* Nor would 'a form of sound words' be the description of them. It is much more like—

'The Creed that with the Church was born,'

so that we really may believe that it substantially came down from the Apostles themselves.

A. Not written, as long as persecution lasted, but transmitted from mouth to mouth as the *Symbolum*, the watchword of the soldiers of the Church militant.

S. *Symbole* is still its name in French. When was it first written down?

A. S. Irenæus, two removes from S. John, gives a summary of it in 180. There are traces of it in Justin Martyr and Polycarp. And Rufinus, in 390, compares the two forms then at Rome and at Aquileia, which hardly differ from one another or from the present form of our own in Latin, which has been first found in a MS. of 750, and is supposed to have belonged to the old Gallican Church. There is another short creed in Greek in Athelstan's Psalter; but this Apostles' Creed, or that answering to it, was only used at Baptism and in instruction before the Breviary services adopted it into Prime and Compline.

S. Indeed!

A. Yes; you remember that the Holy Eucharist was the service chiefly attended, and there, the more universal Nicene Creed was always recited. The Apostles' Creed was in these morning and evening devotions of the religious houses, and followed the Lord's Prayer, being said only by the reader, the others joining aloud merely in the last two clauses.

S. But when we hear of children learning their Credo, which is meant?

A. This one, as the confession of their baptism. When Cardinal Quiguonez drew up a shortened Breviary, as I told you, experimentally, he directed that the Apostles' Creed should be said audibly and collectively every day except Sunday, and this seems to have suggested the same habit to the compilers of King Edward's first Prayer-book.

S. What happened on Sunday?

A. Quiguonez meant the Athanasian Creed to be used only on Sunday, instead of every day as before.

S. Have I not heard that the Pomeranians used to draw their swords as they repeated the Creed?

A. And in some other Church, I forget where, each person clasps the hand of the next.

S. 'Brother clasps the hand of brother, stepping fearless through the night.'

A. I think, however, that both these customs must refer to the Nicene Creed.

S. Then there is our own custom of turning to the eastward, if we are not already so placed.

A. For these especial reasons—that the east is the region of sunrise, and looking thither is symbolical of looking towards the rising of the Sun of Righteousness with healing in His wings (Mal. iv. 2).

S. When the custom began, too, it was in almost every case looking

towards the material Jerusalem, the actual scene of the events. I suppose the Apostles would all have prayed towards Jerusalem, and taught their converts to do the same.

A. Yes; that accounts for the eastward position of the Altar, which is, however, much more universal in England than in countries where churches were adapted basilica or temples. And the Altar being a continuation of that before the Mercy Seat, the looking towards it represents, again, the looking towards God. And then again, as Professor Blunt says, if the position of any has been otherwise, as it is sure to be in the choir, the all-facing together the same way seems to form the whole congregation into a regiment of the Church militant ready to fight for the faith.

S. In the Pomeranian spirit. Then there is the bowing at the Name.

A. At the Name that was borne for us in humiliation and fixed on the Cross. You should point out, as indeed I believe you do by practice and example, that the reverent gesture is not only called for when the Name occurs in the Creeds. The eighteenth Canon directs, 'And likewise when in time of Divine Service the Lord Jesus shall be mentioned, due and lowly reverence shall be made by all persons present.' It had been an old universal custom, which nobody had omitted till the Puritans tried to give it up, and thus called forth the order from Queen Elizabeth and Archbishop Parker in 1559, and the Canon from James I. in 1603.

S. Surely the text is clear that 'At the Name of Jesus every knee should bow' (Phil. ii. 10).

A. Critically, I believe this is held to mean the universal worship of our Blessed Lord rather than the special gesture, though it does bear the direct meaning quite enough for reference.

S. I know the Puritan feeling goes against any gesture, but I was astonished to find people of quite contrary leanings dropping the bow at the Name, and making the reverence instead at the mention of the Incarnation.

A. I believe that the fact of the Canon having been enacted in the Reformation days has made some persons imagine that it was produced in the Puritan spirit instead of against it. I have nothing to say against any sign of our thankfulness for the blessings of the Incarnation; but I do say that to withhold our token of honour to the glorious and precious Name of our Lord's Manhood is a grievous error, often adopted out of unreasoning party spirit.

S. The girls are so much used to going through the Creed in the Catechism that I suppose I need not take it article by article.

A. Only mark its position, after 'hearing the Holy Word,' as summing up the truths therein contained, and as it were gathering up our faith and keeping it ever before us, that 'we may be able to give a reason for the hope that is in us;' and have it ever with us

to confirm and strengthen us in the day of temptation, danger, and death.

S. And there is the Athanasian Creed on the great days. Thirteen of them.

A. The old Sarum Use sang it daily, the Roman had it weekly. The Prayer-book of 1549 gave it to the six great festivals, and in 1552 seven saint days were added to the list, so as to make the recitation monthly.

S. 'Commonly called the Creed of S. Athanasius.' The rubric does not say it is his.

A. No. It is not found in his extant writings, and another objection to its being his is that he wrote in Greek, and the earliest copies known are in Latin. I believe the Greek version shows itself to have been translated from the Latin, not the Latin from the Greek. An old copy was found at Trèves some years ago, and as S. Athanasius was at one time living there in exile, there were great hopes that this might prove its connection with him, but it proved to be of far too late a date.

S. How was the name given to it?

A. One conjecture is that it bore the title *Fides Anastasii*, referring to Pope Anastasius, who lived about the year 400, and that some transcriber mistook the name of Anastasius for that of the far more noted Athanasius. Others, and with more probability, think it was called after the great Alexandrian Bishop, because it expresses the faith for which he contended when he was *Athanasius contra mundum*.

S. How far does our first knowledge of it go back?

A. Venantius Fortunius—the same who wrote the grand hymn we know as

‘The Royal Banners forward go’—

wrote a commentary on it before 470, which is a proof that it must have been in established use in the Church, for people do not write commentaries upon novelties. It has been supposed to have been written by Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, about 430, and it is quite certain that it was brought to the front in the fifth century, when the Churches of France and Spain were much vexed by the Arianism of the Goths.

S. Arianism denies the Eternity of our Blessed Lord; does it not?

A. Yes, and therewith His Godhead and equality with the Father. The Creed was the full and special witness of the Gallican Church against these fatal errors, and as such was there used. It was presented to the Pope by the Emperor Charlemagne, but was not used in the Roman worship till 930. I believe it came to us with the Conquest, and the revisions that resulted in the various Uses.

S. It is taken on those great Festivals partly to express the



doctrines they are connected with, and partly as the highest note of praise.

A. Yes, as the hymn *Quicumque vult*.

S. But has there not been a great deal of controversy about it?

A. From those who disliked the strength of its definite teaching, or misunderstood the opening clauses. The American Church dropped it altogether, but in the new revision its restoration has been recommended. I should tell you also that testimonies to its value are continually coming to light from those who are engaged in teaching or making converts. Bishop Cotton of Bombay, in especial, found how it helped to clear the minds of the intellectual, metaphysical Hindoos just when the same experience was being made with the Maoris. In Mr. Evan Daniel's book on the Prayer-book he shows how almost every clause guards against some heresy that has actually sprung up at one time or another. You see, the intention of the Church, which has actually succeeded in by far the greater number of cases, is to imbue her children with this, as the right explanation of the faith, so as to arm them beforehand against the misunderstandings that run into heresy.

S. Yes, I see that—but is not people's argument against the frequent rehearsal of it that they cannot bring themselves to declare the condemnation of those who cannot intellectually accept so much that is mysterious, or who have not been brought up to the same faith? Such Unitarians, for instance, as Mrs. Barbauld or Miss Carpenter.

A. A great deal of that feeling arises from misconception of the words at the outset. The very title, remaining from the Latin, reminds us that *will* is not merely the future auxiliary, but translates *vult*, the active *will*, meaning is desirous of accepting the terms of salvation.

S. Then it means just what is said in the Epistle to the Hebrews (xi. 6): 'Without faith it is impossible to please God, for he that cometh to Him must believe that He *is*.'

A. Exactly so. The opening sentences mean that he who would be received into the covenanted state of salvation must first of all begin with faith.

S. That is what 'before all things' expresses, he must begin with faith. 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' But there is much more here than that.

A. It is in order that we may believe in a true Christ—not a Christ of our own fancy and imagination.

S. But does it not mean, or seem to mean, that those who do not accept or enter into all these minute definitions are in danger of perdition?

A. Those are not the words.

S. 'Except every one do *keep* whole and undefiled.' Yes, it says nothing about those who have never had it.

A. No—and those who trifle away their faith after having once

held it are spoken of no more severely than they are by S. John (Epistle ii. 9) and by S. Paul (1 Tim. v. 12); nay, by our Lord Himself in S. Mark xvi. 16.

S. But are we to believe it is indeed thus with all who have intellectual doubts, as they are called?

A. We are not judging individuals. We are rehearsing God's own sentence upon unbelief, and warning ourselves, without any occasion to think of others. I am going again to refer you to an old *Monthly Packet* (vol. xv. of the 2nd series), where, at p. 207, you will find an excellent exposition of this Creed, under the title of *Charles Harvey's Difficulties*.

S. Shall I use it to teach from?

A. I don't think I would put the difficulties into your pupils' heads unless you find that they are there already, or that any one has spoken to them against the minatory clauses. It would be better to tell them the exact meaning of those opening sentences as explanation, not as controversy, and then work through the Creed itself as the expansion and explanation of the simpler Creeds.

S. It is in two great divisions—one on the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, and the other on the Incarnation.

A. And we here define and explain the Catholic faith respecting them. Remember the definition of Catholic.

S. What has been always, and everywhere.

A. The next you should note is that the words Person and Substance are endeavours to express what is inexpressible mystery, and our present use of the similar words in common life increases the difficulty. Person here means, I think, Individual Being, while Substance means Essence or Nature. I believe what was guarded against by that clause were the suppositions on the one hand that there are three separate Divine existences, which would be contrary to the first Commandment, and indeed the whole Scripture; and, on the other hand, that there are three appearances or manifestations, so to speak, of the One.

S. Can every clause be proved in the Bible?

A. Yes, either by direct statement or by inference; but I think that you would find it took too much time, and would be rather confusing than otherwise, to confirm each point with a text with your scholars, though by all means do so alone. With the girls, you had better take only the principal heads, and those that need special explanation.

S. The word Trinity is not in Holy Scripture.

A. No—we are told that it was first thus applied by Theophilus, Bishop of Antioch, in 170.

S. I should go at once to S. John's words (1st Epistle v. 7): 'There are Three that bear record in Heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost.'

*A.* It will not do to use those controversially by way of proof, though they are absolute truth, and express the faith of the Church, so that we use them devotionally in the Epistle for Low Sunday ; but, as a matter of fact, they are not found in the oldest MSS., nor quoted until the fifth century. But, as Bishop Wordsworth says, we need not concern ourselves too much about that, for the Fathers confuted Arianism without them.

*S.* How did they come in, I wonder ?

*A.* Most likely as a commentary confounded with the text. S. John said, 'There are three that bear witness on earth, the Spirit, the Water, and the Blood, and these three agree in one.' The intention is explained to be the same thing—Spirit, Water, and Blood are deeply, mysteriously, and inextricably united in our Sacramental Life on earth, and are thus witnesses of the Three in One and One in Three above.

*S.* But what texts are there that distinctly prove the doctrine ?

*A.* Our Lord's command to baptise is the first distinct revelation (Matt. xxviii. 19). Join with that the Apostolic blessings (2 Cor. xiii. 14, 1 Peter i. 2), which are in the Name of all the Three Holy Persons. Every other Epistle shows the equality of our Blessed Lord in the Apostle's manner of expression.

*S.* And He constantly asserted it Himself : 'I and My Father are One' (John x. 30). Also there is the opening of S. John's Gospel.

*A.* Moreover, He speaks of the Comforter as another Witness taking His place below. S. Paul shows again in 1 Cor. xii. that the Holy Spirit is God and Lord, and in 1 Cor. iii. 16, 17, that we are the Temples of God, because the Spirit of God dwelleth in us ; and again in 2 Cor. iii. 17. All this, taken in combination with the full continuation of the First Commandment, as in Eph. iv. 4—6, and with the threefold worship of One in Three witnessed in Heaven by Isaiah and S. John, fully establish the doctrine.

*S.* And then it follows that all the attributes are true of each as being God.

*A.* Remember to explain Incomprehensible.

*S.* Not to be contained in any place ?

*A.* Yes, as shown in the 139th Psalm, in Solomon's address (1 Kings viii. 27), and that glorious verse, Is. lvii. 15.

*S.* The other attributes, Almightyness, Eternity, and Uncreatedness, are not difficult to verify. Nor are the distinctions that follow. And then comes the part about the Incarnation of our Blessed Lord.

*A.* So teaching the truth as to prevent, if possible, people's unconsciously lapsing into any of the errors against which the Church had to protest in the fourth and fifth centuries.

*S.* It can be proved step by step again, of course—Perfect God and Perfect Man—God, because our Blessed Lord had, when in this world, every attribute of God.

A. Yes, even Omnipresence—‘even the Son of God, Who is in Heaven.’

S. Perfect Man—‘He increased in wisdom and stature.’

A. The next verse, ‘a reasonable soul and human flesh,’ is to guard against a not uncommon error, namely that the Godhead was, as it were, instead of a soul to Him, whereas He has soul as well as body like other men. ‘My *soul* is exceeding sorrowful even unto death.’ It is exceeding mystery which can only be believed, not understood; and when we think of the mysteries of common life which we accept as facts, and act upon, such as what life is, what animals really are, what electricity is, and the like, surely we need not hesitate to accept, without comprehending, how God came to visit man in this mortal life!

S. Then we have the short, practical conclusion about the Judgment day, that we may live as looking for it.

A. And thus with one of these two Creeds concludes the special service of praise by which ‘day by day we magnify God.’

## OUR EVENING OUTLOOK.

## II.

## THE GREATER LIGHT.

'Tis gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,  
Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;  
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight  
The last faint pulse of quivering light.'

WE must begin our Evening Outlook with the sun, which, after all, is the first thing we generally look at on a clear evening. The sun is a star, and it is well to form some notion of his position and importance in the universe. We are told that there are four great orders of stars which are not classed quite according to their apparent brilliancy (or magnitude, as it is somewhat incorrectly called), but according to the kind of light they emit. *Firstly*, the great hydrogen stars, which give a nearly white light of extreme brightness, with a blue tint. Such are Sirius and most of the stars in the Great Bear. *Secondly*, an order of golden-yellow stars, whose light, examined by the spectroscope (of which more will be said hereafter), shows the same characteristics as the sun's. It is to this class, therefore, that the sun belongs ; less bright than the first order, but brighter far than the others. Pollux in Gemini, and Dubhe in the Great Bear, are fellow stars of the sun's. The *third* order are orange in colour, and have a light similar to that of the spots on the sun. Most variable stars are of this class, as Betelgeux in Orion. There is a *fourth* order of small stars, of a red hue. Upon the whole, then, the sun is an important member of the universe ; and with regard to its position, some astronomers tell us we belong to the Milky Way system of stars—not to the northern half, but to that much brighter southern part. At any rate, the star to which we are nearest is Alpha Centauri, the brightest pointer to the Southern Cross.

Careful observation through smoked glass will teach us something about the sun. Like the ancients, we may perceive it is a true sphere, not with flattened poles, like the earth ; that its apparent size is less than that of a shilling held at arm's length ; that as its apparent size varies a little, we are nearer it in January than we are in July, and this of course has no connection with the seasons. The unassisted eye has also occasionally detected large sun-spots. All this the old astronomers knew, and Pythagoras went so far as to maintain that it was certainly larger than the Peloponnesus, which was regarded as a somewhat extravagant fancy on his part.

Of the true size of the sun we cannot be absolutely certain until

we know its distance. This measurement, on which all other celestial measures depend, has been attempted in several ways. During the present century the doubt about the solar distance has lain between 92,000,000 and 95,000,000 of miles. At first sight an error, one way or another, of 3,000,000 miles may seem enormous, but it is well to grasp how little this is, relatively to the whole distance. Take a straight line (you will need a long one), and divide it by dots into ninety-five spaces; then, in red ink, underline the last three spaces, and you have the proportion of possible error, and of late years the doubt has been reduced by more than half. The problem of finding the distance of any object where direct measurement is impossible turns on the mathematical fact that in any triangle, if the length of one side and the direction of two of the angles are known, the length of the other sides and the measurement of the third angle can be calculated. But the difficulty with the sun lies in the fact that the angle it makes with the longest straight line possible on earth (our equatorial diameter) is such a very acute angle that we cannot measure it accurately. A rough-and-ready method of explaining angular displacement to children is to hold up a ball before a deskful of children, and make each say against what part of the wall behind she sees it. One will see it against such a pattern on the paper, another against such a window-pane, and so forth. Here the known base line is the desk, and the angles can be formed by a string stretched between any part of the desk and the ball.

We will now mention (without at this time explaining them) several methods that have been used for correcting the sun's distance, with the results. The transit of Venus in 1769 (of which we shall hear more hereafter) was carefully observed, and numerous calculations being made, de Lalande, who obtained the greatest distance, put us at 96,162,840 miles from the sun, while Pingré made it 92,049,650. Encke, after whom one of our short-period comets is named, recalculated the results of that transit in 1825, and made it 95,274,000, and many of us remember in our youth having learnt that distance and believed it an unassailable fact. The transit of 1874 gave results varying from 92,000,000 to rather over 93,250,000, and all other observations seem to lie between these distances. Le Verrier had previously made it out as 92,200,000, from some irregularities in the motions of the moon, Mars, and Venus; while Mr. Gill, the present astronomer royal at Cape Town, spent six months at Ascension observing the planet Mars morning and evening, and thus, as it were, turning himself into as good as two observers with the earth's diameter between them. How Mars was placed at sunrise and at sunset, with regard to any star, allowing for his real motion, gave his apparent displacement, and this resulted in 93,080,000. So we may fairly, till the learned pronounce authoritatively, take 93,000,000 miles as our mean distance from the sun.

And now let us bridge over this enormous distance (a sunbeam does it in eight minutes and seventeen seconds), and take a view of a solar landscape, or rather lightscape. To do so the eyes of our imagination must be many hundred times as strong as those of our body, while our skins must become like those of 'the wonderful salamanders that sparkle and sport among the flames.'

We pass, then, over a surface, uneven in brightness and wholly unsubstantial. We fly for thousands of miles over waves of dazzling brilliancy and plains of absolutely white light, till the eye is relieved by soft narrow valleys, gently shining with a pearly light. Now we are approaching some great convulsion of nature; brighter and brighter grow the ridges, the glare, rush, and dazzle of gases and liquid metals, louder the terrific noises. As we crossed those gleaming plains we heard rushing noises, mysterious rustlings and whirrings; but what is this black gulf, this bottomless pit, which we are approaching? What this tremendous noise, which no human ear could bear? The ancients spoke of the music of the spheres, and said that the sun and planets were set to the notes of the diatonic scale. But never did sage or poet imagine anything so deep and awful as the roar from this rent in the dazzling brightness. We speed across it for 10,000 miles, and it gets darker and darker; 40,000 more, and now we begin to see that the darkness has been chiefly the effect of contrast, and that we are only gazing into light, stronger than earth's electric light; deeper and deeper we strain our eyes to reach the bottom and discover of what the sun's inside is made, but nothing can we see but burning gases. At last the 100,000 miles of comparative darkness are crossed, and the ridges seem brighter than ever. Looking back at the gulf we have crossed, we see our little world might be tossed in and look like a pebble as it sank. Floating once more over the burning surface, we perceive that the sun has an atmosphere, and that rushes of hot air and glowing vapour are perpetually borne upwards, forming clouds in bands whose size we cannot conceive—one of which would darken the world's whole daylight. And now, with a terrific noise, a storm bursts over our heads—thousands of miles of rain in drops of liquid metal. Iron, nickel, lead, copper, tin, soda, magnesia, fall around, first in ringing drops, then in spouts of liquid metal like our waterspouts, lastly in absolute sheets. It is over; the air is clear, but the fields of burning light are gone, literally crusted over with the mighty metallic rain.

Hark! Long, deep, terrible rumblings, gathering into such a thundering as earth has never known, unless the thunders of Sinai were such, in which case we can understand the awe-stricken entreaty of the people. Again and again they gather force, till the burning gases have made their escape, bursting with awful explosions through the metallic crust.

We have no language in which to describe adequately the scene



after the explosion. Here, magnificent pillars of fire shoot up for miles; there, are fiery arches, through one of which our little world might be rolled. In the distance are a range of mountains of liquid red flame whose summits are out of sight, and out of the plain spring graceful feathery fountains miles high, which, falling back again, alter their shape every minute.

Such are a few of the revelations the telescope has made to man. The mottled appearance of unequalled brightness on the sun's surface is caused by dazzlingly bright tracts, called from their shape 'rice-grains,' or 'willow-leaves,' their scientific name being *faculae*. They are brightest near the sun-spots; and Sir John Herschel is said to have suggested (surely scarcely in earnest) that they are the inhabitants of the sun—living beings—intensely bright because so full of vitality. Living creatures a thousand miles long are rather startling, and possibly this may have given the idea to the Frenchman and Yankee, who between them invented the hoax that Sir John Herschel had found men in the moon. This was improved upon by some German drawings of what Sir John saw, and his horror thereat!

But the sun-spots are certainly the most noteworthy appearance on the bright disc, and the one least easily accounted for. They have an apparently black centre or nucleus, and sloping sides which are less dark. Recently, however, it has been proved that the darkness is but comparative, as a spot gives about half the light of the photosphere, i.e. 'globe of light,' which is the name given to the bright envelope we see. It seems very likely that they are storms in the photosphere, which, whirling along as our cyclones do, lay open the sun to a depth of some thirty thousand miles. They break up and disappear after a while, but stay long enough to show that the sun rotates on his axis once in about twenty-five and a quarter days.

Outside the photosphere is a deep atmosphere, intensely hot, but much less so than the bright envelope. Here are formed those gigantic clouds which have been seen through the telescope, forming and breaking up in a few hours. It is by means of the spectroscope that we know what substances are present in any light-giving body, and we can infer what are absent. The precious metals have not been detected in the sun. With regard to the wonderful red prominences, which assume the most fantastic shapes, they are sometimes accounted for thus:—A liquid metal crust is always trying to form a coating over the photosphere, but no sooner does it pour down in a flood and threaten to effect its purpose, than a sort of impromptu volcano rends it asunder—a volcano formed of an outburst of hydrogen, and an unknown substance, provisionally called helium. They were first particularly observed sticking out like red fires beyond the moon's dark body in the eclipse of 1851, though they had been seen before. We shall have more to say of them, and of the mysterious corona, when we come to eclipses. The sun's diameter is 840,000 miles (more

or less, in accordance with any correction of its distance), and it is more than a million times as large as the earth, but not nearly as much heavier, for whereas the earth is about five and a-half times as heavy as water, the sun is very little heavier than if made of water, which is against there being much solid matter in him at present.

There is a very beautiful theory that all the celestial orbs are by turns fitted to be the abode of living rational beings. If this be so, the sun is a young world in course of preparation, having meantime most important offices to fulfil towards other worlds—offices of which something will be said in our next paper.

The earth is the example of a world perfectly fitted for the habitation of a rational creation, and possibly at this time it *may* be the only planet so fitted; while the moon is the type of a dead world. And all this slowly progressive yet purposeful work in the natural world, this constant renovation, this unfolding and bringing one thing out of another—which Canon Liddon says the truest believer need not be afraid to speak of as ‘evolution’—is not contrary to, but in full accordance with, what has been revealed to us by the Creator, with whom a thousand years are as one day, and who says over and over again, ‘Behold I make all things new.’ ‘Behold I create new heavens and a new earth.’ ‘Ye therefore, beloved,’ says S. Peter, with his wonderfully practical mind, ‘seeing ye know these things before, beware . . . lest ye fall from your own steadfastness.’

BOG-OAK.

---

## CHARACTER.

## II.

I SUPPOSE there are few of us who, on being asked 'What is the object of life?' would not reply that the answer had something to do with the necessity of goodness. Different people would put the answer in different ways. 'To get to heaven,' 'To please God,' 'To make our lives as useful to others as we can,' 'To follow the example of Christ.' Some of these answers are better than others, but we see that the thought of goodness enters into them all, since we cannot get to heaven, please God, lead useful lives, or, above all, follow the example of Christ, without it. However deep we go beneath the surface of things, there is always this thought below us, like the primary rock, that goodness is desirable, and that wrongness is undesirable. Even supposing that it were possible that an angel from heaven came down to tell us that there was no such thing as a future life after death, and that we had all our lives been mistaken in thinking there was, this would not alter the fact that goodness would still be better than wrongness. This must be the case if the belief which we hold as Christians is true, namely, that God is not only good, but that He is Perfect Goodness, and that there can be no goodness in man which is not Himself working in them.

So there is one answer to the question, 'What is the object of life?' which is better than any of those I have given above, though practically it means much the same as the last one. It is: 'To grow into the likeness of God.'

Now it is worth considering whether, when we think of the goodness of God we mean one thing, and when we think of the goodness of man we mean another. I think that many of us have not got beyond the childish notion of human goodness, that it is abstaining from doing wrong; and others, who have attained farther than this, would add to this belief that it was the doing of definite right things, such as giving to those in need, fulfilling the claims made upon us by those who have a right to make them, and attention to our religious duties. But we cannot attribute this kind of goodness to God, however necessary it may be to express goodness in man. What do we mean when we say that God is Perfect Goodness?

Surely we mean that He not only *does* good, but *is* good—that all good qualities, love, truth, wisdom, exist in His nature, and are made manifest to us in what He does. In fact, when we speak of the goodness of God, we mean not only the goodness of Doing, but the goodness of Being; but when we speak of the goodness of man, we

are very apt to dismiss Being from our thoughts and think only of Doing. Yet if it is true that the object of life is to grow like God, as we Christians believe, we shall never attain it unless we look at Being first and at Doing afterwards.

This is, perhaps, plainer to see if we illustrate it a little from things that touch our own experience. Take, for instance, the case of the relation of a son to his mother. We should all agree in saying that a good son would observe the wishes of his mother and try to gratify them : yet we can easily see that there might be a case when a bad son might do the thing his mother wished, and a good son might refuse. The bad son might follow the wishes of his mother from interested motives, perhaps because he wished her to leave him a fortune at her death ; while the good son might refuse, say to leave a post which separated him from her society, because he felt that he was needed there by his country or his Church. In these cases, Doing would not be the test of goodness in the two sons : the real test of goodness would be the condition of mind in which the two sons were towards their mother. The son who refused her request might be loving, tender, and faithful ; the son who complied with it hard, and greedy, and careless. At the same time it is impossible but that Being should produce Doing, though Doing is not an infallible sign of Being. 'Show me thy faith without thy works' is as impossible a demand now as when S. James wrote his Epistle ; but we ought thoroughly to realise that it is possible to *do* and not to *be* in all regions of life. Love of praise, love of influence, love of occupation—all may produce the same deeds which would be produced by the condition of mind in which people are full of love to God and their neighbour ; but no one can be full of love to God and their neighbour and not be impelled to do the deeds, unless hindered by conflicting duties.

However, we are not now speaking of our judgment of others but of ourselves ; and it seems to me that if we only realised more fully that goodness was an inward quality and not an outward action, we should be saved much trouble and perplexity. Take, for example, a very common experience with every one who has made any attempt to conquer a special fault, such as speaking crossly when annoyed. A person makes a resolution against this fault, and tries hard for a day or two with varying success not to fall into it ; then there comes a time when, from some external change of circumstances, the annoyance ceases, and the evening self-examination gives a clean score on this point. It is difficult for most people under these conditions not to plume themselves in the belief that they are overcoming their fault, and the result is generally an access, more or less conscious, of conceit. After some time the circumstances change again, the annoyance returns, and probably the temptation, suddenly recurring, is too strong for the newly-formed habits of gentleness, and the old fault comes

back as perceptibly as ever, when the conceit is apt to change into despair.

Now if the person had realised that speaking crossly was not only Doing, but was a sign of Being—was a sign, that is to say, of a defect in character, want of love, and want of self-restraint, and that not speaking crossly was not so much the point to be aimed at as acquiring the qualities of love and self-restraint which would make speaking crossly unnatural—then there would have been no room for conceit when the fault was not committed, or for despair when it was. The defect, of which the fault is the sign, exists in the character quite as much on the days when no temptation comes to commit the fault as on the days when the temptation is the strongest. The conquest of the fault, in cases of this kind, can only occur by meeting the temptation and conquering it. We can only learn self-restraint by restraining ourselves under provocation. But the defect of character is a lasting thing, and cannot be cured by one success; the inward quality has to grow up in us, and the more we study the beauty and the necessity of self-restraint, and the more we give out our hearts in love to those around us, the less likely we shall be to lose our control over ourselves from annoyance with others. Until that time arrives, we should often find it far more helpful to look on the definite outward fault less as an act of commission, which, when it is done, has to be repented of and forgiven, and is then over, than as a sign of a defect in our character—the want of some inward quality that has to be attained, if our object is to become like God, in however dim a way.

That these inward qualities *can* be attained there can be no doubt to any one who holds the Christian faith, and believes that ‘all things are possible to him that believeth.’ Over and over again we see hard hearts softened, unloving people becoming loving, slothful becoming energetic, discontented trustful. No earnest prayer fails in the long run; but perhaps we might move with a swifter and steadier pace towards our end if we saw more clearly the special qualities our special characters most needed, and knew what quality it was that we ought most carefully to cultivate, not only what fault it was that we oftenest had occasion to suppress.

---

## THE BUTTERCUPS.

IN all the misery of 'Outcast London,' there is none so heartrending as the sorrow and suffering of the little children, and many people must feel, as we did, a sort of selfishness in breathing the sweet, pure country air, and rejoicing in the unshrouded sunshine and the bounteous blessings of green fields and spring flowers and singing birds, while so many little ones were fading, and suffering, and dying amid the dirt and poverty and smoke and sin of the greatest, richest city in the world.

We used to quiet our conscience a little, by having two or three children down in the course of the summer each year, and placing them in cottages in the village, but when the opportunity occurred of starting a cottage convalescent home for little children, we seized it gladly, though with many misgivings and with grim forebodings that this humble little beginning, might grow into an unmanageable monster and overwhelm us with committees, stern officials, cast iron rules and regulations, and all the (no doubt necessary) machinery of large institutions.

The opportunity that offered was the house of an old servant who had lived many years in our family. She was now a widow with two step-children, and owned a cheerful cottage where room could be found for six children, and a heart with room in it for hundreds, even though they might be dirty and ugly and sickly, and cross, and unattractive in every way. Added to this she had a cottage garden and a meadow with a cow in it, so we took our courage in both hands and bought some cots and high chairs, and made some pinafores and began operations.

Our next panic was, that the cots and high chairs would stand empty, and the pinafores neatly folded in the drawer; for we could not afford to take the children, as we should have liked, for nothing, and 5s. a week was the very least, out of which to provide plenty of milk and slice upon slice of bread and butter, and wholesome meat and potatoes; and yet even that payment seemed beyond the reach of those little pale-faced children we wanted to snatch out of the smoky streets, and over-crowded, stuffy rooms, and set down among the daisies under the blue sky. But the 5s. payment has not been an insuperable difficulty. Friends came forward to help; one kind heart keeps a cot always free for a Haggerston child, others send children for a month or

two, and Westminster Hospital keeps up a constant supply of small patients recovering from operations, or severe illness. There is no lack of children even in the winter, and in the summer there are so many applications that, though room has been found for eight instead of six, we had to refuse some, and to find quarters for some in the cottages round.

The Buttercups is a long, white cottage with a tiled roof ; there is a plot of grass in front, on which on summer mornings, the babies sun themselves ; and behind, there is a large barn, which, with a swing and a rocking-horse, makes a fine play-room for the elder children. We have very few rules, only that the children are to come as clean as possible ; and if you could see the difference a really good bath makes in the appearance of most of them, you would know how little cleanliness is possible among the London poor. They are also to bring sufficient change of clothes, and if you could see what they bring, you would know what an elastic term 'sufficient' is. They must bring a doctor's certificate that they are not infectious, and that, I think, is all.

We have three points on which we plume ourselves, as being superior to many far grander institutions—first, we take quite young babies ; and what piteously good little things London babies are ! submitting with the patient look of wise old men or monkeys to terrors, which would make country children roar themselves into fits ; such terrors I mean as strange faces, parting from mother, and thorough washing. Second, we take surgical cases that require simple dressing ; and third, we do not keep to the regulation three weeks or a month, but let them stop as long as they can, drinking in life and strength, and buckling on a little armour for the battle of life, that must needs be hard enough conflict for these poor little ones, without the additional foe of ill health.

Dear reader, I am telling you of this little effort of ours for two reasons, first to ask those who live in the country near London or any large town, if they could not do something as we have done, only no doubt a great deal better. We have been at work now for two years and a half, and so far our experience is that it is not difficult, that it does not cost much money (we could not manage it if it did, not being rich) ; any trouble, or thought, or anxiety it costs is repaid more than a hundredfold by the first little child who goes home with rosy cheeks and bright eyes, and a memory of green fields, and kind, country faces. There are, I know, many large institutions of the kind, doing great and noble work, but there is room for many more.

And my second reason is, as perhaps you may have guessed, to ask for money. We want to build two new rooms, so as to take twelve instead of eight children. We think our family might increase to



twelve and yet be a family of children and not 'cases,' and the Buttercups continue to be a home and not an 'institution,' and we are bold enough to hope that some of the readers of the *Monthly Packet* may be moved to help us. We have had such a lovely summer, and now hope that autumn still has great things in store for us, especially in the shape of much sun and sweet fresh air, to make brown and rosy the small pale creatures who, we hear through various sources, are only waiting 'a vacancy' to come and try whether God's country blessings have not good things for them as well as for His richer little ones to whom they are open at any time or season. Will you help us to make room for more at the Buttercups? Contributions will be gladly received and further particulars given, by Miss Whitaker, Hinton, Twyford, Berks.

---

## THE BETROTHAL RING.

I HEARD an angel in my dream

Ask of his mate 'Why doth thy brow  
So thoughtful and so anxious seem?'

Then said the other, "'Twas but now  
To that dark ball called Earth I went,  
And all its sorrows understood,  
Where broken hearts with anguish spent,  
Sigh "Who will show us any good?"'

Then the first angel—'Listen yet,

O brother, there I too have been;  
My spirit never can forget

What in that strange, sad place was seen.  
Among those hopeless hearts is *one*

Buoyant with hope that shall endure,  
In trustful faith she waits alone,  
The Word that she believes is sure.

'Although so humble and so lowly,

She is the chosen of a King;  
His promised Bride, so fair, so holy,  
And wears His bright betrothal ring.  
She cherishes that gift aright,  
And o'er it oft weeps tender tears,  
And on it sheds a smile of light,  
Through all the weary, waiting years.

'A wonderful and beauteous thing,

And set with gems of radiance rare,  
With changeful stones, that priceless ring,  
That well she guards with reverent care!  
And in each gem she may behold  
A picture of her glorious King,  
And each some message doth enfold,  
And of His life some thought doth bring.

'In this white pearl—oh, wondrous sight!

A little Babe, so pure, so fair,  
All in the darksome winter night  
Laid in a manger cold and bare.

And in this ruby, through her tears,  
She sees a scene of pain and loss,  
A scene of shadows and of fears,  
A weeping group around a Cross !

' But in this diamond sparkling bright  
Behold her King in triumph ride,  
Upon His head a crown of light,  
And ransomed captives at His side !  
Now in this sapphire's heavenly blue  
She sees her Lord returning home,  
The glorious welcome she may view,  
The armies that to greet Him come.

' Here in a guise, how meek and lowly,  
Her Prophet teaching meets her eye ;  
And here her white-robed Priest most holy,  
Offering a sacrifice on high ;  
And now again upon His throne,  
Ruling in all His might, her King.  
She whom He chooses for His own,  
Well may she love her wondrous ring !

' His chariot-wheels are slow to come,  
But wastes she not the precious hours,  
She toils to make His garden bloom,  
To welcome Him with fairest flowers.  
For Him, the Shepherd of the fold,  
She tends and feeds the lambs and sheep,  
And dear the little ones doth hold  
Whom in her charge He bade her keep.

' She goes among the sick and dying,  
As once He went to cheer and bless ;  
She goes where hopeless ones are lying,  
And tells them of His faithfulness.  
Oh, these long years are all too brief  
To hold her loving work for Him !  
" Would it were more ! " she cries in grief,  
While tears her gentle eyes bedim.

' And oft she whispers, " Who am I,  
That Thou shouldst love so tenderly,  
That Thou shouldst seek me from on high  
And set Thy princely heart on me ?

I, so unworthy—oh, I grieve  
 Over my folly, sin, and pride,  
 And scarcely venture to believe  
 That Thou dost choose *me* for Thy bride!

‘ “The brow that felt Thy touch, my King,  
 How calm and holy should it be!  
 The hands that wear Thy promise-ring,  
 How spotless in their purity!  
 Oh, make my soil’d robes white and pure,  
 Oh, make my faint heart brave and strong,  
 Thy word, O Love, O Truth, is sure!  
 No changes can to Thee belong.”

‘She reads His messages of love,  
 And trust, and faith, and hope grow bright;  
 Each year more meek she is, sweet dove!  
 Each year her robes more pure and white!  
 Oh, in a world of suffering,  
 Of broken vows and broken hearts,  
 She tells the story of her King,  
 Of faith and hope that ne’er departs.

‘So, brother, doth she watch and wait  
 Until His chariot-wheels shall come;  
 The Monarch pass the shining gate,  
 And bring His bride, His chosen, home;  
 To change the fair gift of her King,  
 He gave with His betrothal kiss,  
 For the pure golden marriage ring  
 The circle of eternal bliss.’

Then woke I from my dream to hold more dear  
 The bride’s betrothal ring—the Church’s holy year.

L.

---

## HYMNS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS AND OCCASIONS.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, AUTHOR OF 'THE KNIGHT OF INTERCESSION,' ETC.

## VII.

## CHILDREN'S LITANY OF THE LOVE OF GOD.

[*Written for an 'Order of Consecutive Church Service for Children,' shortly to be published by the Author.*]

TUNE—No. 466 (*Second Tune*), 'Ancient and Modern.'

## I.

- 1 By Thy love which shone for aye,  
And shines on us day by day,  
And shall never fade away,  
Hear us, Heavenly Father.
- 2 By Thy purpose which, ere sin  
On Thy fair world entered in,  
Did our souls from Satan win,  
Hear us, Heavenly Father.
- 3 *p* By Thy love in time made known  
In the sending of Thy Son  
To redeem the world undone,  
Hear us, Heavenly Father.
- 4 By Thy grace which loved us so,  
Ere we loved Thee or could know  
Thou couldst stoop to things so low,  
Hear us, Heavenly Father.
- 5 *f* Oh for love to give Thy love!  
Grace our loyalty to prove,  
Till we see Thy face above,  
Hear us, Heavenly Father.
- 6 Love is Life: Oh, grant that we  
Evermore may live in Thee,  
Loving Thee unchangeably,  
Hear us, Heavenly Father.

Amen.

## II.

- 7 WORD Incarnate, Who didst come  
From Thy beauteous, blissful home,  
To deliver us from doom,  
Hear us, God our Saviour.
- 8 *p* By Thy manger-cradle low,  
By Thy childhood's silent woe  
None could share and none shall know,  
Hear us, O Child Jesu.
- 9 By Thy Virgin Mother's tears,  
By Thy waiting thirty years,  
By Thy foresight and its fears,  
Hear us, Man Christ Jesu.
- 10 By thy Prophet-face forlorn,  
By Thy word of witness borne  
Mid the mad world's scoff and scorn,  
Hear us, Prophet Jesu.
- 11 *p* By the last and utter loss—  
Curs'd, forsaken, sold for dross—  
By the Garden, by the Cross,  
Hear us, O Priest Jesu.
- 12 By th' accepted Sacrifice,  
By the rest in Paradise,  
Riven tomb, and open skies,  
Hear us, O King Jesu.
- 13 *p* Ah! Thou gav'st Thyself for us,  
Cradle, Cross, Crown—all for us!  
Life, Death, Life again, for us!  
Make us love Thee, Jesu.  
Amen.

## III.

- 14 GOD, the Spirit, by Whose grace,  
Moving on the water's face,  
Loveless death to life gave place,  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

- 15 *f* Lord of power and Lord of love,  
Ever on our spirits move ;  
All Thy strength and sweetness prove  
In us, Holy Spirit.
- 16 By Thy new creating power,  
By regeneration's hour,  
By Thy priceless, sevenfold dower,  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 17 Dower to Adam's ruined race,  
There reflecting all the grace  
Shining from the Saviour's Face,  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 18 By the Book Thou didst inspire,  
By the holy Whitsun fire  
Gleaming farther still and higher,  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 19 Guide us, help us, Heavenly Dove !  
Till we reach our rest above,  
Keep us in Thy power and love,  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Amen.

IV.

- 20 *f* Oh, by Love so deep, so high,  
Grant that we, Bless'd Trinity,  
Loving Thee may live and die !  
Hear us, Holy Trinity.

Amen.

---



## Notices to Correspondents.

---

CAN the Editor or any reader of the *Monthly Packet* give me information of a competition of needlework which is to take place in September? There was one prize (5*l.*) offered for the best hand-made nightdress. I saw the advertisement in some magazine or paper some time ago, but cannot find it now. I want to know what aged children may compete for it, the address of the secretary, and any information about it. Address—*Miss M. S. Rawson, Fallbarrow, Windermere.*

*Mary Brownlow* would be much obliged if the Editor or any reader of the *Monthly Packet* could tell her who is the author of the following quotation:—

‘To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.’

*M. E. F.*—The author of a poem called *The Rationalistic Chicken* is the Rev. S. J. Stone.

*Geraldine M.*—The verse is in a poem called ‘Loneliness,’ in the *Lyra Innocentium*, by the Rev. John Keble.

I think *F. M.* will find some account of the sculptures in Easter Island in Ferguson’s *Stone Monuments*.—*A.S.*

*F.E.*—

‘Okba, wert thou weak of heart?  
Okba, wert thou blind of eye?  
Thy fate and ours were on the lot,’ &c.

From *Thalaba the Destroyer*, book ii. stanza 7. It was Khawla’s reproach to him.—*Bog-Oak.*

It may interest some of the readers of the *Monthly Packet* to hear that it was not *Hamburg*, as stated by ‘Albert’ in the ‘Flowers with Legends,’ page 499, May number of the *Monthly Packet*, but the town of *Naumburg-on-the-Saale*, in the present Prussian province of Saxony.

For *St. Andrew’s Cottage, Clewer*:—Mrs. Sharpe, 10*s.*; 2*s.* from Derby; 5*s.* from Threpson; Mrs. Teuton, 1*l.*; Miss E. Flower, 1*l.* and two carpets; Miss Ferrady, 1*l.*; Miss A. Woodhouse, 5*s.* Parcels of clothes from Miss Cooper, Miss Complin, A. C. Kensington, Mrs. Troutbeck, Mrs. Rawnsley, Miss Woodhouse, Miss Crossley.

The *Sister-in-Charge* gratefully acknowledges the following anonymous donations to the fund for *Day at Seaside*:—A. W., 5*s.*; S. B., 2*s.*; H. A. K., 1*s.*; F. A. L., 2*s.* 6*d.*; Anon., 5*s.*; L. C., 10*s.*; Anon., 3*s.*; Weybridge, 5*s.*; Reader, 3*s.*; Reader, 5*s.*; B. C., 10*s.*; Anon., 10*s.*; A Country Mouse, 2*s.*; M. C., 2*s.* 6*d.*; Anon., 5*s.*; Anon., 2*s.* 6*d.*; A Sympathising Mother, 5*s.*; S. St. C., 5*s.*; A Bear, 3*s.*

For the *Daisy Chain Cot*:—Rose Emma, 2*s.*

Unfortunately *Miss Slater’s* address was omitted after her appeal for the *Pusey Cots*, which are in urgent need. It is *Ascot Priory, Blackwell, Berks.* We have to acknowledge for it—Mrs. Faber, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Miss C. Faber, 2*s.* 6*d.*

*Mrs. Fagg* desires to acknowledge with gratitude the following sums received during June, towards the *Missions to Chinese Ladies*.—Miss King (by), 11s. 6d.; Anonymous, 5s.; Miss Beckett, 3s.; Miss Berry, 1s.; Miss Newman, 2s. 6d.; 'A Friend,' 1s.; Ditto, 1s.; Miss Hall, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Douglas, 5l.; Mrs. Causton, 1l.; Miss Franklin, 4s.; Miss Dennis, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Strangman, 10s.; Miss Wilkins, 2s.; Miss Adams, 1s.

---

### BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

I have received sixteen contributions this month, and three apologies from non-contributors. This is a fair proportion, but I wish to remind the members that a *mutual* improvement society does not fully do its work unless all contribute except those who are unavoidably prevented. In answer to several questions I must ask the members not to mix the monthly contributions but to send each month only the subjects of the month. I find that some members find themselves hampered by the idea that the contributions must be all on paper of note size only. I know of no such rule, and if any members find it better to use paper of larger size, I beg they will do so. It may give a little more trouble in sending round the collected papers, but in these days of parcel post that is not of much consequence.

VERTUMNUS II.

# The Monthly Packet.

---

SEPTEMBER, 1884.

---

## THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN BY THE EDITOR.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### LETTERS.

CONSTANCE HACKET was very much excited about the address to Dolores's letter to her uncle. She had not noticed it at the moment that it was written, but she did when she posted it; and the next time she could get her young friend alone, she eagerly demanded what Mr. Flinders had to do with the *Many Tongues*, and why her niece wrote to him at the office.

'He writes the criticisms,' said Dolores, magnificently; for though she despised pluming herself on any connection with a Marquess, she did greatly esteem that with the world of letters. 'You know we are all literary.'

'O yes, I know! But what kind of criticisms do you mean? I suppose it is a very clever paper?'

'Of course it is,' said Dolores, 'but I don't think I ever saw it. Father never takes in Society papers. I believe he does criticisms on plays and novels. I know he always has tickets for all the theatres and exhibitions.'

She did not say how she did know it, for a pang smote her as she remembered dimly a scene, when her father had forbidden her mother to avail herself of escort thus obtained. Nor was she sure that the word *all* was accurately the fact; but it was delightful to impress Constance, who cried, 'How perfectly delicious! I suppose he can get any article into his paper?'

'O yes, of course,' said Dolores.

'Did your dear mother write in it?'

'No; it was not her line. She used to write metaphysical and

scientific articles in the first-class reviews and magazines, and the *Many Tongues* is what they call a Society paper, you know.'

'O yes, I know. There are charming things about the Upper Ten Thousand. They tell all that is going on, but I hardly ever can see one. Mary won't take in anything but *Church Bells*, and we get the *Guardian* when it is a week old, and my brother James has done with it.'

'Dear me! how dreadful!' said Dolores, who had been used to see all manner of papers come in as regularly as hot rolls. 'Why you never can know anything! We didn't take in Society papers, because father does not care for gossip or grandees. He has other pursuits. I can shew you some of dear mother's articles. There's one called *Unconscious Volition*, and another on the *Progress of Species*. I'll bring them down next time I come.'

'Have you read them?'

'No; they are too difficult. Mother was so very clever, you know.'

'She must have been,' said Constance, with a sigh; 'but how did she get them published?'

'Sent them to the Editor, of course,' said Dolores. 'They all knew her, and were glad to get anything that she wrote.'

'Ah! that is what it is to have an introduction,' sighed Constance.

'What, have you written anything?' cried Dolores.

'Only a few little trifles,' said Constance, modestly. 'It is a great secret, you know, a dead secret.'

'Oh! I'll keep it. I told you my secret, you know, so you might tell me yours.'

And so to Dolores were confided sundry verses and tales on which Constance had been wont to spend a good deal of her time in that pretty sitting-room. She had actually sent her MSS. to magazines, but she had heard no more of one, and the other had been returned declined with thanks—all for want of an introduction. Dolores was delighted to promise that as soon as she heard from Uncle Alfred, she would get him to patronise them, and the reading occupied several Sunday afternoons. Dolores suggested, however, that a goody-goody story about a choir-boy lost in the snow would never do for the *Many Tongues*, and a far more exciting one was taken up, called "The Waif of the Moorland," being the story of a maiden, whom a wicked step-mother was suspected of murdering, but who walked from time to time like the "Woman in White." There was only too much time for the romance; for weeks passed and there was no answer from Mr. Flinders. It was possible that he might have broken off his connection with the paper, only then the letter would probably have been returned; and the other alternative was less agreeable, that it was not worth his while to write to his niece. While as to Maude Sefton, nothing was heard of her. Were her letters intercepted? And so the winter side of autumn set in. Hal was gone to Oxford, and there had been time for letters to come from Mr. Mohun, posted

from Auckland, in New Zealand, where he had made a halt with his sister, Mrs. Harry May, otherwise Aunt Phyllis. Dolores was very much pleased to receive her letter, and to have it all to herself; but after all, she was somewhat disappointed in it, for there was really nothing in it that might not have been proclaimed round the breakfast table, like the public letters from that quarter of the family who were at Rawul Pindie. It told of deep-sea soundings and investigations into the creatures at the bottom of the sea, of Portuguese men-of-war, and albatrosses; and there were some orders to scientific instrument makers for her to send to them—a very improving letter, but a good deal like a book of travels. Only at the end did the writer say, ‘I hope my little daughter is happy among her cousins, and takes care to give her aunt no trouble, and to profit by her kind care. Your three cousins here, Mary, Lily, and Maggie, are exceedingly nice girls, and much interested about you; indeed, they wish I had brought you with me.’

Dolores read her letter over and over and over, for the pleasure of having something all to herself, and never communicated a word about the microscopic monsters her father had described, but she drew her head back and reflected, ‘He little knows,’ when he spoke of her being happy among her cousins.

Lady Merrifield likewise received a letter, about which she did not say much to her children, but Miss Mohun, who had had a much longer one, came over for the day to read it to her sister. In point of fact, she had paired in childhood with her brother Matrice. She had been his correspondent in school and college days, and being a person never easily rebuffed, she had kept up more intercourse with him and his wife than any others of the family had done, and he had preserved the habit of writing to her much more freely and unreservedly than to anyone else. So the day after the New Zealand letters came, just as the historical reading and needlework were in full force, the school-room door was opened and a brisk little figure stood there in sealskin coat and hat.

Up jumped mamma. ‘Oh! Jenny Brownie, indeed! How did you come? You didn’t walk from the station?’

‘Yes, why not? Otherwise I should have been too soon, and have disturbed the lessons,’ said Aunt Jane, in the intervals of the greeting kisses. ‘All well with the Indian folks?’

‘Oh, yes; they’ve come back from the emerald valleys of Cashmere, and Alethea has actually sent me a primrose—just like an English one—that they found growing there. They did enjoy it so. Have you heard from Maurice?’

‘Yes, I thought you would like to hear about Phyllis, so, having enjoyed it with Ada, I brought it over for further enjoyment with you.’

‘That’s a dear old Brownie! We’ve a good hour before dinner. Shall we read it to the general public, or shall we adjourn to the drawing-room?’

‘O! I assure you it is very instructive. Quite as much so as Miss Sewell’s “Rome.”’

And Aunt Jane, whom Gillian had aided in disrobing herself of her outdoor garments, was installed by the fire, and unfolded a whole volume of thin mauve sheets in Mr. Mohun’s tiny Greek-looking handwriting.

It was a sort of journal of his voyage. There were all the same accounts of the minute creatures that are incipient chalk, and their exquisite cells, made, some of coral, some of *silex spiculæ* from sponges; the same descriptions of phosphorescent animals, medusæ, and the like, that Dolores had thought her own special treasure and privilege, only a great deal fuller and with the scientific terms untranslated—indeed Aunt Jane had now and then to stop and explain, since she had always kept up with the course of modern discovery. There was also much more about his shipmates, with one or two of whom Mr. Mohun had evidently made great friends. He told his sister a great deal about them, and his conversations with them, whereas he had *only* told Dolores about one little midshipman getting into a scrape. Perhaps nothing else was to be expected, but it made her feel the contrast between being treated with real confidence and as a mere child, and it seemed to put her father further away from her than ever.

Then came the conclusion written on shore—

‘Harry May came on board to take me home with him. He is a fine genial fellow, and his welcome did one’s heart good. I never did him justice before; but I see his good sense and superiority called into play out here. Depend upon it, there’s nothing like going to the other end of the world to teach the value of home ties.’

‘Well done, Maurice,’ exclaimed Lady Merrifield; but she glanced at Dolores and checked herself.

Miss Mohun went on, ‘Phyllis met me at the door of a pleasant English-looking house, with all her tribe about her. She has the true “honest Phyl” face still, carrying me back over some thirty or forty years of life, and as you would imagine, she is a capital mother, with all her flock well in hand, and making themselves thoroughly useful in the scarcity of servants; though the other matters do not seem neglected. The eldest can talk like a well informed girl, and shews reasonable interest in things in general; but Phyllis wants to put finishing touches to their education, and her husband talks of throwing up his appointment before long, as he is anxious to go home while his father lives. I wish I had gone to Stoneborough before coming out here, now that I see what a gratification it would have been if I could have brought a fresh report of old Dr. May. [Somehow, I think there has been a numbness or obtuseness about me all these last two years which hindered me from perceiving or doing much that I now regret, since either the change or the wholesome atmosphere of this house has wakened me as it were.

Among these ungracious omissions is what I now am much concerned to think of, that I never went to see Lilius, when I committed my child to her charge; nor talked over her disposition. Not that I really understand it as I ought to have done, when the poor child was left to me. I take shame to myself when Phyllis questions me about her,] but as I watch these children with their parents I am quite convinced that the being taken under Lily's motherly wing is by far the best thing that could have befallen Dolores, and that my absence is for her real benefit as well as mine.'

The part between brackets was omitted by Miss Mohun in the public reading, but the last sentence she did read, thinking it good for both parties to hear it. However, Dolores both disliked the conclusion to which her father had come, and still more that her aunt and cousins should hear it, though after all, it was only Gillian and Mysie who remained to listen by the time the end of the letter was reached. The long words had frightened away Valetta as soon as her appointed task of work was finished.

Aunt Lily did not see the omitted sentence till the two sisters were alone together later in the afternoon. It filled her eyes with tears. 'Poor Maurice,' she said, 'he wrote something of the same kind to me.'

'I expect we shall see him wonderfully shaken up and brightened when he comes home. The numbness he talks of was half of it Mary's dislike to us all, only I never would let her keep me aloof from him.'

'I almost wish he had taken Dolores out to Phyllis. I am not in the least fulfilling his ideal towards her.'

'Nor would Phyllis, unless the voyage had had as much effect on her as it seems to have had upon Maurice. So you don't get on any better?'

'Not a bit. It is a case of parallel lines. We don't often have collisions—unless Wilfred gets an opportunity of provoking her.'

'Why don't you send that boy to school?'

'I shall after Christmas. He is quite well now, and to have him at home is bad both for himself and the others. He needs licking into shape as only boys can do to one another, and he is not a model for Fergus, especially since Harry has been away.'

'What does he do?'

'Nothing very brilliant, nor of the kind one half forgives for the drollery of it. Putting mustard into the custard was the worst, I think; inciting the dogs to bring the cattle down on the girls when they cross the paddock; shutting up their books when the places are found—those are the sort of things; putting that very life-like wild cat chauffe-pied with glaring eyes in Dolly's bed. I believe he does them to all, but his sisters would let him torture them rather than complain, whereas Dolores does her best to bring them under my



notice without actually laying an information, which she is evidently afraid to do. It is very unlucky that her coming should have been just when we had such an element about—for it really gives her some just cause of complaint.'

'But you say he is impartial?'

'Teasing is unfortunately his delight. He will even frighten Primrose, but I am afraid there is active dislike making Dolores his favourite victim; and then Val and Fergus, who don't tease actually on their own account, have come to enjoy her discomfiture.'

'And you go on the principle of "*tolerer beaucoup*?"'

'I do; hoping that it is not laziness and weakness that makes me abstain from nagging about what is not brought before my eyes by the children or the police—I mean Gill, Halfpenny, and Miss Vincent. Then I scold, or I punish, and that I think maintains the principle, without danger to truth or forbearance. At least, I hope it does. I am pretty sure that if I punished Wilfred for every teasing trick I know or guess at, he would—in his present mood—only become deceitful, and *esprit de corps* might make Val and Fergus the same, though I don't think Mysie's truth could be shaken any more than honest Phyl's.'

'Besides, mutual discipline is not a thing to upset. Lily, I revere you! I never thought you were going to turn out such a sensible mother.'

'Well, you see, the difficulty is, that what may work for one's own children may not work for other people's. And I confess I don't understand her persistent repulse of Mysie.'

'Nor of you, the nasty little cat!' said Aunt Jane, with a little fierce shake of the head.

'I do understand that a little. I am too unlike Mary for her to stand being mothered by me.'

'There must be some other influence at work for this perverseness to keep on so long. Tell me, did she take up with that very goosey girl, that Miss Hacket?'

'O yes; she goes there every Sunday afternoon. It is the only thing the poor child seems much to care about, and I don't think there can be any harm in it.'

'Humph! the folly of girls is unfathomable! Oh! you may say what you like—you who have thrown yourself into your daughters and kept them one with you. You little know in your innocence the product of an ill-managed boarding-school!'

'Nay,' said Lady Merrifield, a little hotly, 'I do know that Miss Hacket is one of the most excellent people in the world, a little tiresome and *bornée* perhaps, but thoroughly good, and every inch a lady.'

'Granted, but that's not the other one—Constance is her name? My dear, I saw her goings on at the G. F. S. affair—If she had only been a member, wouldn't I have been at her.'

‘My dear Jenny, you always had more eyes to your share than other people.’

‘And you think that being an old maid has not lessened their sharpness, eh! Lily? Well, I can’t help it, but my notion is that the sweet Constance—whatever her sister may be—is the boarding-school miss a little further developed into sentiment and flirtation.’

‘Nay, but that would be so utterly uncongenial to a grave, reserved, intellectual girl, brought up as Dolores has been.’

‘Don’t trust to that! Dolores is an interesting orphan, and the notice of a grown up young lady is so flattering that it carries off a great deal of folly.’

‘Well, Jenny, I must think about it. I hope I have done no harm by allowing the friendship—the only indulgence she has seemed to wish for; and I am afraid checking it would only alienate her still more! Poor Maurice, when he is trusting and hoping in vain!’

‘Three years is a long time, Lily; and you have not had three months of her yet—’

The door opened at that moment for the afternoon tea, which was earlier than usual, to allow of Miss Mohun’s reaching the station in time for her train. Lady Merrifield was to drive her, and it was the turn of Dolores to go out, so that she shared the refectory instead of waiting for *gouter*. In the midst the Miss Hackets were announced, and there were exclamations of great joy at the sight of Miss Mohun; as she and Miss Hacket flew upon each other, and to the very last moment, discussed the all engrossing subject of G. F. S. politics.

Nevertheless, while Miss Mohun was hurrying on her sealskin in her sister’s room, she found an opportunity of saying, ‘Take care, Lily, I saw a note pass between those two.’

‘My dear Jenny, how could you—you were going on the whole time about cards and premiums and associates. Oh! yes, I know a peacock or a lynx is nothing to you, but how was it possible? Why, I was making talk to Constance all along, and trying to make Dolly speak of her father’s letter.’

‘I might retort by talking of moles and bats! Did you never hear of the London clergyman whose silver cream-jug, full of cream too, was abstracted by the penitent Sunday school boy whom he was exhorting over his breakfast table?’

‘I don’t believe London curates have silver jugs or cream either!’

‘A relic of past wealth, like St. Gregory’s one silver dish, and perhaps it was milk. Well, to descend to particulars. It was done with a meaning glance, as Dolores was helping her on with her cloud, and was instantly disposed of in the pocket.’

‘I wonder what I ought to do about it,’ sighed Lady Merrifield, ‘If I had seen it myself I should have no doubts. Oh! if Jasper were but here! and yet it is hardly a thing to worry him about. It is most likely to be quite innocent.’

‘Well, then you can speak of the appearance of secrecy as bad manners. You will have her all to yourself as you go home.’

But when the aunts came downstairs, Dolores was not there. On being called, she sent a voice down, over the balusters, that she was not going.

Aunt Jane shrugged her shoulders. There was barely time to reach the train, so that it was impossible to do anything at the moment; but in the Merrifield family bad manners and disrespect were never passed over, Sir Jasper having made his wife very particular in that respect; and as soon as she came home in the twilight, she looked into the schoolroom, but Dolores was not there, and then into the drawing-room, where she was found learning her lessons by firelight.

‘My dear, why did you not go with your Aunt Jane and me?’

‘I did not want to go. It was so cold,’ said Dolores in a glum tone.

‘Would it not have been kinder to have found that out sooner? If I had not met the others in the paddock, and picked up Valetta, the chance would have been missed, and you knew she wanted to go.’

Dolores knew it well enough. The reason she was in this room was that all the returning party had fallen upon her; Wilfred had called her a dog in the manger, and Gillian herself had not gainsayed him—but the general indignation had only made her feel, ‘What a fuss about the darling.’

‘Another time too,’ added Lady Merrifield, ‘remember that it would be proper to come down and speak to me instead of shouting over the balusters in that unmannerly way; without so much as taking leave of your Aunt Jane. If she had not been almost late for her train, I should have insisted.’

‘You might, and I should not have come if you had dragged me,’ thought, but did not say, Dolores. She only stood looking dogged, and not attempting the ‘I beg your pardon,’ for which her Aunt was waiting.

‘I think,’ said Lady Merrifield, gently, ‘that when you consider it a little, you will see that it would be well to be more considerate, and gracious. And one thing more, my dear, I can have no passing of private notes between you and Constance Hacket. You see a good deal of each other openly, and such doings are very silly and missish, and have an underhand appearance such as I am sure your father would not like.’

Dolores burst out with, ‘I didn’t,’ and as Primrose at this instant ran in to beg to help mamma take off her things, she turned on her heel and went away, leaving Lady Merrifield trusting to a word never hitherto in that house proved to be false, rather than to those glances of Aunt Jane, which had been always held in the Mohun family to be

a little *too* discerning and ubiquitous to be always relied on ; and it was a satisfactory recollection that at the farewell moment when Miss Jane professed to have observed the transaction, she had been heard saying, ‘ Yes, it will never do to be too slack in inquiring into antecedents, or the whole character of the society will be given up,’ and with her black eyes apparently fixed full upon Miss Hacket’s face.

*(To be continued.)*

---

1

## A LOT WITH A CROOK IN IT.

BY CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

FRANK OSGOOD.

FRANK OSGOOD was a man who all his life had been subject to sudden impulses, bad and good, which had often overthrown plans of conduct previously long considered.

He had been an idle and ill-conducted young man, wanting both in principle and self-control, but with a certain warmth of manner and perhaps of heart, which was engaging, and won forgiveness for the many debts incurred through gambling and betting, the chief vices in which he indulged. In the matter of his marriage, the wilful girl who was entirely fascinated by him had been perhaps as much to blame as he; nor was he the only one to blame for the theft that had been his final ruin. A great pressure of 'debts of honour,' and a promise of immediate assistance to restore what he had taken, had perhaps for the moment blinded him to the gulf which he passed when he first performed a criminal action, and as he did not personally retain a farthing of the five hundred pounds left in his charge—but was forced to pay it all away to his friends—when the fear of discovery forced him to fly, he was amply convinced of his folly if not of his guilt.

He had intended to let his wife know where he was, so soon as it was possible to do so; but he had been seen and recognized by a former acquaintance on the continent, who informed him of her death, with enough of the circumstances to make him conclude that her child had perished with her; if not, he felt that it would be somehow cared for by his cousins. He went to Australia, and kept himself alive by all the various shifts to which such as he are reduced in a colony: but whether from the absence of temptation or the remembrance of the ruin that had followed on his one act of dishonesty, he never committed such another, but began by degrees to obtain a sort of character and reputation among his immediate neighbours. If he did not repent of his crime, he nearly forgot it, and Frederick Oakenshaw hardly realized that he was the same man as Frank Osgood. At length, after many years, he fell in with a girl, good, pretty, and attractive. She was quite up to the mark of the kind of society into which he had fallen, and had respectable connec-

tions in the colony. He married, and by her friends obtained the recommendation to the Calcutta house, from which the Bank had taken him. He loved her better than he had ever loved any one else, and made her a good husband; but in the Indian climate her health failed, and one child after another fell a sacrifice.

These repeated misfortunes attracted the notice of Arthur Spencer, who gave some substantial help and much kindness. He soon perceived that he had to do with a man originally of his own class, and when the poor clerk was thrown into utter despair by the death of his wife, shewed him not only the sympathy of one who had been in some degree a fellow sufferer, but shewed it as an equal friend. His proposal that the Oakenshaws should accompany him to England, could not but be tempting; the father would have run any risk to save Minnie's life; he had no reason to think that his family were connected with the neighbourhood of Oxley, as the Osgoods had not purchased Willingham when he left England; he thought himself altered beyond recognition, and in the humble sphere in which he moved, he never expected to meet either friend or relation of former years. Nor probably would he have done so, but for the incident of the skating.

His feelings about the past were peculiar. The thing had happened so long ago, and he had suffered so much since, and, as it were, so respectably, that he could not realize himself as belonging to the "criminal classes"—he could talk and even think of others who had so sinned, hardly realizing that he was as they were. The sorrowing husband and father seemed to have so little in common with the ruined gambler who had made away with his employer's money; while the fact of his second wife's ignorance of the past kept it farther away from him. But when Arthur came upon the scene, an uneasy sense revived of unfitness for his society, and it was from this cause as well as from caution that he had so emphatically marked out the distance between them.

Now, as he came face to face with his young kinsman, as he felt the cruel pang of being scorned and put to shame by one of the younger generation, the past came back to vigorous life. He felt that his sin had indeed found him out, and that he could never be as if it had not been committed. Why had he not attempted to throw dust in young Leighton's eyes? How weak and impulsive had been the avowal of his identity! Half-an-hour ago it had not seemed impossible that James Leighton might be glad to hear of him in peace and comfort, and might even have come and shaken him by the hand in memory of their youth. *Now*, he realized that his re-appearance could never be welcome, and could cause nothing but shame and misery to his kinsfolk, and that he himself in England might be in actual danger of the law. What could he do? There had been something in the intensity of Geoffrey's determination which had impressed him as irrevocable and incontestable. He did not doubt

that the threat of betrayal would be fulfilled, if he were again seen in Oxley. Geoffrey had conquered him and he was afraid to defy him. In the face of these unexpected reproaches, he could not even feel secure of Arthur Spencer's conduct in the event of a discovery.

But what could he do? Already he had become so well accustomed to the simple common-place externals of his life, that they had all the force of habit. He walked on through the raw cold fog till he reached the neat little gate of Laurel Villa, opened the door with his latch key and turned into the little parlour. Tea was ready on the table, the smart curtains were drawn across the window, a bright fire was burning, the hearth was well swept, and the gas ready lighted, while Minnie, rolled up in a warm shawl, was looking at a picture book in the arm chair.

She clapped her hands at sight of her father.

'Oh, there you are, daddy, it's very late. I've come down to have tea because you shouldn't have to pour it out for yourself.'

'Indeed, and she had much better have stayed in bed; for she's very feverish with her cold, and so hoarse as you may hear, sir,' said Mrs. Jones, appearing on the scene, and looking reproachfully at Minnie; 'but when little girls won't do as they're told—'

'Then old ladies must do as they're told,' said Minnie, hugging her and laughing.

'Oh my! that's not the way for a little girl to speak. My young ladies would never think of such a thing—'

'Now! now!' cried Minnie, holding up her finger; 'didn't you tell me how Miss Frederica went out in the road without leave and was nearly run over. You know she did! And Master Arthur terrified your life out. You said so! Daddy, Mr. Spencer used to terrify Mrs. Jones' life out!'

Mrs. Jones was a most kind-hearted woman. All her young days had been spent in Mrs. Crichton's service; and, being well inclined towards Arthur's protégés, she had bestowed on Minnie some much-needed care and training. She had no children of her own, and had taken kindly to the lonely little girl, and attended to her clothes and her bread and butter, in a way that the small sum paid her for making and mending would never have demanded of her.

'My dear,' she said, 'Mr. Arthur was always a young gentleman. And now go and pour out a cup of tea for your papa, and then you must go to bed again.' Minnie, superintended by Mrs. Jones, proceeded with subdued enthusiasm to deal with the teapot; while her father started as if rousing himself from a dream, and looked round the little parlour. It was not the sort of room to which he had been accustomed in his youth; but now, how content he would have been to feel sure, for the remainder of his days, of his seat by that fireside, his cup of tea at that neat little table, and his place under the Local Board. All this was enough for Minnie—must he deprive her even of *this*? Never.



‘She ought not to go out at night, I suppose,’ he said.

‘Out at night, sir! Why, it might be the child’s death with that cough! Where *was* you thinking of taking her?’

‘Oh, nowhere—nowhere, Mrs. Jones. She had better go to bed.’

He sat forlornly stirring his tea, with his sad eyes fixed on Minnie. If she was ill he *could* not take her away from a warm shelter and a kind friend. Yet, if he were discovered and his history known, perhaps all these kind friends would turn away from her. All his previous ideas were so confused and confounded that, as has been said, he could not feel sure even of how Arthur Spencer might act towards him, or perhaps even his promise to Geoffrey might not have prevented him from throwing himself on his mercy. What could he do? Minnie was naughty, and made a great fuss about going to bed; only giving him the back of her hair to kiss, and resisting Mrs. Jones. She must never know the truth: suppose she ceased to love her father!

There was no use in having any communication with Mr. Spencer, and even as he thought so, he pulled a sheet of paper over to him, and wrote on it a few hasty lines. ‘If I *did* send him this it would reveal nothing,’ he said to himself, and he put up the note and stamped it and directed it. Then with an idea of making pursuit less likely, he wrote another for the Local Board; then sat balancing plans in his mind. He concocted a long, elaborate scheme for telling Mrs. Jones that he was going away on business for the Local Board—and the Local Board, that he was summoned to a dying relation—of telling Minnie that he was going to London and would bring her a present. Then he might present elsewhere some of his Calcutta testimonials—if he could get to America? He was almost interested by making out the scheme, it seemed to have no reality, till he woke up to the sense that it was no exercise of fancy, but something to be done. It seemed ingenious; and all of a sudden he felt that he had not the courage to carry a bit of it out. He would go and walk about for a bit—he might let himself in again—if *he liked*. But if he did not like! He took a bag and filled it with one or two necessaries—he might as well have it in his hand; but as he certainly would come back, he need not say good-bye to Minnie. Perhaps he was better out of the way till Geoffrey Leighton had left Oxley.

And *saying* all these things to himself, yet knowing in the bottom of his heart that he *had* resolved to go, he felt for his latch-key in his pocket, took his bag in his hand, and went out into the foggy night, shutting the door of Laurel Villa behind him.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## MISSING.

‘My old sorrow wakes and cries.’

ON the morning after the Oxley ball, the party at the Bank House broke up. Geoffrey Leighton was going to London, Jem Fordham and Charles Osgood were to return home, and Alick had to return to his duties at Fordham. They were lingering over a rather late breakfast, and the two Leightons, Alick warmly, and Geoffrey with due politeness, were begging Arthur to come to Sloane House, when he was staying in London with the James Crichtons, when the morning letters were put into Arthur's hand.

His sudden start, as he opened one, attracted Geoffrey's attention at once. He read it through twice, and then said, hurriedly—

‘I believe I must ask you to excuse me and to say good-bye now. This is about a little matter of business about which I must see my cousin at once. Good-bye’—to Geoffrey. ‘I don't think I once thanked you for helping me when I was half frozen. I shall look you up when I come to London. Good-bye.’

Geoffrey's eyes were on the letter in Arthur's hand. What if Frank Osgood had broken his word and made a clean breast of it to the only person whom he could regard as a friend. He could ask for no explanation, and had to go back to London to his promising prospects, and to immediate expectation of a long visit from Dulcie to Sloane House, with this thorn in his side to spoil it all; while Alick went back to add up the Fordham parish club books with a half belief that the mysterious missive must have come from Bridge Hurst, and be connected in some way with that extra waltz of Arthur's with Annie Macdonald which he had watched so enviously the night before.

Arthur, after a moment's reflection, did not seek Hugh immediately, but went off to the office of the Local Board, and asked if Mr. Oakenshaw had come to his work that morning.

‘No, sir,’ said the head-clerk; ‘and we are very glad you have happened to step round, as we have received Mr. Oakenshaw's resignation by this morning's post. Here it is, sir.’

‘Anything gone wrong?’ asked Arthur.

‘Nothing whatever, sir. Mr. Oakenshaw was very punctual and attentive, and understood his business thoroughly. Nor could it have been premeditated; for I chanced to hear him remark to the boy as he went out, that he hoped he would mind to sprinkle some ashes this morning on the door-step, the frost made it so uncommonly slippery.’

‘I'll go and see him,’ said Arthur, unwilling to be questioned in the first excitement of the mystery. He hurried away to Laurel Villa, and was met at the gate by Mrs. Jones, with her bonnet on.

‘Oh, Mr. Arthur! I was just coming up to the Bank in hopes of finding you. Might you know anything, sir, of Mr. Oakenshaw?’

‘No—where is he?’

‘Mr. Arthur, sir, he went out last night with never a word to anyone. A thing he never did before; for after Minnie went to bed, he’d smoke his pipe and read a book as quiet as could be. But he have went out and never come in. And there was I sat up till past twelve, and never slept a wink when I did lie down, expecting to see him brought home a corpse. Come in, sir.’

Arthur followed her into the little parlour; but at the first sound of his footstep, Minnie flew out of the back-regions, half dressed, and all her hair flying.

‘Where’s my daddy?’ she cried. ‘Mr. Spencer, find my daddy! Why doesn’t he come in?’

‘Now there, miss!’ cried Mrs. Jones, ‘running out into this cold fog away from the kitchen fire. Go back this minute, and I’ll tell you when your papa comes in.’

‘Yes, go in, there’s a good little girl,’ said Arthur, coaxingly. ‘Go in and don’t be frightened—Daddy will be angry if you catch cold.’

Mrs. Jones’ small maid, appearing at this minute, captured Minnie in spite of a struggle and a violent ‘No! No!’

‘I had a line from her father,’ said Arthur, ‘but it explains nothing. Was he ill, Mrs. Jones? Was anything the matter?’

‘Well, sir, he wasn’t a gentleman to be what you’d call *well*—for a gentleman he was, sir, as no doubt you know,’ said Mrs. Jones, with a sharp look at Arthur.

‘Did you think so?’ said Arthur, cautiously. ‘But yesterday?’

‘Well, sir, there was nothing the matter with him but a touch of rheumatism, as he has frequent; but one remark he made does strike my memory. He said, “Mrs. Jones,” he said, “would it hurt Minnie to take her out at night?” Now, of course, with that child’s cold, to take her out might be her death, and I told him so. But something must have been in his mind, sir, then.’

‘Did he have any letter, yesterday?’

‘Why, sir, I don’t think he’s had a letter, except may-be a line from you, and a note once from Mrs. Hugh, to ask the child to drink tea, since here he’s been.’

‘Well, Mrs. Jones, I must go and speak to Mr. Crichton. I know nothing to account for this, and I can’t help supposing that we shall have a note from him. Unless some accident——’

‘It’s borne in on my mind, Mr. Arthur, that he meant to go,’ said Mrs. Jones. ‘Otherwise, of course, the night was foggy, and if he strolled by the river— But then, why should a rheumatic gentleman that liked his fireside go and stroll by the river in a frosty fog?’

‘No, certainly,’ said Arthur, with a half laugh. ‘Take care of Minnie, Mrs. Jones, and you shall hear from me.’

Arthur hurried back to the Bank, and found his cousin in the library, which room he still used for more private business.

‘Well, Arthur, got rid of your company?’ he said, without looking up.

‘Yes, but I want to speak to you;’ and in a few words Arthur told of the matter in hand, and then put the hurried scrawl received that morning before his cousin. It ran thus:—

‘You are the only friend I have, the best but one I ever had in the world. Don’t think I have repaid *your* goodness by ingratitude, though I can never show you the contrary.—F. O.’

‘Then,’ said Hugh, as he read it, ‘this flight was intentional. There can be no idea of an accident. And he can’t have come to any harm, unless—by his own desire.’

‘No, no! that can’t be,’ said Arthur, hurriedly. ‘There was nothing in the least eccentric about him. He never did a queer thing all the time I knew him.’

‘He ought to have taken the child with him,’ said Hugh. ‘It’s a cool thing to leave her on the hands of strangers in this way.’

‘But I’m sure he had no thought of such a thing the day of the accident. There was nothing wrong then. I ought to have gone to ask after Minnie; but I was tired, and shirked it.’

‘I think,’ said Hugh, slowly, ‘that he must have come face to face with some old scrape or trouble.’

‘But how?’

‘That of course we can’t say, as we know nothing about him.’

‘But what shall I do if he doesn’t turn up directly? Put it in the hands of the police—advertise?’

‘I don’t know,’ said Hugh. ‘You see he knows quite well where we all are, and where the child is. If he means to disappear, he won’t answer an advertisement, and as for the police—you see you don’t know what you might let him in for.’

‘But,’ said Arthur, ‘he couldn’t make away with himself, without leaving traces, except—and the river is frozen hard.’

‘Oh yes,’ said Hugh, with decision. ‘That’s very unlikely. Don’t let that haunt you.’

Arthur was silent for a moment, and then said rather wistfully:

‘You think very badly of the poor fellow?’

‘My dear boy, what reason have you ever given me to think well of him?’

‘No, I know. But Hugh, if you had seen him in all his troubles! They lost two babies—and then the poor little wife. And there was this poor fellow with never a penny in his pocket nor a friend in the world! When I thought of all the love and sympathy that was given *me* for my sorrow. I thought there never was such another, but these commoner sorrows, these common cares, they’re worse though people think less of them. But what shall I do now? I can’t sit still and do nothing.’

Hugh was much more concerned with the effect of all these incidents on Arthur, than with the fate of Mr. Oakenshaw; but he knew that it was no time to follow up his last remark, so he answered—

‘I think you might ask a few questions of the child, or see if anything has been left behind him that might give a clue. Since he has left her on our hands we are justified in taking any measures we choose. If you like I will come with you to Laurel Villa.’

Arthur caught at this offer, and they were soon in Mrs. Jones’ parlour, where Florence Venning, with Minnie clinging to her skirts, rose up to meet them.

‘I came to ask for Minnie,’ she said, ‘and Mrs. Jones has told me what has happened.’

Minnie dashed away Florence’s hand, and ran to Arthur.

‘Where’s my daddy? Have you got daddy? Why doesn’t he come?’ she cried, seizing Arthur’s hand, and beating against his knees, with a violence of angry grief which he hardly knew how to deal with, as he took her up in his arms and tried to comfort her.

‘This is a bad business,’ said Hugh, in a rapid under tone to Florence. ‘The fellow has evidently made off as soon as he had got the child in safe hands. I wish Arthur had never saddled himself with them.’

‘You don’t think—Mrs. Jones was saying he might be drowned,’ said Florence, in a whisper.

‘No, no, don’t suggest *that*,’ said Hugh, with a rapid glance at Arthur, ‘I’m afraid it’s much more commonplace,’

‘Now, Minnie,’ Arthur said, ‘If you will leave off crying and answer Mr. Crichton’s questions, perhaps you may help us to find your father.’

Minnie turned round on Arthur’s knee, pushed back her bush of hair, and faced Hugh, who said very kindly—

‘My dear, can you tell me if you have any friends or relations here in England?’

‘No,’ said Minnie.

‘Have you any aunts or uncles?’

‘Grandmama in Sydney is dead, and there’s no one to write letters to now,’ she said.

‘Did your father never talk to you of going away from Oxley?’

‘Oh! no, he *never* meant to go away. He said we’d live here for ever and ever, and that it was a paradise of rest.’

Hugh paused, touched spite of himself, and Arthur put his hand on her neck; but her face, which had all along looked doubtful, grew more suspicious. She slipped off Arthur’s knee, and standing up by herself, said loudly and abruptly—

‘My father is the best man that ever lived in the world!’

What dim memories of her own, what half understood words of Mrs. Jones, or what look in their faces, she thus defied they could

not tell; but they had no heart to question her further, and Hugh's eye was caught by a book which, with one or two borrowed from the Oxley library, lay on a side table.

It was an early copy of Tennyson's Poems, bound in red morocco, and finished round the edge with a delicate stamped pattern in gilding. Inside was written "L. B. to F. O." and a crest had evidently been taken out.

'This came from a gentleman's library,' said Hugh, and Arthur nodded.

They discovered nothing else dating back further than Arthur's acquaintance with the Oakenshaws, and nothing whatever to furnish any clue.

Minnie stood leaning against the table, eyeing them as if she blamed them all for her misery, and they could only leave her to kind Mrs. Jones; who could give her no better comfort than a nice dinner, which the poor little thing was far too wretched to eat.

Florence promised to come and see her again in the evening, and Arthur and Hugh went back together to Redhurst, after setting on foot such inquiries as could be made without any great publicity.

This took some time and they came into the drawing-room to find the two Mrs. Crichtons comfortably at tea, with the children tumbling about on the rug. When his own Lily climbed on his knee and kissed him, Hugh could not say a harsh word of the father of the poor child whose grief he had just witnessed, and he told the story without any suggestions as to Oakenshaw's motives.

Neither of the ladies were, however, inclined to have much pity for the runaway, the elder Mrs. Crichton remarking that she never had any opinion of people without antecedents; while Violante exclaimed, that no one could be good for anything who could desert a poor little girl like that.

'Mrs. Jones will be very kind to her for the present, and Flossy is going to look in on her,' said Arthur.

'Did you see Flossy?' asked Violante.

'Yes, she was there when we came.'

'She is very good. *Mama mia*, do you know I forgot to tell you something that I noticed at our ball. Mr. Blandford could hardly take his eyes off Flossy. He watched every one that asked her to dance.'

'Does Mr. Blandford admire Flossy?' asked Arthur.

'Why, yes,' said Violante, emphatically; 'he has admired her for years. I wish she would say yes, for he is so good and so clever. People think he will be a bishop one day!'

'I can't help thinking,' said Mrs. Crichton, 'that I see signs of yielding. I saw them together at supper here, and Flossy is looking particularly handsome, and has lost that girlish bluntness and brusquerie.'

'Yes; she would make a first-rate wife for a church dignitary,' said Hugh, 'but why has she been so long making up her mind?'

‘Oh!’ said Violante, after a pause, ‘that is one of those questions which nobody can answer.’

‘Which somebody won’t answer, I think,’ said Hugh smiling.

‘And after all,’ pursued his wife, ‘Why should she? What would everyone do without her? And I think no one is good enough for her—no, not Mr. Blandford. That is what I think in my heart.’

‘You won’t be a match-maker, Violante,’ said Arthur, as he set down his cup.

‘No,’ said Violante, ‘I shall not make *that* match—not just yet.’

She rose up as she spoke, with little Hughie in her arms, and made him kiss good night as she took him to bed, and looking into Arthur’s troubled face, she said softly, with her hand on his shoulder, ‘Signor Arthur, you mustn’t be unhappy. Perhaps Mr. Oakenshaw will write to you and give you a good reason for going away. You know better about him than we do.’

The other children had ‘coaxed their grandmother away for some purpose of their own, and Arthur, left alone with his cousin, exclaimed.

‘As sweet and kind as ever! Ah! Hugh, *your* romance has ended in a most happy reality.’

‘So happy,’ said Hugh, ‘that it has but one counterpoise. If you—’

For years, the thought of the sorrow and loneliness which his unhappy action had helped to bring on his cousin, had been to Hugh a real and abiding grief. And now he checked at once the expression of self-reproach, which could only distress Arthur, and said gently—

‘That accident on Tuesday tried you very much.’

‘Yes, it did,’ said Arthur, simply, ‘I can’t quite get over it. It haunts me, and I can’t sleep. Never mind about it, I shall soon be better. It does happen sometimes.’

‘Even in India?’

‘Once or twice. But I have enjoyed myself lately so much, home is so delightful. I feel more what I lost. If she had lived!’ He paused and then said, ‘It is impossible to begin again.’

‘Will that be always so?’

‘I don’t know. I did not mean that it should,’ said Arthur, rather to his cousin’s surprise. ‘But don’t mistake me,’ he added, earnestly. ‘I’m almost always happy and comfortable. I enjoy everything, from a tiger hunt to a tea-party. Only coming home makes me feel that there are better sorts of happiness.’

‘Can nothing make it easier to you?’

‘Why, I shall be better for telling you about it,’ said Arthur; ‘especially now I have something else to think about, than my own fancies. I can’t help hoping we shall hear from Oakenshaw yet.’

He recurred to the discussion of this uppermost subject of interest, and Hugh had the tact to follow his lead. But well as he understood



Arthur, and deeply as he felt for him, he had not got the clue to his present state of mind.

Arthur was a person whose life had run counter to his character. The severe nervous shock which he had once sustained had forced what he called 'fidgets and fancies' on a sunny, happy-go-lucky nature, which took everything for granted, and was only too ready to swim with the stream. But even experience never taught him to anticipate these nervous sensations, and when they came he endured them as something apart from himself, and with the simplicity peculiar to him, welcomed any sympathy and support in dealing with them. For the rest, during the years of his absence he had really in a great measure outlived his early grief, and as he grew older had felt that marriage was both possible and desirable for him. Certain recollections of Florence Venning during his last weeks in England, had given him a half-formed wish to see his old friend again, as his fancy had never been caught by any new acquaintance. He came, and the sight of Hugh's home happiness, the renewed experience of home affections, made him long far more to claim them for himself; while, on the other hand, the familiar scenes renewed feelings which it was very difficult to put on one side. That one sweet romance of early youth came back upon him as a remembrance of Paradise; but he had not the sort of nature which can live on a memory; and while these contending feelings were making him a little shy of Flossy, the accident on the ice threw him back on himself, and in the painful, miserable recollections which it excited, made him feel as if he was altogether unfit for the new happiness which had begun to attract him. He could not put the past aside, it was all of no use. And then it was suddenly revealed to him that the choice did not altogether rest with himself, that Florence probably had other hopes, and that he could not win her if he tried. Then Arthur found that the present could cost him some sharp pangs, that the idea of Flossy in the lofty sphere to which Mr. Blandford might raise her was exceedingly unwelcome to him. There was a sharp contention and struggle within him, which told on his looks and spirits; but even Hugh, during the days that followed, did not guess at its nature. Nothing was heard of the lost Oakenshaw, and his disappearance excited great interest in Oxley. In a short time Arthur, feeling the need of a change of scene, and unwilling to let the matter of Oakenshaw rest as it was, went up to London to stay with his cousin James Crichton, and with the view of consulting Mr. Leighton privately about the lost clerk.

*(To be continued.)*

## THREE LITTLE DOGS.

BY MRS. JEROME MERCIER.

## CHAPTER XXI.

THAT evening Coralie came to me and said she must go home.

I could only answer, 'If you please. I cannot be responsible for your going. Be a good girl, and don't be silly.'

'Dear Miss Lennox, let me go, I—I do so want to go home.'

There was something in her honest eyes which told me I had better not press the point. I contented myself with despatching a telegram to announce her arrival, and sent my nurse to town with her.

The girls had not told me as yet what had passed between them; but from hints, looks, and palpable omissions, I gathered much. Coralie's parting from Bertha was full of some deep feeling. Then she came and took up her place beside me, and said she would not leave me while I was alone. In a few hours Paul arrived. I had written a line to him, and he came, filled with anxiety. Coralie's face wore its sweetest, softened look. He took her in his arms and kissed her again and again.

'Thank God you are safe!' he cried.

'Coralie has been such a heroine, Paul; both the girls were so brave and so good.'

'Bertha is quite safe, Paul,' said Coralie, in a low, clear voice.

'I am very, very thankful you are both safe,' he answered, and there was no self-betrayal in his face; for his was a loyal heart and he had nothing to hide.

We spent a quiet happy evening together. I left the lovers alone for a part of the time, and Coralie afterwards told me: 'Paul has been so delightful. I would be half drowned every week if he would be like this always.'

'If he has seemed a little cold at times, it will soon pass away, when you know him better, and he knows you better. No need to be drowned.'

I felt Paul *would* love the girl if she would let her noble nature have free play. A wild, untrained, impulsive, generous heart; could it ever keep in the straight track or be a safe resting-place for a man's love and confidence?

In a few days' time I left Lipton, with what thankfulness to return home, I need not say. Mrs. Denyer came to me with the utmost

distress I had ever seen on her comfortable countenance ; I really think with more than when her daughter had engaged herself in defiance of her parents.

‘ And so you are really going to leave us, Miss Lennox ? What on earth we shall do I don’t know. The only bit of life there was for us, with the exception of a person or two at the hotel, all come and go. Oh ! it is horrid ! ’

‘ I am very glad to be able to go home, I assure you. ’

‘ Of course you are ; so should I be. Dear, dear ! how silly it is, keeping us away in banishment like this. What nonsense the men do take into their heads, to be sure ! As if it was any use. ’

‘ Does Mr. Denyer show no signs of relenting ? ’

‘ He is longing to have us back in his heart, of course ; but we know what these men are ; he won’t give in unless I manage it somehow so as to make him believe he can’t help himself. If Coralie could have a bit of an illness. But nothing hurts her. I was in hopes she would have neuralgia or something after that drenching. But no ! And, though I made the worst of it to her father, he only said it served her right. Oh dear, dear ! ’

‘ I am very sorry. ’

‘ I don’t blame your brother, you know. It’s natural. Coralie is very good looking, and of course she drew him on. But it was a sad pity about Burton, wasn’t it ? ’

‘ Yes, I was very sorry for him. ’

After a pause :—

‘ There is only one way I can see to get us home again, if you wouldn’t mind, Miss Lennox. ’

‘ If *I* would not mind ? ’

‘ Yes, if you would be so good natured. If she were to go back with you, and stay a little while, it would all come right in time, I know. ’

‘ Oh ! that would seem very strange on her part, wouldn’t it ? ’

‘ Dear me, no ! What harm is there in a girl staying with the family of the man she is engaged to marry ? ’

Mrs. Denyer looked so completely convinced that I could but conclude her rule of conduct was very different from what mine would have been in her place. When a young man is only a visitor in his mother’s house, the thing may be. But our house was not mine, but Paul’s.

‘ I really don’t know, ’ I said, doubtfully. ‘ And my health is still so weak, I could hardly amuse her. She would be very dull. ’

‘ What, with your brother there ! Dear me ! Miss Lennox, we married people know better than that. ’

She was immensely amused.

‘ Of course, she will be a little expense. You will let us manage all that you know ; it is all for my convenience ; the only place I can put her. Three guineas a week or so——. ’

‘Mrs. Denyer, do not hint at such a thing.’

‘Now, now, my dear; no offence. I am an old woman. Of course you ought not to be put to any expense for us.’

‘I could not dream of the thing in that light, for a moment. If *you* sanction and wish it, and if it will not put Paul in a worse light with Mr. Denyer, let Coralie come as my visitor, by all means.’

‘Thank you. I’m sure I’m extremely obliged. Things do go to sixes and sevens so when servants are left to themselves, and they won’t obey Mathurine the least in the world. I will make it all right with Mr. Denyer. And you shan’t lose by it, my dear, trust me.’

There was no use in being angry or proud with this implacably good-natured woman.

Coralie came. She was so happy to come. Her quaint, brusque manners were like those of a child. In her, and when one knew how much less agreeable she could be, those manners had a charm. Her spirits were high; she was rather noisy. Never very thoughtful, she would come rushing upstairs, or burst into loud song, or tear a great split in a silk skirt with that remarkable shriek which silk can give, just as I was trying to rest or sleep. And then her overwhelming regret was worse. With Paul she would laugh incessantly. She would dance round him, clap her hands at him, pull his whiskers; she was like a kitten or a baby. Had she not been lovely and graceful, she would have been a hoyden; as it was, she was fascinating. She brightened our quiet life. Paul seemed really happy; his gloom seemed gone. He was not a man who could take a liberty with a woman, however obviously she laid herself open to it, and the gentle respect with which he received her playful caresses almost quelled her at times. Once or twice she returned to her former self, taciturn, moody, *difficile*. Once, when I awoke, I saw her seated by the window in tears.

‘Coralie, dear child, what is it?’ I said.

‘Oh nothing! I have a headache.’

‘Come here, dear; there is more the matter. Come here.’

She came slowly and pantingly.

‘Do tell me what it is; are you troubled about your father’s anger?’

‘Oh yes, and a headache too,’ she answered, in an off-hand way, and turned the conversation.

One day Bertha came to see me, and Coralie was almost rude to her. She acted in a way in which ladies are not wont to behave. She sat still when Bertha entered, and coolly held out her hand with her head averted. Her hand? Two fingers were the whole allowance. She replied with monosyllables, chiefly contradictory, to the timid remarks which the other addressed to her. Bertha flushed, and was evidently embarrassed. I pointedly sent Coralie away on a pretended message, and apologized as well as I could.

'She is really like a spoiled child; one must not give any significance to her actions.'

'Beauties are privileged,' said Bertha, kindly.

'It must be awkward for those about them, especially when their beauty is past.'

'Yes; but when we have proved what a noble heart she has *we* can forgive her anything; can we not? She saved my life, and it might have been at the expense of her own.'

'Yes; one will never forget that. But it is amusing to see how like a cross baby she is to-day.'

'Oh, never mind,' replied Bertha; but I noticed that Coralie's manner did not seem to *surprise* her.

When my visitor was gone I scolded the naughty girl.

'You are like a capricious child, Coralie. Do you not know that I have a right to be much offended at the way in which you treat my friends?'

'I wish she would not come while I am here. I never want to see her again,' was all the rejoinder.

'You are absolutely silly, child. When you parted from Bertha last, you were quite affectionate.'

A pout.

'It is all very well now you are young and pretty,' I went on, resolved to do my duty; 'but what is to happen when you are old?'

'I shall be worse, of course.'

'And you will not be happy nor make anyone else so.'

'Oh! I know all about that, Lucy. Don't preach. I'm wretched. Why should some people have all they want, and others nothing?'

'I can't understand you. Have you *nothing* that you want? You will make me very angry.'

She tossed her head and settled her feet on the fender, and I saw it was hopeless to say more; but again my heart fell as I thought of my brother's future. I lectured myself into a more cheerful mood in time; told myself that love can work wonders; but not in a day: that the discipline of life would do much, and so on. But a regret, which I silenced as disloyal, *would* arise for a moment, a regret that the sweet domestic face of Bertha would never brighten Paul's hearth; that her firm nature and loving heart would never help him to bear the trials of his life.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### A DEATH IN THE FAMILY.

'Love me, love my dog.'

THAT excursion to Darrell's Cave was my poor old Wopsky's last. Old age had long been creeping on him; he had fretted sorely at my illness; he had half starved himself in sympathy with me. When

they gave him the little bit of meat out of my beef tea he looked suspiciously at it, and once he came and laid it down again upon my pillow. He thought they were starving his mistress.\* The exertion on that terrible day had been too much for him, and he now lay panting and half blind on a cushion beside me. He no longer barked at Coralie, but he never liked her. He would not go at her call; he would not take food from her; he never licked her hand, and even seemed inclined to snap if she stroked him. This she seldom did. She called him an ill-tempered little beast, and often wondered I did not have him destroyed. But my old Wopsky and I had passed through too many troubles together for that. I would nurse him to the last, as I would any other faithful friend, and would no more dream of having him shot than of putting my grandfather in the Ganges.

One day, an odd and unaccountable thing happened. In the morning, as I was at my writing table, looking over the housekeeping books, Jessie entered and handed a note to Coralie.

'Is it from your mother?' I asked, simply as an expression of interest. We saw Mrs. Denyer and Mathurine constantly, and notes, messages, and little presents, arrived daily.

'No,' answered Coralie drily, and happening to look at her, I saw that she was slipping the letter into her pocket, and that her cheeks were very red. The thought crossed my mind—'I hope there is no nonsense going on. But, oh no! she is far too fond of Paul; too truly fond.' And then I chid myself for a suspicious old maid, and accounted for the flush as one of temper at my inquisitiveness. And when Paul came in, she put up her hand backwards over her shoulder to be clasped, with such an innocent affection, that I blamed myself anew for the disloyal thought.

In the evening I was alone, Paul was gone to a patient at some distance. The night was stormy and dark, Coralie was in her room, or I supposed her to be there. She had asked me to excuse her immediately after dinner, and as she had eaten very little, I concluded she did not feel well. She was in one of her moods, however, and I knew her dislike to questions, I therefore asked none, nor did I disquiet myself at her absence. My fire was bright, I was comfortable with my sofa and my book, Wopsky lay wheezing in his sleep by my side. Suddenly, he raised his head, wide awake now, his two pretty ears pricked up. He was as eager as a young dog. On a sudden he set up a wild and angry barking, such a fit as he had not had since that day when Coralie came to Lipton. The noise worried me; I could not quiet him, but rang the bell to have him removed. No sooner was the door open than he rushed out, barking with might and main, down stairs and by an open door into the garden. We heard his voice as he tore along.

'Do you think there can be anyone about?' I said.

Jessie's answer had not come, when the bark became a loud yelp,

\* A fact.

and then the crying of a dog in pain. I jumped up to go to the rescue of my pet. Jessie held me back by my dress.

‘Lor, ma’am, don’t! it’s thieves, for sure!’

‘Let go, girl; they are hurting my dog,’ I cried. But I had to go no farther than the top of the stairs, when I saw my poor old terrier at the bottom, dragging along, whining with anguish. What a terrible sight is the agony of a dumb creature! The pathetic disjointedness of the body; the poor helpless cries to which one cannot reply effectually! I had presence of mind to bid Jessie go and fasten the doors and windows; more, we dared not do, with no man to help us. And then I carried my poor dear tenderly into the study and made him a bed. But his day was over. The blow or kick which he had received was his last affliction. He lay, piteously opening and closing his eyes, with a funny, sidelong glance which seemed to say, ‘I am so ill;’ a glance which had often made us smile when there was nothing much amiss. He held out one feeble paw to me and licked my hand; but there was nothing to be done. If one touched him he screamed with pain. I sat by him, crying, and comforting and patting him. And in less than an hour, he turned on his side with a last sharp cry, and all was over, and my little dog’s day was done. Dear, good little Wopsky; alway faithful and kind; always cunning and clever, with such pretty ways, such funny little tricks and wilful wiles, touching now that you are gone. It was a sad end for a simple, kindly life like yours!

As his death-wail sounded, there was a sharp peal at the front-door bell. Jessie, who was wringing her hands in the background, said,

‘Oh, lor! ma’am, I durstn’t go!’

‘Nonsense! do you think any one who wished to hurt us would ring like that? Go; make haste.’

She went.

‘Who was it?’ I asked, when she returned.

‘Miss Denyer, ma’am.’

‘Coralie?’

‘Yes, ma’am.’

‘Did you know she had gone out?’

‘No, ma’am, I didn’t know; but she often goes out and says nothing.’

I did not question her; my mind was full of my loss. I was distressed and tired. Paul did not come home.

‘Do go to bed, ma’am; you look so bad,’ said my little maid; and to bed I went, knocking at Coralie’s door as I passed. She answered shortly enough.

‘I am going to bed, dear; I am so very tired and not quite well. You won’t mind, will you?’

‘Oh, no.’

‘Good-night.’

‘Good-night.’



She did not open her door, and I heard her moving about until I fell asleep, which was late, long after Paul's return, as the excitement had brought on some physical pain.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## AN UNEXPECTED BLOW.

'Tis an evil lot, and yet  
 Let us make the best of it;  
 If love can live when pleasure dies  
 We two will love, till in our eyes  
 This heart's hell seem paradise.'

—SHELLEY.

THE next day, Coralie was missing. She had gone in the night. Her room was strewn with her possessions. She had only taken a small valise. On her table was a leaf from her pocketbook, torn out, folded, and directed to me. Inside were the pencilled words: 'You will know why I have done it.'

Done what? And how should I know?

In three days' time, came an extract from the *Times*, cut out, put in an envelope, and directed to me.

'On Tuesday, 15th, at St. James's, Kensington, Coralie, elder daughter of J. Denyer, Esq., of Fordham Park, Compfield, to Charles F. Burton, Esq., of 16, Stanhope Gardens, Kensington.'

How angry, how furiously indignant I had been before, no tongue can tell. Now, a sudden shock came over me. What was this? Was it a renunciation of her whole life for dear love's sake, for noble unselfish devotion; the noblest devotion, that of letting one's dearest be made happy by another than one's self?

So I thought at first, my whole frame quivering with passionate sympathy for her, as I thought what such self-renunciation meant for a woman. But later, as I reviewed all the past, I felt that only half my sympathy was called for.

When we first discovered her absence, Paul said not a word: he turned deadly white. He read the scrap of writing which I handed him and asked, 'What does it mean?'

'I do not know,' was all I could say.

He then went straight to Fordham Park. Mr. Denyer sat behind his paper at the breakfast table, and looked up with displeased surprise as Paul entered. Mrs. Denyer and Mathurine gave him a smile of welcome, which their respect for the master of the house and Paul's own countenance checked as it rose. He hardly knew how he told them that Coralie was missing. Mathurine looked frightened; the mother burst into tears. 'Good gracious! what is the girl up to now?' she sobbed. 'She will disgrace us all some day.'

'She can hardly disgrace us more than she has done,' said the

father. 'I wash my hands of her: it is nothing to me where she may choose to go.'

He buried himself again behind his paper, but emerged for a moment as Paul indignantly cried:

'Am I to suppose, sir, that you will make no inquiries about your daughter? Are they to be made wholly in my name? That will be well neither for her nor you, I think.'

'Sir,' replied Mr. Denyer then, 'I will make all the inquiries which are necessary. You may leave my daughter to me, sir; and it would have been well for all of us if you had done so before.'

Paul looked at him keenly. There was something unlike the natural anxiety of an affectionate father, as Mr. Denyer undoubtedly was, which seemed like a previous knowledge of the event.

'Do you know where she is, sir?'

'Sir, what do you mean?'

'I mean, that if you know, you are bound to tell me. Have I no interest in Coralie? However you may deny it, you know in your heart I have a right to know why she has left my sister's charge.'

Mr. Denyer grew red and rose very angrily.

'How dare you come questioning me here, sir, about my own girl in my own house? I know no right by which you ask a single question about her.'

He rang the bell. Mrs. Denyer came and took Paul's hand. 'Poor young man!' she said, the tears still running down her kind, fat face. 'It's very hard on you; but don't be cross. Don't make a piece of work. How should Mr. Denyer know any more than I or Mathurine? *She's* safe enough, depend upon it; she knows what she is about. I'm *very* sorry for you, but go away and be quiet, there's a dear fellow, and we shall hear in a day or two.'

This was terribly unsatisfactory; disreputable even. But the servant was present, and Mr. Denyer's imperative gesture was too pointed. Paul could but leave the house, in no less distress and anxiety than when he entered.

'They cannot be so unnatural as to leave the matter there,' he said, in deep agitation, to me. 'I cannot but believe her father knows what is become of her.'

We were lost in a fog of conjecture. Some of Paul's work was imperative, and action relieved him. He set some inquiries on foot, but they had no result; and, as I said, on the third day came the announcement of the marriage.

I have never seen Coralie since, except once in her carriage in London. She was laughing and talking with a lady who was beside her, looked resplendently handsome and very comfortable. I will not talk about happiness, because a passing glimpse gives one no clue to that. Her horses were very handsome; the fur rug which overflowed the carriage was exquisite.

Did these things content her? You know, good reader, as much as I. Was it a noble soul, wrought up to a great act of self abnegation, and bearing the hidden torment ever after with a smiling face? Or was it an untrained nature, possessed of generous impulses, overlaid with love of self and indolence, unguided by the Holy Spirit of God, and thus led blindly into dark bye-ways of conduct, when the Lamp of Truth was ever ready to enlighten her footsteps?

It is not for me to judge. Nor do I. Often and often I think of the beautiful face gone for ever from our home; and now my heart bleeds for her, as a social martyr; now it rises against her in anger as faithless and subtle.

One question often comes to my mind. Who killed my little dog? Was it Coralie?

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### IN THE LIGHT OF COMMON SENSE.

‘It is your wisdom, and will be your happiness, to stoop to and accept of conditions of peace and mercy when offered.’—BUNYAN.

MRS. ROBERTSON was a great comfort to me in this time of anger and humiliation; it was a relief to speak to one who had not too keen or close an interest in us, yet was too good and sensible to chatter. To Paul I could for a long time say nothing; from his face, which wore an unusual expression of reserve and sternness, I saw that the blow had gone home. But he busied himself with his work, and held his peace.

To Mrs. Robertson, I said: ‘This has been one of the greatest trials of my life, in a form in which I never yet was tried, and perhaps never expected to be.’

‘I know what you mean. You feel it as a sort of disgrace.’

‘Undoubtedly; I feel the disgrace very keenly indeed.’

‘Yet after all, that part of it does not touch you.’

‘Indeed it does. She was our guest; my brother’s intended wife. Where could it touch us more closely? And then, there was the deep humiliation of it.’

‘The slight to your brother was indeed most mortifying, not to look at any deeper aspect.’

‘You call it a mere *slight*?’

‘Call it what you will; I can understand all you are feeling. But there are two sides to the question; there is a bright side.’

‘I wish I could see it.’

‘Do you feel no relief?’

‘Relief?’

‘Yes; ask yourself the question.’

‘I—I don’t think so; I never thought of that.’

‘Is there not lurking somewhere in a corner of your heart a little

glow of satisfaction that you will not lose your brother, as you undoubtedly would have lost him, for good and all, had he become Coralie's husband ?'

'Oh! I hope not.'

'Come now, don't be too moral. Confess!'

'No doubt he would have been very much separated from me, but I had made up my mind to that.'

'Yes, to a *natural* separation; but not to the separation which would have been caused by his being slowly dragged down, or if that was impossible, his gradual freezing into the reserve of domestic unhappiness.'

'I thought he would raise her.'

'Never.'

'You think badly of the whole family.'

'What can you expect? Neither birth nor education. It was a madness on your brother's part, and the only excuse was her extreme beauty (though with such a dreadful expression and manner, I *can't* see how men admire her as they do), and the dead set she made at your brother. If ever a siren sang to a deluded mariner, she was the woman and he the man.'

'Well, he has escaped.'

'Yes, thanks be! as old Molly Shoesmith says.'

'If the escape had come in any other way, I might have been glad. But I cannot be glad of an insult. I feel as if our hospitality were desecrated and our house disgraced for ever.'

'Come, come! don't be sentimental, there's a dear woman. Take the good the gods send, and be thankful as you ought.'

'I wish I could overlook details. It is easier to forgive in the lump.'

'I know what you mean. One could forgive a man for stealing a hundred pounds, but if he insults you into the bargain, Christian charity is far more harshly tried. Never mind; bring all your good sense to bear, and forget everything but that you are well rid of her. The tiresome thing! I see it all. It is just like her.'

'Do you see it all? I wish I did. I cannot understand it.'

'It is as clear as daylight. The luxuries of Mr. Burton's establishment always had their charms for her, but when she saw a nice young man who seemed impervious to her beauty, she could not resist a *détour* to fascinate him. And when that was done Mr. Burton became ever so much more interesting, when it was dishonourable and underhand to have anything to do with him; and meetings in your back garden, and a midnight elopement were so much more lively than a dull respectable marriage breakfast, with all his and her vulgar relations smiling approval. Calm your mind on one point, she did not mean to injure you particularly by abusing your hospitality. The idea was miles above her. It never occurred to her, you may be sure.'

I could not help laughing at Mrs. Robertson's contemptuous frankness.

‘I believe, with you, that Mr. Burton became much more endurable when he was a surreptitious lover. But I think you do Coralie injustice in one point. I do not believe it was pure vanity which led her in the first instance to forsake him for Paul. I am sure she was honestly and desperately in love.’

‘My dear, sisterly affection misleads you.’

‘No indeed. She is not deceitful.’

‘Not deceitful! How about the back garden?’

‘She was most open about it. If I were not so absurdly ignorant and unsuspecting, I could have found her out in a moment. And I maintain, she is *not* deceitful. And I feel quite sure she did most entirely love Paul with all the love she had; and that a very passionate love. Whether it were an unselfish one or not I cannot decide.’

‘Hem!’

‘Now, be candid and impartial. I wish to tell you all I know or guess. In fact, angry as I am with the girl, I am troubled on her account.’

I then related how I had accused her of a selfish love; how pointedly she had said ‘*Are you sure?*’ I also told of Coralie’s own conviction that Paul loved Bertha, and what I believed to have passed in Darrell’s cave, a belief which Bertha’s narration later proved to be correct.

Nothing moved Mrs. Robertson.

‘You think she is sacrificing herself from a noble love? Well then, I tell you *No!* She may have had some such idea mingled with others. The girl is not all bad; I dare say, if she had been decently brought up, she might have been generous enough; but as it is, indulgence has laid on such a thick coating of selfishness that no good quality can make its way through. No, no; don’t trouble yourself about her. Put it, that she has done as you think, and renounced your brother for his own sake, the sacrifice is not to her what it would be to a delicate minded woman. A runaway match is fun to her, and a carriage and handsome dress and good dinners will make up for any regrets she may feel.’

I own that Mrs. Robertson’s philosophy consoled me. But it would not have consoled Paul. Once, when I saw him sitting wearily by the fire, after a hard day’s work, his supper untasted by his side, I ventured to take his hand and say, ‘Try to forget her, Paul; she was not worthy of you.’

He raised his head, and said earnestly, and with some sternness:

‘Never speak against her, if you wish to help me, Lucy. A man cannot but feel such a blow, such an unexpected blow; perhaps the humiliation is the worst, but nothing can make it any comfort to me to think that my sister thinks ill of *her*.’

Then I felt that I hardly understood his case, and that I should be wiser to let time heal the wound.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## A FRIEND IN NEED.

‘ Neaw, God be wi’ tho, Robin,  
 Just let her have her way ;  
 Hoo’ll never meet thy marrow  
 For mony a summer day ;  
 \* \* \* \* \*

So go thi ways and whistle  
 An’ th’ lass ’ll come to thee !’

—WAUGH.

ONE day, Roderick Dhu flew at the Tamil and bit his leg.

How the Colonel’s servant came to be in our garden was a question never solved. When Jessie was questioned, all she would say was, ‘ Oh ! ma’am, bother his ugly black face ;’ her own growing so red that it was evident she was conscious of a purport in the visit. Roddy happened to be out of his shed, and, as I observed, he flew at the intruder. The howl raised by the Tamil was so remarkable that it instantaneously called forth Paul, who fortunately happened to be in his study, and who was just in time to prevent further damage. Then ensued a stormy scene between my brother and the Colonel, when the latter condemned by the use of forcible expletives, the possession of a beast which, he said, was a blight on the neighbourhood : while Paul strongly insisted that if the Colonel did not keep his servant in better order, he should be summoned as a trespasser on another man’s premises.

‘ Confound your premises, sir ! do you speak like that to a gentleman,’ shouted our stormy neighbour.

The affair passed off for a few days, at the end of which time Paul, entering unexpectedly, late one evening, by the garden, saw a lithe black figure sliding off the roof of Roddy’s shed, and hastily entering, found the dog devouring a piece of meat which had been thrown down through an opening between the beams. Paul made all speed with emetics and antidotes, but poor Roddy, in spite of all attentions, was very considerably the worse for his unlooked-for meal. Paul had retained a scrap of the meat, detected arsenic enough to poison a whole kennel of hounds, and took the evidences to the Colonel, who this time was really shocked and penitent. He was a gentleman in spite of his sunstroke and furious temper, and when Paul happened to mention how much these things distressed and disturbed his sister, the Colonel broke in :

‘ My rascal shall go by the next steamer, sir ; by the very next, by ——. And he shall have the soundest licking he ever felt before he goes. Tell your sister from me, Mr. Lennox, she shall not be annoyed on my account. Ladies are to be protected, sir, from all annoyances. And although I have the strongest personal objection

to that beast of yours, I will endure him as a proof that I deeply regret my servant's misconduct.'

The Tamil went; and in return for such an *amende honorable*, what could be done but to part with Roddy, whose state of health, indeed, made scientific nursing highly desirable.

It was arranged that Mr. Haywood should take charge of him, and for the first time for several months I prepared to accompany Paul to Allington. Bertha and I had not seen each other since Coralie's marriage, nor had many communications passed between us. She had written to me once.

'I have seen in the *Times* to-day an announcement of Coralie Denyer's marriage to Mr. Burton. Of course it is a cruel hoax, but assure me of it by a line.'

I could but reply:—

'It is too true.'

That was all I could find in my heart to say, and though little baskets of winter apples and such friendly reminders had reached me from Allington, there was never a word more about the marriage.

Now, I watched rather anxiously for the manner in which she would receive us. Roddy saved us the embarrassment of formality; for, as soon as he was let out of the chaise at the door of his old home, he tore from my hold, his strap dragging behind him, dashed through the open gate, and into the house, and when we first saw Bertha, it was as overpowered with Roderick's uncouth eagerness. He was nearly as tall as she as he stood on his hind legs, his great paws on her shoulders, and she had no thought of her dress, as she staggered for a moment under that impetuous and rather dirty embrace. She took his paws in her two hands and laid her cheek against his tan-coloured jowl, as if he were a dear and long-lost child, a prodigal son. Paul called him off, and laughing, came to the rescue. 'Oh! never mind him, I am so glad he cares to see me again,' she said. And so our meeting was easy enough.

'My brother is not yet returned from town,' she said, as she led the way in. 'He was afraid he might be detained till the later train. But he asked you to let James take your horse to the 'Crown,' and I was to try and make you very comfortable.'

The glowing fire, heaped with logs, in a pleasant rustic fashion, the burning wood giving out a delicious smell; the winter nosegay on the table; the preparations, already in progress, for an hospitable tea, all showed how kindly she had desired to carry out her brother's commands.

A photograph on the mantel-piece caught my eye; a small boy in Scotch kilt; a round and most comic face, full of fun and daring, the fine dark eyes twinkling jollily over a wide mouth, in so glorious a grin that no one could see it without bursting into laughter. The most jolly, mirth-provoking photograph I ever saw.

'Dodo!' I cried.



‘Yes, isn’t it delightful? And hasn’t he grown strong and handsome, and so funny? I laugh at it twenty times a day. His mother sent it me with such a kind letter, and *this*. I brought it down to show you.’

A beautiful eastern scarf, blue, embroidered in gold and colours.

‘Is it not rich? I felt quite diffident about accepting it, knowing their circumstances, but Mrs. Landell does not say a word about any present troubles, and just begs me to accept a little remembrance of our hospitality, and so on. She speaks very kindly.’

‘I should think it was something she has had a long time. One cannot easily buy these things.’

‘I hope so. I should feel more easy about accepting it. And such a dear funny little note from Dodo, half French and half English. Do you know, I think they must have come into a fortune. Mrs. Landell writes from Baden, and they seem to be in all sorts of gaieties and quite enjoying themselves.’

‘A lucky guess or two at rouge et noir, I expect,’ said Paul.

‘That is just what my brother says; but you gentlemen are so unkind. I much prefer to think they have come into a fortune.’

‘You prefer to kill off an Indian uncle or two; much kinder!’

She laughed; but her laugh was not very easy, and I noticed that her eye never met Paul’s. Also, when the excitement of meeting was over, and the first flush had faded from her cheek, there was a worn, troubled look about her which made me say:

‘You have been ill?’

But she laughed it off, and assured me she had been in perfect health.

The preparations for tea remained in abeyance, by our particular request, till Mr. Haywood’s return. We went out to see the dogs. It was a pretty picture—that young girl among the great, strong creatures, all so devoted to her. Then, rain fell, and we came in again, and still Mr. Haywood did not return. It was clear he had missed a second train, and could not now be at home for another hour. We took a glass of wine, to please Bertha, and settled ourselves comfortably by her merry fire. There was something which touched me in this easy domestic companionship of Paul and Bertha. True, it had been so of old; and the discontinuance had not been long; but lives are not counted by days alone, and a great crisis had come in between. I had sympathy enough with the girl to know that she felt a certain embarrassment, too, in that social fellowship, that comfort of the hearth.

Roddy, best of dogs, always ready at the right moment to bite the leg of the wrong lover, as to make a desirable opportunity for the right one, pushed open the door, and came in with a piteous look, asking for commiseration and indulgence, and laid his head, in that pathetic canine fashion, on Bertha’s knee. I had been the main conductor of the conversation for the last ten minutes; it had flagged between my companions. But the dog made an opening.

‘I think everything that is sick or sorry comes to you to be comforted,’ said Paul.

‘Poor old Roddy! I am very glad to comfort him, if I can,’ she answered gently, caressing the dog’s great, silky ears.

‘Would you be glad to comfort his master if you could?’ he asked, with a sort of self-scorn and bitterness.

She looked up at him as if asking what he meant, and her cheeks were rather pale. I rose quite casually and naturally, and said, with great composure:

‘If you will excuse me a moment, Bertha, I think I left something when I was here.’

So I did. I left my thimble, and, of course, I was very anxious to have it immediately.

Bertha made one of those half-articulate assents which show a total unconsciousness of the matter in hand, and I calmly walked away. Of course, I did not hear the rest, but as far as I can gather, it was something like this:

‘I was, Oh! so sorry for you,’ began Bertha, nervously, her eyes filling; ‘and, indeed, I have wanted to comfort you so much.’

‘I have been here three times, and you would not see me.’

‘I was out.’

‘Always?’

‘Well, no. It is so hard.’

‘It is hard, Bertha, not to see one’s dear friend when one is in trouble, and feels as if all the world were pointing at one.’

‘Pointing at *you*?’

She spoke with a quick, indignant heat.

‘I suppose a jilted man is a common laughing-stock; and rightly enough, if he has not power to keep what he has.’

‘Don’t think that. There is no one, *no one*, who could be so cruel and wicked as to ridicule you. *She*, poor dear, may have been blamed too much. And I know you want to think well of her. I know it would comfort you. I want so much to tell you; but I can’t—I don’t know how.’

She passed her hand over her eyes, and turned so pale that Paul was alarmed for her.

‘Don’t, dear, dear little sister, friend; why do you mind so much about me? I have had to bear it, and it is over; and if you think no worse of me it is a great deal easier.’

‘Think worse of you! Oh, what do you mean? Why should I?’

‘The sting of it has been the disgrace.’

She looked up wonderingly.

‘The disgrace—to *her*?’

He did not answer.

‘The real sting was to lose her?’

She spoke tenderly, as if touching a wound.

Still he could not answer. He gave her a strange look, which she hardly understood.

‘Well, it is not at all easy to talk about it,’ he said, with a short laugh. ‘You are very good, thank you. Let us talk of something else.’

‘No, not just yet; I ought—I am sure I ought—to tell you what I think—for her sake, and yours too.’

‘I know you think all that is kindest. But nothing can alter facts, can it?’

‘Yes; the motive can, you know.’

‘There can hardly be two motives to make a girl—pah! don’t let us talk about it, please.’

She was silent, but looked so grave, vexed, and even hurt, that he added, with an effort:

‘Well, then, will you tell me, please, what you think. Do; forgive me for not seeming grateful enough.’

‘Yes; I ought to tell you and you ought to listen,’ she said, very simply and earnestly. ‘What I want you to know is, that I am sure, from something Coralie said, that she went away for your sake.’

He gave his odd, short laugh again.

‘For my sake!’

‘Yes; she thought you did not love her.’

He looked up quickly.

‘I never gave her any cause to think so.’

‘Of course not, because you *did* love her. But I feel sure she did not believe it; and she knew Mr. Burton would never care for any one else. And so ——’

Now, I had never said a word to Paul of my first impressions of the same kind, because they had always been vague, and Mrs. Robinson had in great measure removed them, and, indeed, I am still convinced that her less favourable construction was more nearly akin to truth than Bertha’s.

‘What do you mean? What did she say?’

‘I can’t tell you; do not ask me any more. I only tell you this because you ought to know, for her sake, and because I know you will find it so much easier to bear your dreadful trouble if you feel she was what you believed her to be’

‘Yes, thank you. But all I care for is to know that she is happy, which I do not doubt. I was hard hit, you know. A man cannot be treated as I was and not feel it,—for his own sake. You must not think me unselfish; I am quite the reverse.’

She gave the sort of laugh one is accustomed to give when others depreciate themselves, but her face was grave and anxious.

‘But you *do* feel it a comfort?’ He paused.

‘I *ought*, as you have been so good as to tell me. But—in the first place (forgive me), I can’t believe it; and, secondly, if true, it would only be a comfort, you see, if I had ever really loved her.’

He looked at her earnestly. The blood rushed violently over her face and brow, and she gasped as if for breath.

‘I was fool enough to think she loved me, while she was only playing with me. And the worst of such idiocy is, that a man feels he is not worth the acceptance of any one he may love afterwards. A sort of second-hand, damaged article, you know.’

She could not comfort or reassure him now. That capital Roddy again came to the rescue by lifting his head to be stroked and kissed. Bertha laid hers upon it and hid her face.

‘I ought to say nothing more, but once for all, I can’t help it,’ said Paul. ‘If you do not know how it was with me all the time, I will tell you, and there will be an end of it—and me.’

‘An end—of you?’ she said, with a touch of playfulness.

‘Oh! I don’t mean pistols or arsenic. I only mean all my hope—if I ever had any—will be gone.’ Then there was a pause.

‘What nonsense I am talking,’ said Paul, suddenly, getting up from his chair. ‘Pray forgive me; you were too kind. Come along, Roddy, let’s go and meet your old master.’

Bertha looked in his face, and if his expression had been one jot less wretched and hopeless, she would have let him go, and there would have been no end, perhaps, to the misery of them both. But as it was, her woman’s heart overcame her woman’s fear, and she said, very gently:

‘Tell me what you mean before you go.’

He looked at her, as if imploring her to let him go in silence, but her kind eyes held him fast, and he said: ‘There was never but one woman I ever loved or shall love in this world, and that is—oh, Bertha! it is you.’

He would have been more implacably wretched than he was not to read something hopeful in her face. But even then he seemed to await an answer or no answer from her. He would not plead his own cause.

So Bertha put an arm round the neck of Roderick Dhu, and said to him softly:

‘Roddy, go and tell your master that if he wants a thing he ought to ask for it.’

And when I had found my thimble, Paul had found something else which has made him perfectly happy from that day to this.

---

# EXTRACTS FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF MARIE CUFAUDE.

EDITED BY F. C. LEFROY.

## PREFACE.

ON a flat stone, which a few years ago might have been found lying in the burial-ground attached to the chapel Liten, Basingstoke, are engraved the following words:—

In Pious Memory of  
Simeon Cufaud of Cufaud in Hampshire 500  
years  
the possession and Habitation of Gentlemen of that  
name  
his predecessors by Marie Grandchild to Sir  
Rich Poole Knyght of the Garter Cosen German  
to King Hen 7 and to Margaret Countesse of Salis-  
bury Daughter to George Duke of Clarence mo-  
ther to his Father Alexander Cufaud Esquier  
Extracted from the Royell Blood of the Plantage  
nets who was a man for Exemplar virtue & Patience  
in Grievous Crosses & who always lived Religiously.  
He dyed  
the of Sept 1619 aged 36 yeares  
and of  
Frances his wife Daughter of that Learned and  
Famous Lawyer Richard Godfrey of Hendringha  
m Norfolk Esq who having 19 years been left  
his sorrowful widdow charged with  
Five Sonnes the Deare Pledges of their  
marriage Mathew John Simeon Francis  
and Edward left only to her motherly  
providence virtuous Education and admirably  
providing for them left unto posterity a  
blessed patterne of Conjugal Love, Maternall  
affection and Domestique wisdom  
equall to the Ancient and best Christian  
Matrons and ended her happy life with a  
pious Death the 17 Jan 1638 aged 63

Greatness with a modest eye  
Looke upon thy Destiny  
Patience if thou seek to find  
thy Masterpiece 'tis here inshrind  
Carefull mothers widdowes wives  
here lyes charactered your lives  
Well may we call it holy Ground  
Where such rare perfection's found.

The family of whom this stone is a record has been long extinct, their estates which were in the parish of Sherborne, St. John, some

two or three miles from Basingstoke, have passed into other hands, only one small homestead still called Cuffolds, and said to have been built out of the ruins of the old house, preserves their name. When we were young this inscription with its want of stops, and queerly divided words was a great amusement to us, and we used to dispute together as to the possibility of Sir Richard Pole's being first cousin to Henry VII., and maintain that he was only first cousin, because his wife, the Countess of Salisbury was first cousin to the Queen.

In all the books we then consulted we found no other explanation of the relationship.

Fuller, however, in his 'Worthies' settles the question. He writes of Sir Richard as 'Frater Consobrinus' to the King, that is either the son of his father's brother, or the son of his father's sister. Now he certainly was not the son of a brother, inasmuch as Jasper, Earl of Pembroke, second son of Sir Owen Tudor, had no legitimate children, and his only illegitimate daughter married William Gardiner, and was mother to Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester; we may, therefore, safely conclude that Sir Richard's mother was a daughter of Sir Owen Tudor and aunt to the King.

Many years ago, the pedigree of the Cufaudes was found in a cottage at Basingstoke. If I remember rightly, it only went back a few generations to the days of Edward IV. It was adorned with a cardinal's hat, and was drawn up I suppose early in the eighteenth century. The last date is of the death of John, the second of the five sons left to the 'motherly providence of that blessed patterne of domestique wisdom.' He died 1701, eighty-two years after the death of his father. He was probably past ninety, and he lived through the reigns of James I., Charles I., Commonwealth, Charles II., James II., and to nearly the last year of William and Mary.

What remains of the diary of Marie Cufaude extends only from about the year 1525 to 1572 or 3.

My business as Editor has been to shorten some of her very long sentences, and omit some irrelevant matter.

## CHAPTER I.

BEING at this present time more than three score years of age, and knowing that I must ere long expect that the feebleness which hath come already unto my limbs, so that I can but move in a slow and trembling sort of manner, will shortly take from me the clearness of my memory, I am resolved living now in the retirement of my chamber, having remitted all power and management in mine own house unto my daughter-in-law, much to her contentment and mine own peace, to turn these my quiet hours to good account. Wherefore my purpose is, having many papers and copies of letters written by my grandmother's own hands, to set on record by their help the most singular catastrophies of her life and of mine own. And I am

the more heartily bent on this task, that I may put in such plea as be possible in mitigation of the dreadful crime whereof mine unhappy father was accused; and, secondly, having lived through many strange and wonderful changes, such as I truly think no other kingdom was ever afflicted with, in so short a time, and seeing that there is not now, neither is there likely to be any direct heir to the crown of the Queen's body, it seemeth unto me that the days may come when it may much concern my sons to understand their own claims, and somewhat of their poor mother's kindred.

I have also yet a third reason, and one that doth urge me to the task, as strongly as either of the other two, and that is my deep and faithful love for my most dear cousin, friend and mistress, the late Queen Mary. Truly during the five years that she reigned over this kingdom, mine heart was sorely wounded by all the cruel burnings reported unto me, and albeit I well knew the foul wrongs that had so stirred her against that faith which, had as it were, grown out of her so grievous injuries, and therefore could in the secrecy of mine own thoughts find excuses of which many knew naught, yet could I not but sorrow to mark how she was changed. Fain would I put away from me the picture of what she was in those her later days, and take comfort in thinking and writing of her as I knew her in her youth. There are besides mine own diary, sundry letters and papers in my possession which might do harm unto many did they fall into indiscreet hands, wherefore when I have made therefrom such extracts as I think fit, being mindful that burnt letters, like dead men, tell no tales, I shall put them all in the fire, and shall then be able to die in peace leaving naught behind that can injure any man.

In my youth I lived with Kings and Queens and the highest in the land, as seeing my royal blood, was only proper; now I am naught but poor Marie Cufaude, the wife of William Cufaude, of Cufaude, Esquire, he indeed being of an ancient race, that hath lived from father to son in a safe obscurity on this same spot more than 400 years. For they have ever remained remote from the Court and from dangerous proximity to the King, excepting only mine husband who went thither in the train of my Lord Sandys, his near and good neighbour, for some years in his youth.

My father, of whom I am the eldest daughter, was Sir Geoffrey Pole, of Lordington, and he was the second son of Sir Richard Pole, cousin-german to King Henry VII., and the Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, my most dear and honoured grandmother, on whose soul I pray God to have mercy. She, as all men knew, was the only daughter of George, Duke of Clarence, and her brother Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, was his only son, who was put to death because the King of Castile, to whose daughter our King wished to wed the Prince of Wales, refused so to bestow her in marriage as long as the poor young Earl lived, fearing that he might



some day obtain the English Crown for himself. And the King's heart being set on this match, and that he might make his own dynasty secure—but truly I have often thought that it verily was this bloody deed which caused and laid at the root of the insecurity which afflicted it—he had his cousin beheaded on Tower Hill, having induced him by a promise of pardon to confess himself privy to some plot of which he knew naught. His death left my grandmother the last of the White Roses of York, and in her children are centred her claims. Of these children I must now speak to you, praying you carefully to preserve their memory and so to study the story of their sorrowful lives as that it may teach you to guide yourselves with discretion.

What befell my father and his brothers, mine uncles, I shall presently set forth in mine own history, only touching now on the trials of mine Aunt Ursula, who was the only daughter of my grandmother, the Countess. You must understand that when good Queen Catharine first came to this country she was wedded to Arthur, the Prince of Wales (the brother of the late King, her after husband), and a most sumptuous household and royal retinue was formed for them at the Castle of Ludlow, and at the head of it was placed my grandfather, Sir Richard Pole, he being a most courtly and accomplished gentleman of a noble presence, and a gallant swordsman of well proven prowess, and likewise cousin-german unto the King, so that no fitter person could be found to have that great charge. Thus it came to pass that in the quite early days of her life in this country, the Princess found my grandmother placed near her person, and for her she therefore conceived a most enduring love, which was by the other requited by an equal affection and a most grateful duty.

For in the pitifulness of her tender heart she, the Queen, ever bore in her mind that it was on her account and to make her children secure that the poor young Earl, the Countess's brother, had been put to death; therefore she in all ways befriended her, and did her many excellent kindnesses, hoping thereby to make her some amends for that her so grievous loss. And knowing that nothing can be sweeter to the heart of a careful and good mother than to secure a proper and noble preferment for her daughter, she moved the King's grace to allow her to match mine aunt, Mistress Ursula Pole, with the eldest son of the Duke of Buckingham, who had no equal in the realm for royal descent, for princely rank, for wealth and grandeur, unless it were his own son-in-law, the cruel and treacherous Duke of Norfolk. In after years I have heard my grandmother take blame to herself in that she gave so ready and joyful a consent to the Queen's proposal, she considering that she could at that time by no means have paid such a sum unto the Duke as he might have reasonably expected for his eldest son, wherefore she highly esteemed the kindness of her Grace in providing her daughter with so rich and noble a husband. And yet she afterwards repented of her consent, because that, had

her husband, Sir Richard, been alive, he would have disliked the marriage, for he was wont to admonish her, whose royal descent could not but sometimes stir in her great heart some chafings and ambitious dreams, that it was a dangerous thing to creep too near the throne, and the Duke was near enough of kin to his Grace to make it perilous in him to wed his son unto one who stood yet nearer. In truth my grandfather, as I have been told, so well understood how little a matter would oft set the royal jealousy ablaze, that he loved not to hear his wife speak of the Duke of Clarence, her father, or of the late King Edward of York, and she, being so dear unto him as she ever, was he was terribly afraid for her, when in the passion of her grief at the so cruel death of her brother, she called on God to punish 'the bloodthirsty bastard who had so basely slaughtered him,' words at which he who feared naught, turned as pale as death, and looked round the room in terror, lest any one should have been present and heard them, which he well knew would have cost her her life, and in a kind of tender violence took her head in his hands and crushed her face against his heart, and bade her sob out there her rage 'in silence,' if said he 'thou canst so constrain thyself, for thou hadst better bite out thy tongue than utter such a word even in mine ears. Trust me, the King never forgets the bastardy wherewith his house is reproached, and, however deep the Staffords and Howards and Nevils may bury their scorn in their hearts, I verily think it can smell it out, and sooner or later will crush all who so believe.' \*

Therefore my grandmother well knew he would not have had his daughter marry the Duke of Buckingham's son, not only for her sake, but also for that of the Duke, whom he held in much friendship, for he would have foreseen that such a conjunction of the blood royal, would stir at the smallest pretence the jealousy of the King. And truly it did; for, in the prime of his life, the Duke was accused of high treason and carried to the Tower, and mainly by the cruel urgency of the Duke of Norfolk, his son-in-law, he was condemned and beheaded, guilty, God wotteth, of little but of having won the love of the people, besides his high birth, his great wealth and his haughty spirit. All his goods were seized by the King, his vast estates, his jewels, his plate, even his household gear and his apparel! Thus mine aunt, instead of becoming in God's good time Duchess of Buckingham, was stripped of her rank and feared that she and her children would be left to die of hunger. All shrank away from aiding them lest they should bring on themselves any taint or suspicion, but the goodness of the Queen obtained from the King the great boon of permission to my grandmother to do what she could for

\* The king, however, permitted the poor young earl's body to be buried with those of his ancestors, and he was brought to the church at Bisham Abbey, wherein were laid his uncles, Richard Earl of Warwick and John Marquis of Montague; his grandfather, Richard Nevil, Earl of Salisbury, and also the king maker. Sir Richard Pole and his wife seem at one time to have lived there, for there is a shield with their arms in one of the windows of the hall.

the comfort and sustentation of her daughter, and, furthermore, when his Grace's wrath was cooled, she induced him to restore to them the castle and manor of Stafford, with such other properties as enabled them to live in the moderate estate to which they were reduced.

Besides this daughter, my lady Stafford, as we were after many years again permitted to call her, my grandmother had four sons, of whom the eldest, Henry, was created Lord Montague, in the year 1513, when it pleased the King not only to grant her petition and restore to her great part of the manors and estates which had belonged unto her grandfather, the Earl of Warwick, but also to create her Countess of Salisbury.

My Lord Montague married his cousin Joan Nevil, daughter of George Lord Bergavenny. Next to him came my father, Sir Geoffry, of whom more anon. And then came Arthur, who died as a young man and unmarried of the sweating sickness. And last of all, she was the mother of that blessed and learned Saint Reginald, the Prince Cardinal and late Archbishop of Canterbury, that noble, venerable, and pious man, whom my sons can still remember, and whose fatherly blessing I trust yet rests on their heads and on mine.

And now I had thought to have passed on to the history of my father and mother, and to mine own proper concerns, but I shall be able to deal with them in a more continuous manner and without digression if I narrate somewhat more of my grandmother's life, *i.e.* of that portion of it which passed before I was born. My grandfather died, to her great sorrow, in 1504, and she, therefore, acting on his most loving and wise counsel, he advising thereto out of his tender regard for her safety, obtained the King's leave to retire to Lordington, which, his Grace being good lord to her in that matter, she did, and there passed her time in all possible dole and affliction, and so intended to spend the residue of her days. Such, however, was not the pleasure of the Prince, his son, who loved her well, for soon after he became King, he commanded her return to the Court, which he did the rather that it was reported unto him by Sir William Compton, who had a desire to marry her himself and had by her been refused, that she thought to match herself with the brother of the Earl of Kent.\* And thereupon his Grace sent her a letter by the said Sir William Compton, wherein he said, 'It would please him well if it should please her, that she should marry the bearer of that his despatch, as he verily thought it time she should provide herself with another mate, but that whether or no she took that, his cousinly advice, it was his will that she resumed with all speed her duties at Court.' On

\* I presume this brother was John, second son of that earl who changed his side so often and so successfully, that he was said to sleep equally well whether his bed was made of white roses or red. His mother was Katharine Percy, and probably it was the Stafford connection made the king dislike the match, for these Greys were cousins of his own, as Tacina, one of the daughters of Sir Owen Tudor, and Katharine, widow of Henry V., married Edmund Earl of Kent.

the reading of which letter my grandmother fell into a great perplexity, for, on the one hand, to disobey the King's highness and refuse to wed at his bidding might peril her estate, and it might be her liberty if not her life, but then, on the other, she had no mind to change her condition, and she disliked the man chosen; wherefore, albeit she smiled on him the while, and used her woman's wit to give him fair words but empty, and made as if he were to her a most welcome and honoured guest, and thus pleasantly detained him some days in her house, yet she wrote or ever she let him depart to her good friend, the Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, entreating that she would lay all the matter before the Queen, and implore her Grace to plead for her with his Highness, which letter she sent by a sure hand but privately; after which she writ a letter to the King, which she gave unto Sir William to transmit to his Majesty, wherein, after most lowly commendations of herself, she advertised him that she had received his most gracious letter, and said, 'The words that your Highness hath writ me with your own hand are most precious unto my heart, inasmuch as they assure me that this my long retirement from the joy of your presence hath not caused you to forget your poor bedeswoman; and concerning the bearer of this your so valued despatch, I have given him the heartiest welcome and the best cheer I could make for any man, not for his own sake, but mindful from whom he came, and on my knees I offer my most hearty thanks unto your Highness in that it has pleased you to say, "And if I pleased I might marry the same," instead of commanding my obedience, as your Grace, I wot, well might. Wherefore I beseech your patience, for truly I have no desire of matrimony either with him or with any other, and I do implore your Grace to shew me mercy in this matter, and not to suppose I am setting my will against my duty of obedience, for my sole reason is, that I have had one such noble mate, that whether I consider his nearness of kin to your Majesty, his affection for your person, his devotion to your service, or his own great worth and courteous behaviour and noble presence as well as the goodness and love he ever bore me, it seemeth to me not only impossible to find his like, but that having been once so happily wedded unto so proper a man by the grace of the King your father, it maketh me mislike to match myself with any other. I do therefore humbly entreat your Majesty to accept me in this matter, and if it shall chance me hereafter to have any fantasy or mind to wed me again, which I heartily pray God it never may, I do protest unto your Highness I would rather die than take any one but at the bidding of your Majesty, and so, kneeling at your feet, I pray you not to take this mine honest but bold answer in displeasure, but allow me to return to the Court as you so graciously bid me, and as I will do with my most joyful alacrity, e'en as I am—Your Majesty's most devoted servant and poor kinswoman, MARGARET POLE.'

Having thus writ she had some time to await the result, but at last,

to her great contentment, received the Queen's command to return immediately to Court and the assurance that all was well. Thus it was she was constrained to leave her retirement contrary to her own wishes, and the wise counsel of her husband.

It was in February, 1515, that our late Queen, the Princess Mary, was born, our cousin Katharine Pole was nurse, and my grandmother held the royal babe at the font as proxy for the Queen of France, of whom I also was goddaughter. The Princess was only two years old when she was betrothed unto her cousin, the Emperor Charles V., and three years afterwards a separate Court was formed for her at the head of which was placed my grandmother, an office never held but by a lady of the blood royal.

It was the year after the birth of the Princess that my father, Sir Geoffry, was married. My mother was Mistress Constance, the only child of our neighbour, Sir John Pakenham, whose estate at Lordington adjoined and commingled with ours, so that there were rights of ways from one to the other, which made many bickerings and ill-blood; wherefore my grandfather, who ever had a tender regard unto the peace and contentment of the country, thinking it a fitting thing to unite the two properties by such a marriage, entered into a contract with Sir John that he should give his daughter unto one of his sons (to which son he agreed on his part to give his house at Lordington), as soon as the young people should be of a fitting age. The match was but scanty agreeable unto my grandmother, for the Pakenhams had ever fought against the King Edward IV., but Sir Richard in his wisdom prayed her to take it in good part, for he said it was by such marriages between the red and the white roses that the wounds of the kingdom would be soonest healed, and the old feuds forgotten, and when he lay a-dying he bade her with a smile, 'let Mistress Constance have her pick of the lads.' For he had not named any one in the contract, saying he could not as yet tell, they all being so young, which might most affect her, or which she might most affect, and though, doubtless they would marry as in duty bound at the bidding of their parents, he would wish it as much as might be to jump with their own desires.

During his life he had been a man of great wealth, for the King had appointed him to administer the vast estates of the Earl of Warwick, which had been all confiscated to the Crown at his so unjust beheading, but his death left my grandmother for many years but poorly provided, and during this time Sir John spake no word of the before-named contract. But when it pleased the King's grace to create her Countess of Salisbury and her eldest son Lord Montague, and to give her back a large portion of her late brother's estates, Sir John thought it fit to press for the marriage, and to claim the said Lord Montague for his daughter, under pretence of a verbal promise from Sir Richard. But it pleased not my Lady the Countess so to marry her eldest son, thinking she might do better with him, and he



moreover confessing to her that he had no mind for the maid. So, after much haggling as to the price and the property, Sir John was constrained to accept Sir Geoffrey, my father; and often have I heard him say that he, having a mighty fancy for my mother, had settled the matter with Lord Montague, whilst they were still but boys. And truly I think my mother had also the one she liked best, and yet she ever cherished an ill-feeling against the Countess, because she had not thought her good enough for my Lord. Besides me, their first-born child, whom they named Marie, after the Queen of France, she being my godmother, my father and mother had Catharine, married to Sir Anthony, son to my Lord Fortescue; Margaret married to Sir Walter, son to my Lord Viscount Windsor; Ursula, who became a nun, and is in a convent in Paris; and Joan, who died young. We five girls were all born in the space of seven years, and my father used to call us his five 'mishaps.' Albeit doubtless each time disappointed that it was only another daughter, yet was he a singular loving father unto us, so that now, when I think of what afterwards chanced it makes mine heart seem ready to burst with very ruth as I recall his goodness unto us in those early days, and unto me more particularly, for he loved to carry me about the hall on his shoulders, and seldom called me anything but 'Little Mishap,' and would often swear that if the lads came not he would make one of me, and so he put a heron's wing in my coif, and strapped a toy dagger round my waist, and taught me how to clap mine hand on its hilt and to strut about like a little game-cock; nay, he would often place me on his horse before him, tying me on for safety to the belt of his sword, and take me with him when he went a hawking, a sport he much delighted in; and if my mother chid him, as indeed she often did, and told him he was making me over bold and wayward, so that Mistress Gardiner,\* her gentlewoman, could by no means manage me, he would only answer with a laugh, 'give me my son, wife, and then thou shalt tie little Mishap to thine apron-strings with the rest of the bunch.' I suppose it may be that he cared the more about having a boy because my Lord Montague had not one either, but only two daughters. At last, 1531, mine eldest brother Arthur was born, not only to the great joy of my father, but also of my grandmother, the Countess of Salisbury. Little did those who rejoiced over his cradle think how brief would be his life in this world, and how sad would be its end. Ten years afterwards my brother Edmund was born, but there were no rejoicings over his birth, unless it were in the heart of his mother, for truly he came into the world in a time of such affliction that he ought to have been called Ichabod, 'The glory hath departed,' for the glory of his father's house was indeed past away for ever.

\* She was cousin-german, though some years older than he, unto Stephen Gardiner, who came to be Lord Chancellor and Bishop of Winchester in the days of Queen Mary.

And now I must begin my life by telling how it chanced that I was so much more about the Court than any of my sisters, and in my youth little dreamt that I should end my life in this remote obscurity.

It was one day in August, 1525, that whilst I was standing before my mother, having been brought into her presence by Mistress Gardiner, to be duly punished for having neither conned my lesson nor minded my needle, that her rebukes were suddenly cut short, though not until she had given me several such sharp blows on mine ears and shoulders that I burst out a crying with pain and anger, by the coming in of my father with a letter in his hand.

‘Here, sweetheart,’ he said to her; ‘a messenger from my Lady hath just brought this, and he hath ridden with it from Richmond, where the little Princess is now keeping her court, so belike it hath somewhat in it of importance.’

Whereupon my mother bade her gentlewoman quit the room, but as I was following her, nothing loath to escape the other half of my chastisement, my father laid his hand on my shoulder and made me sit down at his feet, and he having cut the string and broken the seal read the letter aloud. I have it still, and will therefore copy it.

Unto my son, Sir Geoffrey Pole. ‘Son, I commend me in all loving heartiness unto thee and thy wife, my good daughter-in-law, and I wish ye to wit that inasmuch as our most noble King and Queen purpose to form a right royal household for her Grace the Lady Mary at Castle Ludlow, wherein she is to hold her court with all fitting splendour and attendance, it seemeth good unto them that one of the maids of honour who are there to wait on her Grace should be much about her own age, not only that they may study together, but that she may have some one to disport herself with as befits her years; and they in their exceeding kindness and undeserved goodness to me, which indeed my best service can but poorly repay, have commanded me to choose whichever of my granddaughters I esteem the meetest thus to be brought up with her Grace. Wherefore seeing, as God wotteth, ye have more daughters than any man can need and are likely enough to add thereto, and that Moll is a very goodly and toward child, healthful, and pleasant-tempered withal: It is my will that ye shall send her unto me, and I promise you she shall e’en have as virtuous a training in all manner of learning and courtly bearing as doth the Princess Mary herself, and as for her future providing, ye may rest assured it shall not be at your cost, and also that hereafter I will an it please the Lord so dispose of her as that her ending shall match this her so happy beginning. And as I doubt not ye will as in duty bound fulfil this my desire, I will despatch mine equerry and gentlewoman and suitable attendants to bring her hither on Wednesday sennit, and they shall also carry unto thee a bird I have, the best of my lot, which was bred by the son of mine old friend, Sir William



Norris,\* in the famous falconry he hath on the Thames nigh unto Bray; though young, he is bold and crafty, and hath, thou mayst be sworn, seeing whence he comes, had much practice. I have not his fellow in my roosts, and I wish thee good sport with him, and praying God devoutly to preserve ye all,

‘I am, etc., etc.’

‘So,’ saith my father, ‘she sendeth me the handsomest hawk on her perch in exchange for the fairest dove in my Dovecote.’

‘I see not she be the fairest,’ my mother answered. ‘Madge is as good to look at, and Moll loveth not her book like Ursula, nor her needle like Catharine. I would thy mother had left the child at home.’

‘I cry you quits there,’ he said, ‘but we cannot choose but send her, since it be her will and the King’s command, and doubtless she can do more for the little wench than we can. We shall have her going off with the Princess in a year or two and wedding some Dutch Prince;’ and, laying his hand on my head, he added, ‘Would’st like to be a Princess, Moll, and wear a crown.’ ‘Nay,’ said my mother, ‘if she be as idle in future as she hath been this day she will be a meeter wife for a Prince’s fool than for a Prince, and as for thy mother doing better by the child, I would she may not do worse and match her to some of her own kindred and the King’s enemies. I wot in her heart she loveth not his friends.’

‘And I wot in thy heart,’ he answered, with a laugh, ‘that thou lovest not thy husband’s mother, and hast still a hankering to be my Lady Montague!’

At that my mother smiled also, and said, ‘It is not the man I would change an I could. I would have chosen thee had she let me have “the pick of the lads,” as good Sir Richard, God rest his soul, bade her.’

‘And thy father would have chosen my brother,’ he retorted; ‘and what could’st thou have done? Thou would’st have had to pick his choice, I’ll be sworn.’

Albeit my mother said many times that she was not willing I should be sent to the court at my grandmother’s behest, yet inasmuch as she could ever prevail on my father into doing that which she desired, rather than that he himself would propose (excepting only that she could not stay, endeavour as she might, his over-kindness and indulgence to us his ‘little mishaps,’ and specially unto me), methinks she could have had only a faint sort of a desire to keep me at home.

I was mightily proud of thus being sent for to attend the Princess, and conducted myself in such a haughty manner to my sisters, making them wait on me and do my bidding, and promising them, with much condescension, that whatever great preferment I might come unto I

\* Sir William Norris had the administration of some of the Nevil’s large property in Oxfordshire; they had also various estates, at Bray and at Yattendon near Newbury.

would help them all I could, and be a good elder sister unto them, that Mistress Gardiner minded me of what manner of spirit it is that goes before a fall. And my next sister Kate, who had a fine temper of her own, told me my promises were mighty grand, but perhaps I should not get the preferment I reckoned on, and that for her part she would rather stay at home where there was no cruel King to put her in the Tower and cut her head off.

I made as if I did not mind her words, but I had heard tell of the Great Duke and of the Earl of Warwick, so had many doubts and fears.

On the day appointed came a goodly cavalcade, consisting of Mistress Modford, one of the Countess's gentlewomen, and one of her equerries, Master Dale, and a score of retainers, riding into the court, and bringing with them the falcon for my father, and a small nag, with a saddle covered with a gay, crimson housing, on which I was to ride, and proud enough I was at seeing with what an attendance I was to take my journey.

The next morning we set forth, but not until my mother had charged me to behave myself in a lowly and reverent manner unto my grandmother, and minded me that the wild and riotous ways and freedom of tongue my father suffered at home would be likely to get me into much trouble and disgrace where I was going, and then she kissed me and blest me and said, with a kind of rueful smile, 'Methinks thou wilt often wish thyself at home again when thou feelest the curb. God speed thee well, and remember, Moll, whatever betide, thou wilt ever be my first-born child.'

By the time I had taken my leave of her and my sisters, and Mistress Gardiner, and my good old nurse, my pride in mine own importance, and pleasure in my grand attendance, was all gone, so that when my father took me up in his arms to put me in my saddle, I clasped him about the neck, and, bursting out into a loud crying, called out, 'I would stay at home and be a good child and mind my book, and would not go to the Court where the King might cut off mine head an he liked.' So to comfort me, my father bade them bring him his horse, and taking me up before him according as he was wont, rode with me thus to the end of my first day's journey.

*(To be continued.)*

## CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

## CAMEO CCXII.

1630—1633.

## THE DAY OF DUPES.

BY C. M. YONGE.

THE reign of Louis XIII. in France was neither more nor less than the reign of Armand du Plessis, Cardinal de Richelieu. The feeble, indolent spirit of the King recognised that no one else could so well conduct his affairs, and though occasional restlessness under the yoke tempted one person after another to endeavour to help him to shake it off, he always fell back on the Cardinal, and left them to be ruined by their attempts. And Richelieu was absolutely ruthless when an enemy to himself or to the Crown was to be overthrown.

One of his chief enemies was the Queen Mother, Marie de Medici. Having introduced him at Court as her almoner, she thought him bound to her service, and viewed all opposition from him as ingratitude. Moreover, she greatly disapproved of the alliance with the German Protestants against the House of Austria, and viewed the extirpation of heresy as her son's prime duty.

Equally discontented was her second son, Gaston, Duke of Orleans, a foolish, weak, and mischievous youth, no wiser than his brother, and with less of what passed for a conscience; but important to the kingdom, since the Queen continued childless, and he alone stood between the succession and the Prince of Condé. Gaston had lost his wife, the heiress of Montpensier, and had only an infant daughter, and his second marriage was the occasion of endless intrigues. After the taking of Rochelle, there was a sharp war in Savoy and Italy, which need not be entered on here; Richelieu moved to the South, taking the Court with him, and watched over the war, changing the generals in command so often, and with such harsh strictures on their management, as to excite the greatest dislike in these high-spirited soldiers, who could not but resent and chafe against such treatment from an ecclesiastic.

Meantime Louis fell into a state of utter *ennui* and depression, which became deep melancholy, and at Lyon culminated in a very severe illness, during which, for five days, his life was despaired of. His mother and wife nursed him so tenderly and showed him so much affection that his heart was warmed towards them, and he listened to their complaints of the Cardinal's keeping them at a distance from him, and maligning all their actions. Louis, who was jealous of his minister, and had no real affection, listened, and promised them that

he would put an end to the war, and dismiss Richelieu on his return to Paris. As soon as he could move, the journey was begun, the court going down the Loire in large barges. There was a game of dissimulation going on all the time, especially between Queen Marie and the Cardinal, who visited her in her boat, knelt by her bed, and showed her great attention, while she received him with apparent complacency and affection, calling him "*Mio caro*," and "*Amico del cor mio*." She and Anne of Austria had, together with Monsieur, settled their new Ministry, intending Marillac, the Keeper of the Seals, for Prime Minister, brother of him who commanded in Italy, and would support Marie with the army; but Louis declared that the crisis must be deferred for six weeks, in order that the matters in hand might be finished.

Probably the Cardinal knew all perfectly well, though he made no sign. The Queen Mother came to take up her abode at the Luxemburg Palace, which she had just completed, and already ventured to show rudeness to the Cardinal, and his niece, Madame de Combalet, who was one of her ladies. On the morning of the 10th of November she gave orders that when the King came to see her, no one else should be admitted. Louis came, and was quickly followed by the Cardinal, but the door of the Queen's apartments was shut, and there was no answer to any summons. Richelieu, however, knew the place thoroughly, and going round the gallery, and through a little chapel, presented himself in the royal chamber.

'Here he is!' cried the King, like a boy caught in the fact, and as the Cardinal asked what they were about, Louis faltered, '*Non faisons !*'

'Confess, Madame!' severely said the Cardinal, with his keen, powerful eyes fixed sternly on the Queen.

'Well, yes!' she passionately broke out, 'we were talking of the wickedest and most ungrateful of men,' and half in French, half in Italian, she poured forth a perfect flood of feminine abuse, in the midst of which the King sneaked away, muttering that it was late, and he had to go to Versailles. Richelieu could not get away from the Queen so as to come up with the runaway, before the carriage had driven off, and for the moment, he thought all was lost, went home, and prepared to start for Havre de Grace, which belonged to him and whence escape would be easy.

The Queen Mother thought her triumph secure. She dismissed all the kinsfolk of Richelieu from her suite, and even everyone whom he had recommended, and she held court at the Luxemburg, receiving the congratulations of her party; while Marillac went to his house in the neighbourhood of Versailles to be ready for a summons to the King in the morning. When the King had gone, his favourite Saint Simon, who was strongly in the interests of Richelieu, contrived to speak to the Cardinal de la Valette, and tell him to go and advise Richelieu not to relinquish the field, but to be at hand at Versailles, without shewing himself.

Louis wandered about the Castle at Versailles, which was still a very small place, grumbling at everything, but especially at his mother's hastiness in bursting out too soon, and at all the trouble that the change would entail on him. He stood at last drumming on the window panes with his fingers, and saying to Saint Simon—

‘What do you think of all this?’

‘Sire, I think I am in another world, but you are still master.’

‘So I am,’ said the King, ‘and I will make it felt.’

Then Saint Simon told him that the Cardinal was at hand, and Louis, weary of the struggle, answered, ‘M. le Cardinal was a good minister. Give him my compliments, and desire him to come to me immediately.’

Martinmas, the 11th of November, 1630, was the next day, and it received the title of the Day of Dupes.

Marillac was awakened by the intelligence that the King had the Cardinal at Versailles, and demanded the seals from him; and at the same time a courier was sent to Foglizzo in Piedmont with these words in the King's own hand:—

‘COUSIN,

‘Do not fail to arrest Marshal de Marillac. It concerns my service and your character.

‘LOUIS.’

Schomberg opened the letter, and was greatly amazed as well as embarrassed, for a large portion of the army was much attached to the Marshal. He decided then on shewing the note to him whom it concerned.

‘Monsieur,’ said Marillac, ‘a subject may not so murmur against his master, as to say that the things he alleges are false; but I can with truth protest that I have done nothing contrary to his service. The truth is that my brother and I have always been servants of the Queen Mother. She must have failed, and M. le Cardinal de Richelieu have won the day against her and her friends.’

He gave up his sword, and was taken from the midst of the army which he commanded to the Castle of Sainte Méné, where he remained during the next year. He was a brave and loyal man, and his brother, Michel, the Keeper of the Seals, a most religious one, who translated Thomas a’Kempis’s *Imitation of Christ* into French. But Richelieu hated them both, and believed that while the King was ill at Lyon they had advised Marie de Medici to have him arrested at once on the event of Louis’s death. Richelieu had triumphed, and he endeavoured to secure himself by further giving the Marshal’s staff to the Duke of Montmorency and the Count of Toiras. He also promised promotion to the two chief favourites of Gaston of Orleans, but he hesitated to perform his promise; and this was probably the real reason that the Duke one day burst upon the Cardinal, with a large suite of attendants, to declare that he came to recall all his

pledges of protection and affection to Richelieu, as a man who broke promises and was no friend to the Queen his mother. He should go off to the appanage of Orleans and defend himself there. And he immediately get into his carriage and drove off to Orleans.

The Queen Mother must have known his plans, for she had given him back all his late wife's jewels, which had been in her keeping, but she pretended to the King that she had been so much shocked at his departure as to be nearly fainting. The struggle for influence continued between the two Queens and the Cardinal. All the Court went to Compiègne, where Louis was again very ill, and as his death would have placed Gaston on the throne, everything remained in suspense till he began to amend, and then Richelieu let him know of the schemes that had been prepared in case of his death. His jealousy was excited, and he was resolved on their disgrace; but, as he could hardly order his mother away, the Cardinal suggested that he had better leave her. So, on the 21st of February, 1631, the King and Cardinal set off for Paris very quietly, so early in the morning, that neither his mother nor his wife were awake. When they had had a good start, Marshal d'Estrées was instructed to have Queen Anne wakened, tell her what had happened, and inform her that her husband was waiting at the Capuchin Convent at Senlis for her to join him; but before dressing, Anne hurried to see her mother-in-law, and tell her of the catastrophe.

Presently d'Estrées, followed, and told the Queen Mother that the King requested her to await intelligence from him at Compiègne. Marshal Bassompierre and others, enemies of the Cardinal, were sent to the Bastille, and on the following day the King sent a requisition to his mother to take up her residence at Moulins, promising her the government of the province. She fell into one of her furies, and declared she would never leave Compiègne unless they snatched her undressed out of her bed. The Count d'Estrées was therefore left to keep guard over her. Richelieu tried to gain over Monsieur, but not succeeding, caused the King to march with an army towards Orleans. On this Gaston fled, with a hundred horsemen, and the Count de Moret, one of his illegitimate half-brothers, and went from place to place till he finally took refuge in Lorraine, where he fell in love with Marguerite, the Duke's sister.

In July Marie de Medici set forth with a carriage drawn by six horses, but with no more escort than a private gentlewoman. She travelled unmolested to the Low Countries, where she was received by the Count of Crevecœur. She never saw her eldest son again, and Richelieu had entirely conquered. He declared that the King would never consent to a marriage between the Duke of Orleans and Marguerite of Lorraine, although the blood of Charlemagne had repeatedly been matched with French royalty; and he likewise assured the lady's brother that the little duchy would suffer, if it were made a refuge for all the factious persons in France. The Duke of



Lorraine was not powerful enough to resist; but he was deeply offended at the slight to his sister and himself, and though he was forced to obey, Gaston departed, secretly married to Marguerite, when he joined his mother at Brussels. Unfortunately for the romance of the matter, Gaston had none of his father's graces, but was the dullest and weakest of Frenchmen, except his brother, and his bride was a quiet, silent, inanimate person, who had, however, the negative merits of neither intriguing nor quarrelling. The Queen and her son were resolved to return, and began a course of intrigues with all who hated the domination of the Cardinal. The Duke of Guise had fled after the Day of Dupes to Italy, where he promised to raise a band of Spanish and Italian soldiers, and to land in his former government of Provence; the Duke of Epernon was to raise Guienne, the Marquis of Crequy, Dauphiné. Even the Duke of Montmorency, hitherto indifferent to Court squabbles, undertook to support the King's mother and brother in Languédoc.

Perhaps the perception of their intrigues drove Richelieu on to one of his worst deeds of revenge for his danger on the Day of Dupes. Marshal Louis de Marillac was sixty years old, and an honourable man, against whom the seizure of all his papers afforded no accusation, yet he had been kept a prisoner at St. Menehoulet, and a special commission was appointed to inquire into his crimes. No treason could be discovered, and he was therefore accused of misuse of the royal treasure levied from the people, while commanding the army in Champagne. He had, in fact, been commissioned to fortify the citadel of Verdun, and he seems to have been careless in dealing with the sums entrusted to him for provisions, forage, materials, and compensation to the townspeople whose houses were destroyed for the fortification. He was not blameless; but the same accusation could have been brought against every other French general, and he had been less guilty than many. He held such things mere trifles. "Hay and straw, wood and lime," said he, "there is not matter here for whipping a servant!"

In fact, death was not the penalty, and besides, Marillac, both by birth and office, came under the jurisdiction of the Parliament of Paris; but Richelieu chose subservient members from those of Dijon and Metz, and sent them to try him at Verdun. Twice the Paris Parliament demanded to have the cause brought thither, but no attention was paid to it, and finally Richelieu transferred the Court to his own castle at Ruel. Even there, it was only by a majority of one that Louis de Marillac was condemned to be beheaded, and the iniquitous sentence was carried out the next day, the 9th of May, 1632. The ex-Keeper of the Seals died in prison two months later.

On the news of the execution, Gaston of Orleans instantly hastened to the Spanish army in the Low Countries, and there borrowed about 2000 men, the refuse of the camp it was said, with whom he arrived at Nancy, and then proceeded into Burgundy, being before the time



agreed on, and before Guise or any of the other allies could possibly be in the field. Richelieu was troubled about his doings, but immediately declared war against Lorraine, and, sending Marshal d'Effiat into the duchy, quickly reduced the Duke to entire submission, and prevented him from joining the Emperor.

Meantime Gaston rapidly traversed Burgundy with his 2000 Spaniards. Nobody joined him, but nobody chose to lift a hand against the heir presumptive, and thus he reached Languédoc. The Governor of this province was Henri Duke of Montmorency, fifth in descent from the Great Constable Anne. He was godson to Henri IV., who had said of him to M. de Villeroi: 'Look at my son Montmorency, what a fine figure he is! If the House of Bourbon were to fail, no family in Europe would deserve the crown of France so well as that whose great men have supported and added to it at the cost of their own blood.'

In fact no French noble equalled Montmorency in grace, beauty, and valour. He was thirty-seven years of age, honourable, open-hearted, and open-handed, and beloved by all, as was also his beautiful and excellent wife, Maria Felicia, of the great Orsini family at Rome. He had not meddled with party or intrigue, and seemed little concerned with politics, except that during the King's illness at Lyon, he had offered to support Richelieu against his enemies. He had been made a Marshal, and was thought to expect the office of Constable of France, which had been four times in his family.

But it was to the surprise of every one, that, when the Bishop of Alby had made overtures to him on the part of the Queen Mother and Gaston, he accepted them and cast in his lot with Monsieur, who was invading his native land with foreign troops. Some said that he did so as thoughtlessly as if he had been asked to be the Duke's second in a duel; but it is more likely that he was shocked at the judicial murder of Marillac, and the exile of the King's mother and brother at the bidding of a tyrannical ecclesiastic. Moreover the family instincts of the Montmorencies had always made them stand between the Huguenots and the King, adverse to Calvinism, but resisting the encroachments of royalty. The Duke had recently been supporting the remonstrances of Languédoc against the heavy imposts laid upon it when it had by no means recovered from the devastations of the Huguenot war.

He must have felt at once that Gaston's precipitation rendered the cause hopeless, but he was a man of his word; so he sent out summonses to the people Languédoc to rise in arms, and he met the Duke of Orleans at Sunel. He had expected the Huguenots to follow him, but for the most part they refrained, and the Parliament of Toulouse forbade any attention to be paid to his commissions.

At Paris, Richelieu had put seals on the property in Montmorency's house, where he found a considerable sum of money. The Parliament likewise registered a strong declaration against the adherents of the

Duke of Orleans as rebels, traitors, and disturbers of the public peace. Six weeks were granted to Gaston in which to submit, otherwise 'the King would have to deal with him as might be for the welfare of his kingdom.' Thereupon King and Cardinal started together for the south.

The rebel army amounted to 13,000 men, but there was constant strife among the leaders, when they advanced together against the division of the royal army which was besieging the castle of St. Felix, which held on for the King. These troops were under Marshal Schomberg, and numbered 7000. Montmorency reconnoitred with 500 men, drove in the outposts, and came back in high spirits. 'Ah! Monsieur,' he said to Gaston, 'this is the day when you will be victorious over all your enemies, and son and mother will be brought together again.'

'Oh!' returned the Prince, 'Monsieur de Montmorency, you are always rhodomontading! You promise me great victories, and still I have nothing but hopes. For my part, I wish you to know that I can always make peace for myself, and get out of it "*moi troisième*."'

On this ungracious and ungrateful answer, Montmorency retired into a corner of the hall, where were the Counts of Moret and Rieux, and spoke sharp and contemptuous words of the cowardly Prince for whom they were ruining themselves.

The cavalry advanced, but orders were given that no attack should be made until all the infantry had come up, and another council of war had been held. But when at Castelnaudry, Moret in the left wing beheld the royal troops, a sort of madness seemed to seize him and his people. They dashed forward without looking behind them, firing their pistols. At the sound, Montmorency, who was on the right, with the horsemen with him, galloped to the scene of action, leaping the ditches, riding over the musqueteers, shouting for the troops who did not move. Moret was already killed, Rieux was shot down, Montmorency was alone in the midst of the royal light cavalry. His horse went down under him. He was dragged out, unhappily alive, with seventeen wounds, two in his face.

Far behind, Gaston stood whistling, as he always did when disturbed, and not even issuing a single order to send troops to the defence of these brave and reckless men, only saying 'All is lost;' as he saw the gentlemen of Languédoc, who had only risen out of personal affection for Montmorency, riding off at full speed. Schomberg might easily have charged and made him prisoner with all his suite, but the Marshal was much too prudent to meddle with one who might any day be king, and his retreat to Beziers was unmolested.

The Duchess of Montmorency lay sick there. She instantly sent off a surgeon and an equerry to Castelnaudry to bring tidings of her husband. None of his wounds were mortal, and he was calm and resolute. 'Tell my wife,' he said, 'the size and number of my

wounds, and assure her that none is so painful as that which I have inflicted on her spirit.'

Monsieur, moved by some spirit of shame, sent in the morning to offer battle to Schomberg. The Marshal replied that he did not accept the challenge, but that if they met he should try to defend himself. But Monsieur had hardly any troops left, and retreated towards Beziers. Poor Madame de Montmorency, ill as she was, caused herself to be carried in a litter to his camp, that she might prevent him from forgetting to make terms for her husband.

The King was at Lyon by this time, and messengers passed between the brothers. Gaston at first demanded Montmorency's liberty, and the reinstatement of all his friends and his mother's, but no answer was made to this, and his second envoy was imprisoned. Then, when he was alarmed enough, the Sieur de Bullion was sent to meet him at Beziers, and found him ready to renounce all connection with the enemies of the King or Cardinal, so that he might be taken into favour again. As to his marriage, which without the King's consent was treason, he flatly denied it. He did indeed entreat for the prisoner, but M. de Bullion said, 'Your Highness must decide between the King and the Sieur de Montmorency,' and Gaston ceased to plead, signed everything, left the Duke to his fate, and set off for Tours, which had been appointed as his place of exile.

Sympathy and pity for Montmorency abounded. He knew his doom, and was ready to meet it bravely. As soon as he could be moved, he was to be taken to Toulouse for his trial, the King and Cardinal themselves coming thither to ensure severity. By letters patent the cause was removed from the Parliament of Paris, which alone had jurisdiction over a *Pair de France*, but he made no objection. 'I renounce the privilege with all my heart,' he said, 'as well as all others that can delay my sentence.'

His sister, the beautiful Princess of Condé, brought a memorial she had prepared for the King. He read it quietly, praised the wording, and tore it up. The King shut his doors against the sister and the wife, but there were many others to plead. The old Duke of Epemon threw himself at the King's feet in tears, and almost every noble and lady at court entreated for the gallant Duke. Even Richelieu spoke of making him a hostage for the Duke of Orleans, and the churches were full of people praying for him. But Louis XIII. was cruel at heart, and listened to no one, treating all supplications with cold displeasure. 'You may retire, M. le Duc,' was all the answer vouchsafed to Epemon.

It was not till the 27th of October that the prisoner could be brought to Toulouse. He begged at once for a confessor. 'Father,' he said to the priest, 'I entreat you to set me at once on the shortest and surest way to heaven. I have no more hope nor wish save in God.'

On the 30th, he was fast asleep, when his confessor awoke him :

"*Surgite eamus*," he said, quoting the words with which our Blessed Lord left the upper room. His surgeon came to dress his still unhealed wounds. 'All my hurts will be cured by a single blow,' he said, as he caused himself to be dressed in the white cloth garments he had had prepared.

He was led before the Parliament where he confessed his guilt as a rebel, and expressed deep repentance, answering fully all the questions put to him. He then retired while sentence of death, forfeiture of peerage, and confiscation of property was pronounced on him and notified to him by commissioners. 'I thank you, gentlemen,' he replied, 'and I beg you to tell all your body that I hold this decree of the King's justice as a decree of God's mercy.'

The execution took place immediately. Montmorency walked calmly to the scaffold, bowing with his usual stately courtesy to his acquaintance, and kneeling down with some difficulty, on account of his wounds, he said in Latin: 'Into Thy hands I commend my spirit,' and thus received the stroke.

He had no children, which softened the force of the attainder, nor was the confiscation carried out, but his widow was allowed to live on at Chantilly, and was viewed as an angel of goodness, and his estates ultimately passed to his sister Charlotte, the Princess of Condé.

'Do you know, gentlemen, who cut off Montmorency's head?' said Cardinal Zapata to the two French envoys at Madrid.

'His crimes,' they answered.

'No,' said the Cardinal, 'the clemency of the predecessors of Louis XIII.'

By which he must have meant that it was a dangerous precedent to spare the leaders in a political war against the Crown. Gaston was terrified at the execution. As he had denied his marriage, he had never been pardoned for it, and since nothing could be easier than to prove it, he could be found guilty in his turn of treason, and he therefore hurried off to Flanders again, leaving Richelieu supreme so long as the valetudinarian King should survive. Indeed Richelieu himself was suffering constantly from an incurable complaint, although his indomitable will continued to direct the whole kingdom.

Probably Montmorency perished not so much for his rebellion, as because Richelieu ruled on the old tyrant's principle of cutting down the tallest poppies—that on which Louis XI. had ruled France, and Henry VIII. had advised François I. to cut off Bourbon's head simply because he was over-powerful for a subject. Richelieu, as it has been said, was putting down hundreds of petty tyrannies to make one great one. The nobles of France had lost much power during the wars of Religion, and a hard strong hand kept them down. Meantime, the King left everything to the minister, and amused his weary hours as best he could. He had set up a friendship with Marie de Hautefort, a perfectly innocent one, which began when she was only

fourteen, and the King, seeing her looking tired at a sermon, sent her his own velvet cushion, which she would not accept. They had interminable conversations, sometimes quarrels, and then the King spent his time in writing out all that had passed till their reconciliation. Marie was a good and upright woman, beloved by the Queen as well as the King, and not a breath of scandal ever touched her fair fame, nor would she surrender herself to be merely an instrument of Richelieu's influence, but preserved her independence. The King was, according to his own ideas, and those of the time, a religious man, and the Cardinal had a great man's views of the duties of the Church. It was a time, too, when the revival of religion in the Roman Church, which is known as the anti-reformation, was in full force, and was bearing fruit of a noble kind. Vincent de Paul, born in 1576, was bred up as a peasant priest in Gascony, was then beginning his great works. He had been in his youth made prisoner by the Barbary pirates, and sold as a slave. While working in the garden, the Psalms he sung, gained the attention of his mistress, and then of her husband, a renegade. Vincent brought him back to the faith, and they fled back to France together.

After serving as a village priest, Vincent was recommended by Cardinal de Berulle as tutor to the sons of the Count de Joigny, of the Gondi family, who had been brought to France by Catherine de Medici, and among the cadets of whose house the Archbishopric of Paris was almost hereditary. The head of the family was '*Général des Galères*,' thus having the disposal of all the hosts of convicts who were employed in the dockyards and vessels of France to supply the moving force now given by steam. Many of those were no felons but Huguenot ministers, or persons involved in political offences. Vincent, going with the Count to visit a dockyard, conversed with some of these, and, on hearing the history of one, actually assumed his place, changing clothes with him, putting on his chain, and quietly doing his work, till the family discovered the absence of their tutor, and released him.

The Gondis were good people, and Vincent stirred them to higher views of duty and charity. He found that the poor were terribly neglected, both bodily and spiritually, and he was the first deviser, under stress of circumstances, of most valuable and enduring institutions. In order that the sick and orphans might be taken care of, he instituted a band of women, taken from all ranks, vowed for five years at a time to all that was required of nuns except the being cloistered. These Sisters de Charité, or, as the original order is now called, Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, began with three poor girls at Châtillon en Bresse, and had spread into thirty country places, before they were, through the agency of a rich and excellent widow, Madame Legras, brought to Paris, where the need was terrible.

Louis XIII. took great interest in these sisters. It is said that their peculiar cap was his device. He was having an interview with

some of the sisters and hearing their plans, when, pointing to one who was remarkably pretty, he said, 'But you can never go about like that. You should wear this.' And twisting up his napkin into a hood, he threw it at her, and thus originated the headdress under which so many kind faces have looked on suffering ever since.

The Archbishop of Paris—a Gondi—likewise sanctioned the foundation of a college of priests, whence parties might be sent out to hold missions and stir up people and clergy to greater devotion. It seems that it was a common custom to have whole companies of boys and girls together, and dictate their confession in the most formal way before their first Communion. Instruction was a mere form, the priests were often almost as ignorant as the peasants, and there was less opportunity than heretofore of clerical training, since many monasteries had dwindled to nothing, and were mere empty houses with lands which served to give title and income to many an idle abbé about Court. There were, of course, few of the monastic schools that once abounded, and special clerical training was almost unknown, until, in 1631, Vincent succeeded in the foundation of the College de Bons Enfants, at Paris, where a band of clergy lived, and gave instruction to ordination candidates on the duties of their office. Afterwards an old hospital for lepers, called the Priory de St. Lazare, was given for this purpose, and became a centre of spiritual blessing to France. Thence clergy were despatched at the request of bishops or priests to hold missions in places where the need was felt; thither priests might resort for retreats, and for special instruction; and every Tuesday conferences were held for the special purpose of enhancing the spirituality and the godliness of the priesthood; and thence there went out every year a great number of young men, freshly ordained, with far higher and stricter ideas of their office than ever before. Other seminaries sprang up in the provinces, and there is no doubt that the French clerical order thus became almost regenerated and with lasting effect. It was true that there continued to be a noxious race of clergy who took Church preferment as an apanage of their rank or the reward of services to the Crown, political or otherwise; but the lower, working priesthood was in general devout and excellent, and so continued amid many trials; and among the higher clergy, there were a large number of devout and devoted persons. The doors of St. Lazare were further opened to retreats and instruction for laymen as well as clergy, and about eight hundred a year came and were aided to fulfil the duties of their several stations as the true servants of God. There really was an appreciable effect upon society, and although terrible scandals existed, especially among the higher nobility, yet many excellent and conscientious persons were thus trained in holiness.

To the professed Sisters of Charity was added an outer association of Dames de Charité, ladies who, living in their homes and in society, worked in combination with the Sœurs in the care of the poor. Their



special business was to attend on the sick in the great hospital of the Hôtel Dieu, going in rotation to attend—some to their necessities, some to their religious instruction. Many of these Dames de Charité were of the highest rank, Richelieu's favourite niece, Madame de Combalet, being among them. The revival was felt everywhere. It has been mentioned how Mère Angélique, daughter of the great lawyer Antoine Arnauld, had reformed her convent. It was so populous that the house of Port Royal aux Champs thus became perilously crowded, and being in a low, marshy place, illnesses and deaths became so frequent that, through the influence of the Arnauld family, the convent was transferred to a house in the Faubourg St. Jacques, thenceforth known as Port Royal de Paris. It was the place of retreat and edification of one half of the religiously-minded ladies of Paris, as the Convents of the Visitation were of the other half. Perhaps, as became the Cistercian discipline, the Port Royal tone was the more severe. We are told that Mère Angélique objected to a highly decorated ritual as both distracting and irreverent. There was a diamond cross over the high altar, and Mère Angélique found a lady letting her child stand on the altar itself to admire it. She had it sold for the benefit of the poor, and supplied its place with a plain one. Stern asceticism was the spirit of the convent; and when St. François de Sales told her that he thought her rule of life too strict, she replied that she believed so too, and would not have drawn it up for herself, but that, being pledged thereto, she could only carry it out to the best of her ability. There was, as yet, no special theological bias connected with Port Royal, and its vigorous piety and severe obedience were only the outcome of the general stirring of the Church.

---



## PREPARATIONS OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

BY C. M. YONGE.

## VIII.

## THE SUFFRAGES AND COLLECTS.

*Susan.* We have come to the Service of Prayer.

*Aunt Anne.* Yes, as Dr. Daniel observes, we could not pray if we did not believe, therefore the Creed comes first, and then our Supplications begin.

*S.* With the mutual blessing between the priest and people. They are the very words that passed between Boaz and his reapers (Ruth ii. 4).

*A.* And in that form they were adopted in King Edward's Second Prayer-book. The old salutation, *Dominus vobiscum*, 'the Lord be with you,' and the answer, *Et cum spiritu tuo*, were universal in the Greek as well as Latin, and occurred six times.

*S.* One feels it very beautiful and suitable to exchange that blessing on our prayers.

*A.* The summons, 'Let us Pray,' was added at the same time, 1552.

*S.* Then comes the Lesser Litany. Why is it called so?

*A.* Because all Litanies begin with the invocation to the Holy Trinity to have mercy. This one had always been used, not in Latin, but in the Greek, inherited from the Apostles, as a sign of communion, though that is outwardly suspended. *Kyrie Eleison*, Lord have mercy. The Greek Church uses *Kyrie* three times, the Western Church distinguishes the second verse by the name Christ. You observe that it immediately precedes the Lord's Prayer. Now see in what other Services it does so.

*S.* In the Litany—in the Marriage, Burial, Churching, Communion. And in all those there is no Doxology to the Prayer itself, because the Services are not specially of Praise. Is it intended to serve as an acknowledgment of the Holy Trinity when the Doxology is omitted?

*A.* Exactly so; or, as Archdeacon Freeman says, 'the Lesser Litany is to prayer what the Gloria is to praise.'

*S.* 'Then shall the minister, clerks, and people.' Do the clerks mean any other clergy who may be present?

*A.* Rather the whole choir. You know the word 'clerks' once covered all who held any office—choir men and boys, sextons, and all. As we said before, the order to say the Prayer aloud was intended to prevent all the congregation from being silent till the concluding words.

S. How old in this part of the Service?

A. The Versicles, or Responses, are translated with very little alteration from the Sunday office in the Sarum use; but they almost all come from the Psalms. Your pupils should look them out. The first pair comes from Psalm lxxxv. 7—word for word in the Prayer-book version. The next pair is from Psalm xx. 9.

S. But that is not 'Save the King, or Queen,' but 'Hear us, O King of Heaven.'

A. True; but the Greek and Latin version rendered it, 'Save the King, and hear us when we call upon Thee,' and from this the original versicle in the Sarum use was taken. Then refer to Psalm cxxxii. 9.

S. 'Let the priests be clothed with righteousness, and her saints sing with joyfulness.' Endue is explained by clothe.

A. Yes. We pray that righteousness, which specially means upright justice towards all men, may be as a very clothing to our priests.

S. 'Thy saints.' Of course, they are the same as the chosen, the elect.

A. The next pair are from the twenty-eighth Psalm. Mark the different sense of inheritance in which we use it.

S. You mean that the special inheritance of our Lord is the Church. 'Behold, I shall give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for Thy possession (Psalm ii. 8). I do not know where to find the next pair, unless they are a reference to Moses' promise by the Red Sea. 'The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace' (Exodus xiv. 14).

A. No doubt they are founded on that. But they seem to have been directly taken from the versicles that in the old Primer stood before the Evening Collect for Peace.

Lord, give peace in our days, for there is none other  
That shall fight for us, but Thou, Lord our God.  
Lord, peace be made in Thy virtue,  
And plenteousness in Thy Towers.

S. That must be from the hundred and twenty-second Psalm: 'Peace be within thy walls and plenteousness within thy palaces.'

A. This supplication means, of course, that there is no strength, save in God. It is one of those prayers that we may feel with gratitude, has been, and still is, fulfilled to us. For full two hundred years and more, peace has continued within our land, and the saying has been true that English women have never seen in their own land the smoke of an enemy's camp.

S. No. When Paris has been besieged seventeen times, London has never once been besieged at all.

A. Only let us beware of boasting, and pray on, with the thought of the miseries that even foreign wars bring.

S. The last two sentences are of course from the fifty-first Psalm.

A. Entreating against the greatest of all evils, the being left by the indwelling Holy Spirit. You know it is further noted that these

Versicles are a sort of prelude to the prayers that follow, and chime in with them—being prayers for salvation, like the Sunday Collect—for the Queen, for the clergy and people, for peace, and for grace. But this, though a curious coincidence, is not the original intention of the arrangement of the Versicles, since they are a great deal older than are the intercessory prayers for the Queen, and for the clergy and people; and indeed, until the revision after the Restoration, the daily prayers ended with the Third Collect.

S. Shall we talk about the Collects for the day now?

A. I had rather leave them for their place in the Communion Office, in connection with the Epistles and Gospels. But you should observe the arrangement by which the Collect is brought from the Communion Service, where it is the only variable prayer; to connect Mattins and Evensong therewith, and give them the key note of the season.

S. Was it always so?

A. In the old English Offices, the Collect for the week followed the Magnificat at Vespers. It was at the Reformation that it was enjoined to use it twice daily.

S. And the meaning of the word? Some say, do not they, that the Collects are so called because they were collected from many services, and others that in them the Priest collects the prayers of the people.

A. That is almost certainly the right meaning. They were in their very essence, from the first, prayers gathering up the supplications of the congregation into one, the Priest presenting them, and the people joining with the Amen.

S. Which really means verily.

A. It is a Hebrew word, signifying firm; or indeed, as you know in the Greek Testament, Verily, Verily translates Amen, Amen. The Apostles carried on the use of it, and we are told that the Amens of the early Church were as a voice of thunder.

S. So our Amen expresses "Indeed, so would we have it." And I suppose it is an absolutely universal word throughout the whole Church.

A. A word that has conquered Babel, as well it may, since our Lord in Heaven repeats it. 'Amen, for evermore the greatest of all certainties.'

S. I have read, too, that if we have ever wandered in our prayer, the Amen may bring us back, and enable us still to have our part in the petition.

A. Only do not trust too much to that. You should make your pupils here mark the regular structure of Collects, which is plainly seen in three of the four which are to be examined here.

S. You mean that they all have an introductory clause, pleading some attribute, some promise, or some act of God, in right of which we venture to pray.

A. Or some weakness of our own.

S. And then the petition—then what we hope may be the result, and lastly the pleading in the Name of our Blessed Lord.

A. Excepting in those cases when the Collect is directly addressed to Him. I suppose there are hardly any human compositions so compact, so simple, and so complete in expression as they are. Indeed, the Puritans complained of their very perfection as formality.

S. It must have been for the sake of complaining!

A. They fancied the regularity cramped the free course of the spirit of Prayer, instead of feeling the great advantage of aid in knowing what we should pray for, and being saved from irreverent expressions.

S. How old are these Collects?

A. They all four came to England with St. Augustine, they are found not only in the Sacramentary or Liturgy of Rome, as arranged by St. Gregory the Great in 590, but in the older service book on which he worked. This was set in order by Pope Gelasius, his predecessor, in 492. A copy of this older Liturgy is extant, and contains these Collects. How much older they may be we do not know.

S. Both the morning and evening Second Collects are for peace.

A. For outward peace in the morning and for inward peace in the latter day. They both occur in a special form of celebration of the Holy Eucharist as an entreaty for peace, and thence seem to have been adopted, the one into Lauds, the other into Vespers.

S. It is a most beautiful Collect. The Author of Peace and Lover of Concord.

A. Author in the sense of beginner—concord—hearts agreeing—making sweet harmony. ‘He is the God that maketh men to be of one mind in an house’ (Ps. lxviii. 6).

S. And ‘Who maketh wars to cease in all the world’ (Ps. xlv. 9). Whose service is perfect freedom. That is ‘the glorious liberty of the children of God’ (Rom. viii. 21).

A. His service alone sets free from the bondage to Satan and self. But the old Latin form is even stronger. Here it is. You can translate it, I think.

S. ‘God, the Author and Lover of Peace, whom to know is to live, to serve is to reign, protect from all assailants, Thy suppliants, that those who trust in Thy defence may fear the weapons of no enmity.’ Whom to serve is to reign. That is very grand.

A. Yes, to reign as kings and priests.

S. After all, though you called it for outward peace, it rather asks for absence of fear than for absence of danger.

A. But the other Collect expressly asks for the peace the world cannot give.

S. According to the promise ‘Peace I leave you, My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you’ (St. John xiv. 27).

A. As Bishop Wilson says, 'the peace and pleasure of being in favour with God.'

S. I used, as a child, to be much puzzled with both our hearts, and to think it meant our bad and good inclinations, instead of both that our hearts may be set, and that we being delivered from, &c.

A. I suppose the same confusion was made in America, for there, the *both* is entirely left out. The word seems to have been inserted as the translation of the double *et* of the Latin Collect, which may have been formed so as to make the *Nunc Dimittis* into a prayer. You should mark, in teaching, the introduction with the three steps in a right action.

S. I see, the holy desire—the good wish or design, the good counsel—seeing *how* to carry it out in the best way, and the just work, the deed itself.

A. And we ask for calmness of mind and freedom from agitation to enable us quietly to think and do those things that be good, 'not being afraid with any amazement.'

S. 'Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
Still resting on Thy breast;  
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,  
And bid my spirit rest.

'Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude  
The sounds mine ear that greet,  
Calm in the closet's solitude,  
Calm in the bustling street.'

A. Yes. I think the repeating those verses within oneself has great power to bring that peace in the agitating times of suspense—and it is well to be noted that the Collect does not teach us to ask merely for rest and quietness, but for such composure of mind as may enable us to carry good desires wisely into just works.

S. The Third Collects are completely morning and evening prayers.

A. Yes, the morning one belonged to Prime. Here it is in the original.

S. The translation is word for word, thanking God for having brought us safely to the beginning of the day, and praying Him to bear us through without sin or danger.

A. Dr. Daniel quotes from Canon Norris that the morning Collect expands 'Lead us not into temptation;' the evening 'Deliver us from evil.'

S. I love the evening one especially.

A. It is, like the others, at least as old as the time of Gelasius, and was appointed in the Sarum Breviary for Compline, namely, bedtime.

S. It fits into Simeon's hymn, like the one for peace, 'To be a light to lighten the Gentiles.'

A. And with 'Lighten mine eyes, that I sleep not in death' (Ps. xiii. 3).

S. Little Anne's prayer—Charles I.'s baby daughter.

A. 'Lighten our darkness' most beautifully connects the darkness of the coming night with the night of this world; so that while we commend our bodies outwardly to God's protection from peril and danger, we also commend our spirits to His care, that we may walk as children of light through this mortal life. In America, however, the beginning is altered to a thanksgiving for having been preserved through the day.

S. I like our own best.

A. As no doubt the Americans love theirs, but ours is the original form. *Illumina, quæsumus Domine Deus, tenebras nostras.* But the tender pleading peculiar to this Collect 'for the love of Thine only Son,' is not in the Latin. It is a specially beautiful evening blessing and entreaty. And therewith the service closed in King Edward's First Book.

---

## OUR EVENING OUTLOOK.

## III.

## THE GIANT'S COURSE.

‘ Roll on thou Sun ! for ever roll,  
 Thou giant, rushing through the heaven !  
 Creation's wonder ; nature's soul ;  
 Thy golden wheels by angels driven.  
 The planets die without thy blaze ;  
 And cherubim, with star-drop wing,  
 Float in thy diamond sparkling rays,  
 Thou brightest emblem of their King !’

Quoted in *Knowledge*.

THE poet Campbell tells us that as a child, he was pleased to entertain certain pretty fanciful ideas concerning the rainbow, and he bitterly complains of the revulsion of feeling consequent on learning the scientific fact of its cause :

‘ When science from creation's face  
 Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
 What lovely visions yield their place  
 To cold material laws.’

Surely science has been misunderstood, when a deeper insight into its laws has not revealed to us visions and lessons, more lovely and truthful than any poet's dream. So the more we learn of the material wonders of the sun, and see how he is the ruler, not only of the day, but of the year ; the controller of every planetary movement ; the great source of heat and giver of light ; the physical fount of vegetable and animal life ; and the strong magnetic heart of our system,—the more we study his every aspect, the more do we realize the fitness of the emblem which compares this ‘sign great and marvellous’ to Him, who ruleth and ordereth all things aright, who is ‘comfort, life, and fire of love,’ and who is meetly called the ‘Sun of righteousness’ and ‘Light of the world.’

Often as we repeat the words that the sun ‘rejoiceth as a giant to run his course,’ have we had any clear conception of what his course is in that ‘daily stage of duty’ which we desire to imitate ?

We will now consider the sun's duty, as—

1st, The ruler of the planetary motion.

2nd, The source of heat.

3rd, The giver of light.

In connection with the two last, we must consider also its fertilising and magnetic power.

First, then, why and how is the sun the ruler of the planetary



motions? However dull and dry the subject may be, it is necessary at this point to give students a short definite idea of Gravity. A whole treatise on the subject might be made interesting, but short definitions are rarely so;—nevertheless, it will more than repay teacher and learner to grasp such definition as this at the outset, saving much vagueness hereafter, remembering that no sort of knowledge is our own until we can define it in writing. Now Newton tells us that all bodies at rest, would persevere absolutely in a state of rest, and all bodies once set in motion, would persevere perpetually in uniform motion in a straight line, unless some external force compelled them to change this monotonous state of things. Wherever we find motion neither uniform nor in a straight line, there we are sure some force is constantly exerted. Now ask any child to look around it and to point out anything in the universe that is either absolutely and permanently at rest, or perpetually and uniformly in motion in a straight line. I do not think it possible to adduce an instance. The most stationary object on the earth's surface,—a mountain, for example, is daily carried round a greater or less circle, according to latitude, and presented in turn to every quarter of the universe. The steadfast pole itself varies, in the course of ages, so that our present Pole-star was once some way off the pole of the Heavens. The sun and so-called fixed stars have orbits of their own, and thus actual rest is nowhere to be found in creation. I do not think either that there is a single instance of movement being both in a straight line and constantly uniform. All motion with which we are acquainted varies more or less in speed.

Therefore there is some law according to which all the variations of motion in the universe act, and the simplest law we at present know, which accounts for every motion of what we call 'matter' is Gravity; which may thus be expressed: every atom in the universe has an inclination to approach every other atom in a straight line, with a certain velocity, which increases the nearer the two atoms or two bodies get to each other. Also, the heavier a body is the greater is its power to attract other bodies. So if you let a book fall to the ground, the earth and the book mutually attract each other, but on account of the enormous difference in their size we may practically say the earth attracts the book, whereas the book does not attract the earth enough to be perceived. Here comes the reason why the sun rules and attracts the planets. His volume is one thousand times greater than the largest planet; therefore, though the planets draw him in their degree, and though astronomers have to allow for it, yet undoubtedly the sun has the victory, and rules the planets. But why does not the sun draw the planets, until they fall straight upon him? That he has not behaved thus to the existing planets, we know by their existing to this day. How many he may have devoured, like the fabled Father of the Gods, before he stopped, we know not. Any body whose original motion was in a straight line towards the

sun, has reached him long ago ; and indeed, to this day some people incline to the belief that his heat is partly maintained by a liberal, though constantly decreasing supply of meteorites, which have not yet ceased to flow in. But the earth and existing planets obey another law, (which you will find in old books called centrifugal force, a term now nearly abandoned), which compels them to move in curves round the sun, instead of straight towards it. Their original motion was impressed on them in another direction, and all the sun can do to the earth is to force her to move round him in a path which at present differs little from a circle. A familiar illustration of this is the motion of a cricket ball or an arrow from a bow. The force impressed on them is in a straight line in one direction, the earth's attraction meantime pulls them in a straight line in another direction, but as Gravity takes time to work against any other force, the ball or arrow does not at once fall to the ground in a straight line, but does so gradually in a curve.

To make young people thoroughly understand the elliptical form of the planets' orbits, nothing answers better than the plan of a string stretched over two pegs, thus :—fasten two drawing-pins in a black board, pass a loop of string round them loosely, stretch the string with a piece of chalk, and move it along the string, always keeping the latter stretched. The figure thus described will be an ellipse. The drawing-pins represent the *foci*, in one of which the sun is situated with regard to each planet's orbit, and not in the centre. The nearer the drawing-pins are to each other the more circular and the less elliptical is the figure described.

It is also needful to get clearly in one's head the sun's family of planets in order. The following table may be of use : the distances are those corresponding with the value given in the last paper, as the best hitherto obtained for our distance from the sun.

Name.	Sun's mean distance in millions of miles.	Period in mean solar days.	Period in tropical years.	Mean velocity per hour in miles.	Diameter in miles.
Mercury . . . .	36	88	$\frac{1}{4}$	107,000	3,000
Venus . . . . .	67	$224\frac{7}{10}$	$\frac{8}{13}$	78,000	7,700
Earth . . . . .	93	$365\frac{1}{4}$	1	67,000	7,926
Mars . . . . .	142	687	$1\frac{2}{3}$	54,000	4,200

The above are the 4 Earthlike Planets.

Here intervene the Minor Planets or Asteroids.

Outside lie the 4 Giant Planets, viz. :—

Jupiter . . . . .	484	4,333	$11\frac{1}{2}$	29,000	88,000
Saturn . . . . .	887	10,759	$29\frac{1}{2}$	22,000	74,000
Uranus . . . . .	1,785	30,688	84	15,000	32,000
Neptune . . . . .	2,796	60,181	$164\frac{1}{2}$	12,000	35,000

Look at this table, and you will observe that the only sort of order as to size is, that the four inner planets, i.e., Mercury and Venus (called Inferior because their orbits lie within the earth's), the Earth and Mars, are all much smaller than any of the four outer planets, so that the smallest outer planet—Uranus—is four times as large as the greatest inner planet—the Earth. Otherwise the order of size seems like chance. But in period and velocity a regular order is observed; every planet moves at a slower pace the further it is from the sun, and the length of time it takes on its longer journey is, therefore, greater than would be caused by the mere length of the orbit. As we are not now considering the Laws of Nature,—it is enough to say that this slower motion of the superior planets is a necessary consequence of the law of Gravity—the sun's attraction being less felt at their greater distances in accordance with a well-known rule.

Before we consider the sun's light or heat, we must think a little about the constitution of a sunbeam. We are all quite accustomed to the fact that the light-beam is separated into seven visible rays whenever it passes through a prism, natural or artificial, the rain-drops in a rainbow being the most familiar example of the former, and a solid triangular piece of glass an instance of the latter. A cut-glass salt-cellar often throws a most perfect spectrum on a white table-cloth. Probably, also, none of us have failed to notice how these seven rays, as the seven chief notes of the diatonic scale, are an instance of the wonderful way in which the number seven is stamped on creation. To quote the beautiful words of Norman Lockyer in his edition of Guillemin's *Heavens*:—‘Let all the rays of a sunbeam sing in chorus, and the chord which falls on our eye, as sound would fall on our ear, is *white*. Now let the beam be sent through the prism, and let the latter work its spell; the chord has vanished. In place of it, we find each ray with a coloured note, and may liken the glorious coloured band, which we call the solar spectrum, to the key-board of an organ; each ray a note, each variation in colour a variation in pitch; and as there are sounds in nature which we cannot hear, so there are rays in the sunbeam too subtle for our eyes.’ \*

But though we are all familiar with the fact that ‘every lovely hue is light,’ we are often longer in learning how beautiful and grand a type of the Three in One we have in the sunbeam. All these beautiful visible rays are only one portion—the second in order—of the sunbeam, just as the Second Person is the only One Who has been manifested,—that ‘our eyes have seen.’ Our sight cannot help us to see the rays that are invisible beyond the red end and the

\* The exact correspondence of the solar spectrum with the scale is as follows:—

{	Do,	{	Re,	{	Mi,	{	Fa,	{	Sol,	{	La, Si,
{	Red.	{	Orange	{	Green.	{	Blue.	{	Violet.	{	Invisible
			and								chemical
			yellow.								rays.

violet end of the coloured prism. And yet we know those rays are surely there.

These invisible rays are the chemical or fertilising rays on one hand, and the heat rays on the other, in this order:—

1st. Invisible chemical rays.

2nd. Visible light rays—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red.

3rd. Invisible heat rays.

We must not suppose there are no heat rays among the light rays, especially at the red end, and chemical ones towards the cool or violet end of the spectrum, only they extend invisibly beyond, and possibly are visible to other eyes than ours.

We will not here say more of the chemical rays than that they are especially those by which plants grow and become fertile, and by which many changes are brought about in our own bodies and in other substances.

Of the light rays more will be said when we come to the spectro-scope. But it may help us to realise the intensity of that light to remember that one of our brightest earthly lights—the lime-light—looks like a *black spot* when seen against the sun. This is very remarkable, and helps us to understand how it is that the darkest parts of the solar spots are supposed to be glowing with a light, only less intense than that of the photosphere. The brightest electric light ever seen has rarely been a quarter as bright as the sun; and yet how little of the sun's light we get in England. Not merely is the actual light many degrees dimmer than in tropical latitudes, but it was calculated that in 1878 and 1879 we had, on an average, 1111 hours of sunshine, out of 4447 possible sunshiny hours in each year—certainly 1879 was an exceptionally bad year—whereas in America they had about three times as many.

And now for the sun's calorific or heat rays. More than two thousand million earths could be easily warmed at the same rate by the quantity of heat perpetually poured forth by the sun; so that the actual amount really used by the planets is a trifle to what radiates into space. The problem of the use of all this spare heat is unsolved. Every sunbeam we see and feel came straight from the sun's surface  $8\frac{1}{2}$  minutes ago. It travelled in waves or vibrations of either 'luminiferous ether' or of whatever actually fills that space between the sun's atmosphere and our own, which we are now sure is not a vacuum. It travelled in waves of various breadths. The red waves being the broadest of the light waves, we conclude that the invisible heat rays are broader still; the other colours are narrower in order, the violet waves being the narrowest we can see, and the chemical waves presumably shorter still. When the heat ray reaches the earth, it at once proceeds to its work, penetrating the soil as far as it can, or heating the water and drawing minute quantities into the air, or passing into or warming your frozen hands,

while a companion ray is tanning your skin, or helping the light rays to fade your carpets and turn their colours into æsthetic shades. Before half this is done fresh waves have brought new light and heat from the sun, all travelling on at the rate of about 186,000 miles a second. It is as well that we should realize that light *does* travel and is not instantaneous, so that the light which reveals the sun to us has left it for ever, while the light which shows Sirius to us left him some fifteen years ago. Sound travels too, but enormously slower, so that it would take a sound about as long to come from the sun as it would take light to come from Sirius. Yet light is not the quickest traveller. The rate at which Gravity travels is so much greater as to seem instantaneous, which it is not.

Let us consider the actual intensity of the solar heat, first at the surface of the earth, and secondly, in the sun. Those of us who have never been nearer the equator than England, have never in our lives felt a direct sunbeam, as we may see by observing the sun's place at noon on the longest day, and then carrying our eye up to the zenith. We may estimate the difference between the heat of slanting and direct rays, by observing how much less hot the morning and evening rays are than the noonday ones.

But within the tropics for a few days every year the sun at noon is directly overhead. We can hardly imagine what that heat is—even in sub-tropical lands, all animals try to hide from the noonday sun, and in African passes only the gigantic salamanders are seen, literally basking on rocks one cannot bear to touch. To say you might cook eggs so as to solidify the white, is nothing—for you may occasionally do so in England, as albumen thickens at 160° Fahr. It would take nineteen million five hundred thousand tons of coal to raise the heat of a square mile of the earth, for *one hour*, to the heat of the sun's surface. This may show that the sun's heat cannot be kept up by a constant consumption of its own materials. If our earth were coated all over, say by some clever chemist, aided by a world-wide artificial ice company—with a layer of ice 100 feet deep—and if the said chemist and his ice company had provided a comfortable palace of ice for themselves on the top, well stocked with the necessaries of life, the sun's heat, such as we ordinarily receive, would melt all his ice in one year, so that a sufficiency of boats would be a desirable appendage to his palace. But if the earth as she now is were plunged into the sun's blazing surface for one minute, we need only wait to make expeditions to the North and South Poles, until the water was cool enough for it to be agreeable. \*

The sun has other rays—the magnetic rays—whose wonders, little as they are understood, would occupy a volume, and may some day form a subject for a paper. It will be best to conclude with a few remarks on the maintenance of the sun's heat and light. Will they last for ever? and, how are they preserved? To the latter question the only answer even the most learned can make is, 'We do not

know.' In a clever book, *Fuel of the Sun*, it is suggested that space is filled with diluted hydrogen, which the sun drinks in, by virtue of Gravity. Another view is that he eats up shoals of meteorites; and indeed this is nearly certain—whether his heat depends on it or not; but if this is his chief fuel, he must, and probably does, throw out a compensating quantity, or his mass would increase yearly, and perceptibly shorten the length of our years. There are other theories, but none are free from grave difficulties. With regard to the sun's heat lasting, we are told it is gradually cooling down, and that at last utter darkness and freezing cold will prevail, unless something interferes and produces a more rapid end to the present state of things. Now astronomy tells us that among the thousands of visible stars there are undoubtedly many dark ones; and more than once has the astronomer watched the actual progress of a star suddenly blazing up and shining with 800 times its usual brightness. Did a comet fall into it? Did a huge shower of meteors or a small planet strike it? We know not. We only know that had any beings like ourselves existed in the worlds around that sun, they must have been suddenly consumed; and were a similar fate to overtake our sun it would probably burn out and become dark instead of lasting its millions of gradually cooling years. Such an event too could not be predicted, we might not even see the approach of the destroying angel, if it approached the sun from the opposite side. An astronomer has pointed out how St. John's prophecy of the Last Day, combined with St. Peter's, might be almost taken as a description of what the telescope has shown us taking place in other systems, and of what science acknowledges, may happen from physical causes to our own sun.

'But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up.' 'And the fourth angel poured out his vial upon the sun, and power was given him to scorch men with fire. And men were scorched with great heat. . . . And there were voices and thunders and lightnings; and there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth. . . . And every island fled away, and the mountains were not found.' 'And the sun became black as sackcloth of hair.'

Bog-Oak.

---



## CHARACTER.

## III.

LET us go back for a moment to gather up the conclusions to which we came in the last chapter.

Our life in this world was given us that we might become *good*, that is, like God.

Goodness does not consist in not doing things that are wrong, or even in doing things that are right, but in the qualities of character that produce good actions and make bad ones impossible: in *being* rather than in *doing*: though if people *are* good, it is quite certain that their goodness will express itself in actions as far as their circumstances will allow.

God is Perfect Goodness, and if we are to become like Him we must let His Perfect Goodness—His Divine Nature—descend into our hearts and transform us into His likeness. But this cannot be done unless we ourselves learn to love and cultivate the qualities which make up goodness, and to acquire those in which our characters are defective. And He has given us the power of choice whether we will do this or not.

This choice that He has given us—the freedom of our will—is one of the greatest mysteries of our life. The more we think about it, the harder it is to understand. But for the purpose of this book we need not try to understand it: we take for granted, what we all feel by experience, that we *can* choose right and wrong in all the things that come to us every day, when we feel that one thing is pleasant, but another is right.

What we *like* and what we *ought*; that is where the choice lies. It is the Divine nature in us that makes us able to say the word ‘I ought:’ and if we had *only* the Divine nature in us, ‘I ought’ would mean ‘I like.’ But we have not only the Divine nature in us but the animal nature also: and while the animal nature is not subdued to the Divine nature, ‘I like’ means something different from ‘I ought.’ All life is training us so that the two words should have the same meaning to us: or, to put it in another phrase, to make our will one with God’s will, as our Lord’s was.

Let us think a little more closely what is the difference between the Divine nature and the animal nature, between which we have to choose.

Our bodily frames are those of animals: our flesh and bones are made of the same material, put together much in the same way, and



nourished in the same manner as those of all vertebrate animals. There is nothing in itself bad in the animal nature, in which we have brotherhood with our beautiful dumb fellow-creatures, so strong and so fleet, capable, like us, of pain and joy and desire, but incapable, except where they have been humanized by contact with man, of anything like the conscience of human beings. 'I like' is the rule of a wild animal's life: to graze where the grass is sweetest; to lie where the sun is warmest; to choose the most beautiful mate and to fight for her—in short, to try to get for themselves everything that they most desire. And according to the laws which God has made for animal life, the more they succeed in getting, the stronger and swifter and more beautiful they grow. Those that are strongest and fiercest in fighting for their prey, or for the best pasture, or for a beautiful mate, become the parents of the strongest, fiercest, swiftest, and most beautiful young ones; and so, just according to their power of *getting* and keeping for themselves, their race grows stronger, swifter, and more beautiful. The law of the animal life is the law of getting, and any man or woman, boy or girl, who makes *getting* the object of life, is living according to the animal life, or, as St. Paul calls it, according to the flesh.

This is the animal nature. What is the Divine nature? When we touch on so great a mystery we have to speak with awe and reverence: we know so little, and there is so much that we cannot see, or ever hope to see while we are on this side of death. But this at least is clear, that there is one revelation of God given in nature, and another given in the Gospel, and that these two revelations teach us all we are likely to know in this world about the Divine nature. The one is that He works according to Perfect Law; the other is that He works according to Perfect Love. It is the last revelation that helps us here: that the law of His being is the law of Giving, whereas the law of animal life is the law of Getting. Our Lord's revelation of the Father tells us this clearly, sometimes in parables, sometimes in plain statements. 'Give love,' He says, 'without expecting to receive' . . . . 'that ye may be sons of your Father which is in heaven: for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.' Do not think you must *earn* forgiveness before God forgives you; when the Prodigal Son was yet afar off, his father saw him and had compassion on him and kissed him. The more we study the teaching of the New Testament the more this great revelation of God's nature comes out; and the more we look around us the more we see how, through the wonderful laws which He has made for all created things, for men and for nations, He is always giving, while nothing that we can give can be reckoned as a *return*. The life of Christ, in which we see revealed to us the Image of God, was a life of giving without return: the perfect human rendering of the Divine Life.

We come then to this: that the highest good to the animal nature

is getting, but the highest good (as far as we can see) to the Divine nature is *giving*. Sooner or later, we must choose whether our life is to be a life of getting or a life of giving. The life of giving is the life according to the Divine nature, the life of Goodness, the life of God; the life of getting is the lower life of the animal nature.

By giving and getting we do not mean simply the outer actions—the *Doing*—but the Being; the inner qualities, the condition of soul that is expressed by them. The condition of soul expressed by giving is Love; the condition of soul expressed by getting is Selfishness. When we say that the Life of Giving is the Divine Life in man, we do not mean that we ought to make it our object to be always performing the act of giving, but that our souls should be in such a condition of love towards our fellow-creatures that we should always be ready to give our time, our thoughts, our care, whenever they were wanted, including, of course, such outward things as we found were needed, whenever it was in our power. And by the life of getting we mean all selfishness, not only the ruder forms that we find among wild animals or savages. We have our living provided for us without fighting for our prey like tigers, or hiding it from the sight of other people like squirrels. The animal life is shown alike in the street Arab, who knocks down a smaller one to take away his crust of bread, and in the refined girl who makes the person she loves best miserable by her jealousy.

Whenever we choose to get rather than to give; whenever our souls are in the attitude of trying to *get*, whether what we long for be money or sweets, or love or praise, we are following the animal nature—the flesh instead of the spirit. The animal nature is not evil in itself; the evil is that our will should choose the lower rather than the higher, and turn away from the true object for which we were made—to be like God.

Let us finish this chapter by taking those well-known words in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, altering the words 'flesh' and 'spirit' to ourselves as we read, taking the flesh to mean the animal nature of getting, and the spirit the Divine nature of giving.

'They that live after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh, but they that live after the spirit the things of the spirit. For the mind of the flesh is death, but the mind of the spirit is life and peace: because the mind of the flesh is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can it be: and they that are in the flesh cannot please God; but ye are not in the flesh but in the spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you.'

## UNDER THE SHADOW OF ST. PETER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CHARLES LOWDER.'

ARGUMENTS and appeals to the intellect are poor weapons to use beside the acting out of Christianity in our midst,' was said lately by a clergyman of experience in London work ; and he went on to tell how this had been put before him in plain words by a Scotch blacksmith, a member of 'the kirk,' whose wife's mother, stricken with a fatal malady, poor and suffering, was taken in and nursed by the Sisters of St. Peter's.

'People talk a deal about Christianity,' the man said, after her death, 'but I have seen it with my own eyes as I stood by her dying bed. All the care and kindness those Sisters gave her, Sir, *that was Christianity.*'

I have come this Eastertide to see the Mother-House from whence a constant stream of blessing flows to those who need it most ; and I want to give some account of what I have seen while it is fresh in my mind. For indeed I think that the only fault of the St. Peter's Sisters is that they shrink too much into the background, and that their work is not sufficiently known.

Even their Home does not assert itself by anything peculiar or striking in its outward building, consisting of two very large modern houses, standing back from the road, in a quiet garden. To these a beautiful chapel has been added, but it is not seen from the public thoroughfare. Indeed, St. Peter's needs in every way to be sought out in order to be understood. It is even difficult to find Mortimer Road ; my cabman at Waterloo Station knew nothing of it, and after directing him to Kilburn Park Road in Maida Vale, we found ourselves hopelessly bewildered among the labyrinth of roads on the rising ground to the right.\* It was past eleven at night, and the streets were silent and deserted ; at length a stray passer by offered to bring us to the Home, which was close at hand.

A long covered way leads through the garden to the house entrance, and in the daytime stands hospitably open ; now of course the outer gate was closed. We rang ; and very soon a sliding panel was withdrawn for a moment, and the light flashed on a Sister's white coif, then the door was opened, and the kindest welcome granted to a weary traveller.

\* To strangers seeking St. Peter's Home it may be a real help to say that the best direction to give to cabmen is, 'Get into Maida Vale, and go straight on till you reach Kilburn Park Road ; then turn up to the right by a florist's little greenhouse ; the second turn to the right after that is Mortimer Road.'

The labyrinth of passages inside is at first even more puzzling than that of the roads outside; but visitors soon learn to know the broad stone staircase, with easy wide steps, which leads to the chapel, and I must speak of it first, because it always seems, and surely is, the centre of the beautiful life which fills the house, the inner home of the Home. It is not large, but its great height makes it always feel airy, and cool, and restful. I will not attempt to describe its beauty, or the mosaics which adorn the walls, or the reverent arrangements made by constant loving care, for a passing visitor can see this for himself, and indeed a visit to this chapel alone would be well worth the half-hour's pilgrimage from the Marble Arch to Mortimer Road.

I want rather to speak of the work for which strength is found at its altar, and which cannot be really known except by those who see it, as it were, from inside. These two houses form, indeed, a large hospital for women, without those rules which exclude so many from our public hospitals, receiving with large-hearted love all kinds of cases,\* the convalescent, the hopelessly ill, the dying, the very aged and infirm, little children crippled and sick—without any limit to their stay in this house of true charity.

Come with me into the ward opposite the chapel; there is nothing between them but a narrow passage, and when the doors of both are open the ward forms almost a continuation of the chapel, and all services can be easily followed by the inmates. Here are most of the very long and hopeless cases, not dying quickly, but through long years—the kind of cases which mostly drift into workhouse infirmaries. But what a different scene is here! a bright home-like room, good space between the beds, and curtains on iron supports which can be drawn at will so that each patient can have a private cosy chamber. Flowers, birds, pictures, bright-coloured quilts—so many pretty things that we hardly know which to look at. Across the beds are narrow movable tables, not resting on the bed, but raised on high legs on the floor, and running on castors, so that a touch from the patient can place it as near or as far off as she pleases. Here little private possessions are arranged—photographs, vases of flowers, working materials—giving a look of home to the ward, and preventing any impression of monotonous routine. Next the door, nearest the chapel, is a sweet-faced girl, Mary——, propped up with pillows, dressing a doll for the birthday of her little sister at home. Her story and that of the two next to her is the same: in service, and then breaking down with hopeless heart complaint; one of them has been eight years in the Home. There is a piteous case on the opposite side, Harriet——, with a wan, drawn face of constant suffering; she lived at a gate-lodge, and injured her spine by attempting to shut heavy iron gates. Indeed, most of the cases in this ward tell the same sad story of women's strength over-taxed, and giving way. Yet sometimes there are wonderful instances of

\* Infectious illnesses are a necessary exception.

recovery: here is a dressmaker who came in apparently hopelessly ill a year ago, unable to walk, and who is now so well that she speaks of soon returning to her home and her work.

Near this ward there is one with beds for thirteen old women; it has a specially gay look from the patches of colour made by the uniform of the old dames, bright purple cashmere dresses, purple woollen crossovers, and white caps with purple ribbon. The prevailing malady is rheumatism, and the work in this ward is very heavy, for many of the old women are as helpless as babes, and several cannot even feed themselves. At meals it is a privilege and amusement to those who have the use of their hands to cut up the food of the others. One poor old woman tells us that she has been all her life quite helpless, from illness when cutting her teeth; her great pleasure is an occasional visit to her sister at Camberwell.

The ward beneath this is for temporary cases, and is one of the brightest in the house, if any comparison can be made where all are pretty and attractive. There is also a charming day sitting-room for those amongst the patients who are able to get up. And then there is St. Barnabas' ward, of which the patients perhaps come nearest to the hearts of their kind nurses; for they are all those upon whom Death has set his seal, and who cannot linger long with us. Indeed, knowing what the homes of the poor are for the dying, it almost seems that the hundreds of death-beds which in this house have been surrounded with all tenderest care for body and soul must be the most charitable work undertaken by the Sisters of St. Peter's. All these are cases which no hospital would keep, and who, but for the help afforded here, would be left desolate and uncared for in their mortal weakness and pain.

There is nothing sensational in the work of the Sisters in these several wards, nor is there much to describe; but it is the rather admirable from the steady, continual self-devotion which is required for it, often in the discharge of most trying duties, always of those needing perfect unselfishness, patience and perseverance. Nor have I spoken of the tender provision made for the comfort of their souls—of the constant services held in this and other wards by the devoted chaplain, who also visits each patient separately. He is surely repaid by their gratitude and affection; and it is beautiful to see how the faces of old inmates light up at the very mention of the name of their warden, late chaplain of St. Peter's.

Three rooms high up, and looking on pleasant gardens and greenery are set apart for sick ladies, who are received here for a small payment, and there is also a large, beautiful square room for invalid ladies, full of comforts, and the beds in partitions which can be curtained off at pleasure. Above this is a room of the same size, the Ward of the Good Shepherd, upon which every loving device and thought has been expended to make it into a sick child's paradise. None of the babes look sad, though almost all are sorely afflicted; here the Sisters in the

East End send poor little sick or crippled waifs from miserable homes where they cannot be properly nursed. There is one little blue and gold cot sent by a mother in memory of a babe whom she has lost, with an endowment which makes it free for ever for some tiny sufferer.

As I go about the house I meet bright-faced girls in tidy serge gowns, aprons, and caps, looking uncommonly fat and well-to-do. These, I am told, are industrial girls, of whom there are fifteen, from about twelve to sixteen years old, trained as servants. The St. Peter's Sisters have two small houses at Littlehampton, near Bognor, one a Convalescent Home for sixteen patients; the other a quiet Cottage Home for tiny industrial children; here they are taken at three years old, and at twelve are drafted into the mother house.

This summer a third cottage is to be opened at Littlehampton, in which to receive children from the east of London, in relays of twelve at a time, so as to give as many as possible three weeks of sea air during the summer. This cottage home is to be entirely free, so that help is especially needed for it at this time.\*

Then there are ten young girls, called 'workers,' who are employed in the wards, some permanently, others preparing for training as nurses in large hospitals. In the parish outside in which St. Peter's is situated, the Sisters are often to be found, for the district visiting is committed to their care; and there is a hatch at the end of the covered way leading to the Home, through which food and medicines are given from seven to eight o'clock every evening to those in need.

And here I must not omit to mention one of the most useful works in the house, and one of the best ordered—the dispensary. It is quite a sight, with all its admirable arrangements; one Sister's time is entirely taken up in mixing and dispensing medicines, both for the house patients and the poor outside. Only those who know the adulterated drugs bought by the poor can estimate the boon which this dispensary confers on them, either giving pure medicines free to the very poor, or for about a third of what they would have to pay to an apothecary.

Would that some amongst the girls leading idle lives could come even for a time and give help to these good Sisters! I do not know how they can find time to do all which they accomplish, considering their many branch works. The Alms-houses for old and infirm at Newland, near Malvern, are nursed by them, for which two Sisters are always required. The nursing of the beautiful St. Michael's Home at Cheddar is also committed to the Sisters of St. Peter's. It was built and endowed by Mrs. William Gibbs for twenty-two men and fourteen women, chiefly consumptive cases, and is entirely free to the patients.

\* It is now in full work, receiving relays of London children, whose happiness is great during their stay at "Holiday House."



One of the most interesting works of the community is yet in the future, although the building for it has been begun. Through the liberality of Mr. Lancaster, the first stone of a new house was laid last October by the Bishop of Winchester, on a freehold site on Woking Common, given by Mrs. William Gibbs. There was need for extension in the Sisters' work among the sick, but this was impossible at Kilburn. Here also they are constantly obliged to refuse the saddest amongst the cases which come to their doors—the incurables. To these it is intended that the Home which is rising on Woking Common shall be chiefly devoted. There would be no lack of gifts to incurable hospitals, if the sorrowful stories of those who ask for nothing but rest in which to die were known.

I was anxious to see some of the Sisters' work at some distance from the Home, knowing that they undertook parish work in the worst and poorest part of East London; and yesterday we took the underground train to Aldersgate Street. Then on foot, through the Barbican and Golden Lane, we suddenly turned into Bridgewater Square, so silent and quiet, with its few trees in their earliest May foliage, that it might seem to belong to some sleepy country town. Only a pile of freshly made card boxes, variously labelled, on a dray at one door, was a token of the endless labour carried on in these old houses. 'Box-hands wanted' was roughly scratched near one door which stood open, and I longed to explore, but the Sister who was our guide drew us on to one of the oldest houses in the Square, used for a Crèche and Girls' Friendly Society Meetings. The door was opened by a motherly woman, with an infant in her arms, and we followed her up the rickety staircase, with oak-pannelled walls, to the warm bright rooms where she tends the little flock left in her charge by the poor mothers who spend their days at work. In one room a row of long baskets with red coverlets filled with sleeping infants, in the other babies awake, lying, and crawling and toddling about the floor, all looking contented and well fed. This visit was only a passing call, and we soon made our way to Playhouse Yard, with its memories of the time of Charles II. Here is the Parish Church of St. Mary's, Charterhouse, and passing round the church, under its walls we find nestled close to the east end the little Mission House in which two of the St. Peter's Sisters live. It is beautifully planned, cheerful, and pleasant, though small; a large mission-room and smaller class room on the ground-floor; in the former, women and boys were waiting as we came in. Above, a kitchen and little sitting-room, and higher up two bed-rooms; that is the home of the friends of the poor in this miserable and evil neighbourhood. I wanted to see these poor at home, so the sister-in-charge took us to 'the Baths,' as a great pile of dreary ruinous looking building is called. There are swimming baths for men underneath, which certainly do not look inviting outside, but how shall I describe the upper stories, let out as lodgings? Only Dickens could write of either



the place or its inhabitants. A dirty ruinous stone staircase led to almost quite dark narrow passages running round, and in and out of an irregular block of building round a kind of well which does not even reach the ground, but is filled to a considerable height with some kind of building, perhaps the roof of the baths, covered with iron wire grating, in which every sort of undesirable *débris* seemed to have found a resting-place. At the top of the first flight of stairs was the common wash-house, containing a boiler, but almost entirely dark, and destitute of gas; nothing could look more dismal or uncanny, but several boys and girls were using it as a play-room. We went to some of the poor people, for whom the Sisters care in this dreary abode; first, to a room about thirteen feet square, looking on the inner well-like court. Here a widow lives with her children, a boy of eighteen, a girl of fourteen, and a child of four or five. Only the latter is with her mother at this hour, a sorrowful looking sickly child. The Sister says that they must get her to St. Peter's Home, and fatten her up, but the mother rather objects, saying she has never parted with her. She told us that her boy earns nine shillings a week as messenger and porter, of which he gives her seven shillings, and the girl of fourteen earns two-and-sixpence a week, working all day, by making eyelet holes in braces. The mother can sometimes earn a little by needlework, and so, in this one room the family exists.

Another room was tenanted by a solitary and partly paralysed old woman. She could only speak by an effort which contorted her whole body. The room was full of the poor possessions of a life-time, and the most indescribable litter and collection of odds and ends that I ever saw. Her great comfort seemed to consist in a large wine-bottle full of medicine on the window-sill, which she exhibited with pride; there were a few embers in the grate, and a piece of blackened toast on a chair, which the old dame clutched in her hand when we came in.

Almost close to these miserable 'Baths' are several huge blocks of Peabody Buildings, with their spacious and airy, if utterly ugly and bare courts, full of children at play. But the rent of lodgings in these buildings, though cheaper in proportion than that of the wretched rooms in the baths, is more than the very poor can afford, especially as no crowding of families into one or two rooms is allowed. We visited one suite of four rooms, for which seven and sixpence a week is paid, and no cottage home in the country could well be brighter or tidier.

But the Sisters have a Mission House in another parish not far off, St. Matthew's, City Road; and after making our way through terrible courts and lanes, the tramway in Goswell Road brought us to a turning into City Road. In a little crescent close to St. Matthew's Church the Sisters have taken a house, which is the centre of parochial organization—for mothers' meetings and classes, and where a thorough knowledge of the poor is gained, and of the best way of wisely reliev-

ing them. All the interiors of these Mission Houses are planned for the convenience of the poor rather than for that of the Sisters who minister to them.

To-day we have visited two other homes of charity worked by the Sisters, taking the train at Kilburn on the North London Railway to Haggerstone Station. A few minutes' walk brought us to St. Columba's Parish Church, forming, with its vicarage and schools, a large block of buildings, and a centre of light and comfort and civilization amidst the dreariest and most unattractive surroundings. No garden here for the vicar's wife, only a court where the school children were at play; and no view except the quickly-rising walls of a huge casual ward, which is being added to Haggerstone Workhouse. But the church inside is grand and solemn. Between it and the vicarage is the Sisters' Mission-room, about eighteen feet square. 'You may think what it is,' the sister-in-charge said, 'when filled with eighty or ninety children for Bible-classes.' Every morsel of room seemed utilised; on one side a great press filled with clothes made by the poor, and afterwards bought by them; on the other side another press, containing the parish library; a cooking-stove in the hearth-place, for making food for the sick; rows of bottles on shelves. The Sister showed us really beautiful specimens of needlework done by poor women in these slums. She is always glad to get orders for ladies' underclothing, and so to pay the workers a fair price, which is certainly not given at shops.

From St. Columba's we went to St. Saviour's, Hoxton. Here, next door to the church, the St. Peter's Sisters have taken two small houses, thrown them into one, and built on at the back, so as to form a really charming little house of charity, although simple and unpretending, or rather the more attractive for its simplicity. Even the long passages leading to the mission-room at the back are utilised; there are rows of forms at each side, where hundreds of children are fed in hard times. The mission-room, used for mothers' meetings and numberless classes, is really beautiful, large, high, and well-proportioned. But what interested us most at the Hoxton Mission were the 'Day Homes' for the children of about a hundred very poor widows and widowers in this parish. These 'homes' were begun to meet a pressing need, as the Sisters found little children locked up at home during the necessary absence at work of their one parent, while elder children who went to school spent the rest of their time in the streets. Now they return during their play hours and for meals to their pleasant 'Day Homes,' the girls to one house and the boys to another, where they are capitally fed, and find loving, motherly care, and interest in their welfare; and as they return to father or mother at night the home tie is not broken. It was beautiful to see the warm delight of the Sister in this work, and her affection for the children. She had taken a large party of them to the Zoological Gardens a few days ago, with money sent by a lady who wished some poor children to have a

treat on the birthday of a little one whom she had lost. And the Sister was full of a still greater treat in store for thirty-six of her flock, who are to be taken next month to Ramsgate, to a house kept by Lady Rose Weigall for the purpose of lending in turn to parties of London children for seventeen days at a time. The Sister's face quite shone as she spoke of the anticipated delight, and explained that she intended them all to save boot leather by running barefoot on the sands. 'But,' she said, 'I want seventy shirts for them, as they must be clean.'

The boys were scuttling in from school to their Day Home when we visited it, making an amount of noise as they seized their toys and set to play which certainly showed that they felt 'at home.' They looked mostly bright and well fed, though evidently, from their clothing, the children of the very poorest.

In the girls' home the little flock were at tea: a pile of bread and treacle beside each mug of tea. The fare at the Day Homes consists of:

*Breakfast*—Bread, with dripping or treacle, and cocoa with milk.

*Dinner*—Meat twice a week (roast beef and stewed mutton), lentil soup once, suet pudding once, and on other days milk pudding, such as rice or macaroni, and stewed fruit.

*Tea*—Bread, with dripping or treacle.

It is not luxury, but seems so to the poor little creatures, who, up to the day of admission, have, perhaps, scarcely *seen* a comfortably prepared meal. These 'widows' children' of North-East London are, at the best of times, only half-fed. Insufficient earnings, high rent, and in many cases large families, combine to make the mother's efforts produce a very bare subsistence for her little ones, who are left daily, week after week, from eight a.m. till nine p.m. with only dry bread and cold tea (without milk) by way of food. No wonder that their stunted growth and feebleness of mind and body show how greatly they need nourishment. At the Day Home they have as much as they can eat at every meal, and often a good extra slice of bread and treacle to take home at night.

The delight and wonder of new-comers at such good fare, enjoyed in a warm, bright room, is very touching, while that the Home is duly valued by the poor is proved by the mothers' anxiety to get their children admitted. In a large neighbouring workshop, all the men gave three cheers for the promoter, on first hearing of the scheme.

The cost of the children's food is only 2s. per head for the whole six working days of the week, the Home not being open on Sundays. Towards this amount the parents pay from 1s. to 2s. per week for each child, according to the number sent from one household. The Homes are free to all who are in need of it, whether Roman Catholics or Dissenters, as well as to those who attend the parish church. Behind the Girls' Home there is quite a respectable garden-court, in

which there is one large hawthorn. Last May it bore a few flowers, to the delight of the children, who had never seen a country hedge-row, or flowers growing. It was pretty to see their little attempts at gardening in this court, and the tiny rockeries and 'grottoes' made of stones and shells. There is also a large shed in the court, in which they have their meals in summer. What the moral effect on the children must be of growing up under such care may be imagined, each individual child being known to and loved by the sister-in-charge. The protection from the influences of the streets, and security for the children going regularly to school, would alone make these Homes most valuable.

We visited a young widow who, with four children, rents one room close to the Homes, earning her living by making mob-caps for a shop in Bishopsgate. For each of these she is paid five farthings, and she spoke as if her only anxiety was to get enough of them to make. This week she said she had only earned four shillings. Much of her time is spent in going to the shop that employs her, as she is required to bring the caps every day, in order that they may be quite fresh, so that she is obliged to sit up till eleven at night. She spoke in warmest words of the blessing of the Day Homes, saying that it would be impossible for her to get through her work if the children were about the room all day. She said also that during Easter week, when the Homes were closed, she had found to her cost the immense difference in the price of her children's food.

Thus we have seen that there are four parishes, containing together about twenty-four thousand poor, 'worked' by the St. Peter's Sisters under their respective incumbents in some of the worst parts of London. The dwellings of the poor, and their general condition, is just now a 'burning question.' Every effort for improvement is to be welcomed; but we know that to raise a man morally and spiritually is the best means, and the only lasting one, for improving the outward surroundings which react upon the mind, and spirit, and physical condition. Surely those who have thought and felt most deeply on the subject are convinced that to live amongst the poor—knowing them, loving them, gaining their friendship and confidence—is the best way by which any man or woman can hope to influence and raise the inner tones and moral being of the ignorant and uncared-for among our English hearts and hands. This is what our Sisters do.

But there is another thought brought vividly to one's mind in actually seeing their work, that those who help them are most truly and really helping in the hand-to-hand struggle to be fought against the vice, and misery, and heathenism of London. There are many who would fain fling themselves into the very heart of that battle, and who yet are entirely and rightly hindered from doing so. But by helping our Sisters they are not the less taking part in the

struggle; and helping *men*, with whom much of the Sisters' work lies, as well as women and children. Those who feed others must be fed themselves. Only God and His angels know the true part taken in the battle, perhaps all the more true and real because unconscious, by those who give moral and material help to women called to actual labour in the slums of London. It is pleasant to see that the Sisters have as their President the Primate of England, and that the Bishop of London is their Visitor.

It may be convenient to some who would like to help the St. Peter's Sisters to give a short *résumé* of those works most needing support just now.

#### *'Holiday House.'*

The cottage at Littlehampton, taken for a year, to receive waifs and strays from the worst parts of London, and give them at least three weeks of sea air and of civilising influences. Think of the joy of restoring health to these young creatures, and of putting them within reach of all that is associated with the care and love which they will meet, perhaps, for the first time. 'It is a well-known fact,' the founders of another such Home write, 'that many of our little people go away from us to say their prayers and grace regularly, and to repeat the hymns and Bible stories learned in their short stay with us, to the surprise first, and afterwards to the benefit, of the careless and often godless house they call home.' Twelve little Londoners are at present enjoying 'Holiday House,' and are as happy as possible. The continuance of this great benefit to the children of our poorest must depend on the help given to it, as the Home is entirely free.

#### *Convalescent Home at Littlehampton.*

This is near 'Holiday House.' There is not room in all our Convalescent Homes for half the number who ought to be admitted—who, discharged from hospitals, too often sink and die for want of the rest and tender care which a state of convalescence especially demands. Surely any one who has known the peculiar trials of that stage of illness, often harder to bear than more acute suffering, must long to help those who cannot help themselves, and who have only wretched, crowded homes in which to try and recover.

#### *The Chapel for Woking Hospital.*

This is a necessity, in a building for a hundred patients, chiefly incurable, with thirty Sisters in charge, and which it is hoped may before long be greatly enlarged. But there are absolutely no funds for it at present, since the whole of the Founder's gift was appropriated to wards, &c., for the patients.

*Day Homes at Hoxton.*

It is only necessary to refer to the account of these given above to show of what importance it is that they should be supported, since they are of the greatest moral, as well as material help to those who are working hard to help themselves and their half-orphaned children.

The Sisterhood was founded in June, 1861, by Benjamin Lancaster, Esq., and his late noble-hearted wife, Rosamira Lancaster, who desired to devote the larger part of their substance to the relief of the poor and sick, and was begun in a small house at Brompton.

ST. PETER'S HOME, MORTIMER ROAD,  
KILBURN, N.W., EASTER, 1884.

---

## OLD AND NEW.

BRIGHT the visions old of Hellas,  
 How the sons of Heaven were lent  
 Unto earth, awhile to triumph,  
 From the fields Elysian sent.

Yet above, Olympus, towering,  
 Mocked the springing hopes of men :  
 Vain to track the flight of heroes !  
 Who returned to earth again ?

For they rested from their conflicts,  
 Midst the amaranthine bowers,  
 None beheld them looking downwards  
 In earth's dark and dreary hours.

Vain, the conquest of Alcides  
 O'er Nemean lion fell ;  
 Vain, young Orpheus' sweetest music  
 Mid the lowest shades of hell.

Vain, Apollo's sounding quiver,  
 When the god in triumph laughed,  
 As, against the writhing python,  
 Winged his arm the heaven-sent shaft.

Or 'Prometheus, heaven scaling,'  
 When he dared the fire to bring :  
 Heard, thenceforth, on 'crags Caucasian'  
 Round him flap the vulture's wing.

Vain, the bold achieve of Perseus,  
 When, before the monster grim,  
 Glared Medusa's frown of horror,  
 And the ravener's eye grew dim.

Or, the maze of mystery threaded,  
 How young Theseus' weapon gleamed,  
 Gleamed, and reddened, and the tribute  
 Of the victims meek redeemed.

Ah, thrice vain, their high emprizes !  
 Conquerors once they fight no more.  
 Comes from them no word of comfort  
 Floating Lethè's billows o'er.



Bride of Jesus! not as visions  
Fading in the sunset sky,  
Not as hero forms, swift passing  
Into Lethè's mystery,

Are thy heroes, still before us  
Shine the saintly ones of old,  
Who, above the glass and fire,  
Sweep the eternal strings of gold.

Bright Ignatius, aye triumphant,  
Spurning earth the heavens to gain,  
Heedless of the red arena  
And 'the lion's gory mane.'

Ambrose, by the font where Austin,  
Bending, felt the living tide,  
While the great 'Te Deum' thundering,  
Rolled its music far and wide.

Athanasius mid the desert,  
Whence he hurled the shaft divine,  
And the Arian dragon, quivering,  
Cowered before the Triune sign.

Great Augustine, sage, displaying  
How the hidden fire doth burn.  
Lore of priceless wealth unfolding,  
Myriads would 'have died to learn.'

Irenæus, ever conqueror,  
Master of the golden spell,  
Lifting high tradition's banner  
'Gainst the gathering dogs of hell.

Jerome, in the rock hewn cloister,  
Teaching maiden lips to pray,  
Guiding saintly feet, through mazes,  
To the one, the royal way.

Sainted ones, the Bride's proud cohort,  
Not in vain your voices ring,  
Not in vain, mid hearts nigh faltering,  
Heaven's eternal pearls ye fling.

Not the mists of Lethè's river  
Hide you from our longing eyes,  
Faith beholds you watching ever  
From the hills of Paradise.

## CONVERSATIONS ON BOOKS.

## A CURIOUS LITTLE OLD BOOK.

*Spider.* What wonderful pictures have you there? Is that Queen Elizabeth, from whom an angel seems to be hiding that woman's eyes?

*Arachne.* No; it is Vanity. Don't you see the bubbles flying round her? It is an exceedingly realistic expression of 'Turn away mine eyes lest they behold Vanity.' And see here.

*Spider.* She is peeping out through the ribs of a skeleton, for 'Who shall deliver me out of the body of this death?' It is more like his bones! And see, 'My soul melteth away because of my trouble.' It is all going off in drops like an old wax doll by the fire. What is the book? Quarles' *Emblems*?

*Arachne.* No; it is far less celebrated than Quarles' work, but the translator, Mr. Edmund Arwaker, claims for it to have come from the same source whence Francis Quarles derived his *Emblems: Pia Desideria; or Divine Addresses*, written in Latin by Hermann Hugo, who was a Jesuit father, apparently of the sixteenth century, and probably a Fleming or German. There seems to have been at that time a great taste for allegorical illustration, such as we see a little earlier in Albert Durer's *Knight of Death* and *Melancholie*. It was from such a book that Isaac Williams took his *Baptistery*. You are of too young a generation perhaps to be familiar with it.

*Spider.* Oh, I have often looked over it on Sunday evenings! The grotesqueness of the illustrations is refined away by their being in outline. And the ideas are very beautiful. I remember in especial the soul which has cast away the cross brought by an angel receiving a heavier weight from the devil.

*Arachne.* And the poetry is some of the best that Mr. Williams ever wrote. There is one on the consecration of the Christian's daily life:—

'Holiness unto the Lord  
Marks the spade, the book, the sword;  
All the royal priesthood use,  
Faith in all doth worth infuse.'

*Spider.* Yes. And there is a lovely description of a churchyard, of which I often think:—

'Around the very place doth brood,  
A calm and holy quietude.'

*Arachne.* I cannot say that either pictures or verses here suit the modern taste as well as those in the *Baptistery*, as in the *Divine Master*; but there is often *point* in the verses, and at the end of each poem there is an apt quotation from some one of the Fathers, answering to the text at the beginning. For instance, here is an astonishing picture of a mill, in which the soul performs the part of a horse,

and the winged figure, who always represents the Divine Master, pursues her with a whip as driver. The text is, 'Look upon my adversity and misery, and forgive me all my sin.' The verses say—

'Around I draw the heavy restless wheel,  
And find my endless task beginning still;  
Within this circle by strange magick bound,  
I'm still in motion, yet I gain no ground.'

'Thus Vice and Virtue have alternate sway,  
While I with endless labour both obey,  
And to increase my pains, as if too small  
Thy heavy hand comes in the rear of all,  
And with deep piercing strokes corrects me more  
For what was punish'd in itself before.'

While at the end comes St. Augustine's famous sentence: 'I suppose the world is called a mill, because it is turned about on the wheels of Time and grinds and crushes those that most admire it.'

*Spider.* But here is something about King Charles I. :—

'Thus our fam'd martyr, in his murd'ers stead,  
Bow'd to a rebel axe his sacred head,  
While his great son, a prince of high renown,  
The heir of his bright father's name and crown,  
In an obscure ignoble banishment,  
Did his own fate and rebels' guilt prevent.'

I am sure Father Hermann Hugo knew nothing of either Charles.

*Arachne.* Certainly not; but Mr. Arwaker, as he explains in his preface, took upon him to supply the deficiency. 'It is not improbable,' he says, 'I shall be accus'd of an indecorum as to chronology in bringing in the glorious saint and martyr, King Charles I., with our late monarch, for examples of the misfortune that oftentimes attends the greatest and best of men, instead of Menelaus and Dionysius.'

*Spider.* 'Our late monarch!' Then the good man had gone on believing in Charles II. to the end of his reign!

*Arachne.* Yes. The book must have been published under James II., for this copy is the second edition, and bears date 1690. It is specially intended for 'the Religious Ladies of our Age,' and for their benefit Mr. Arwaker tells us he has weeded out the classical fictions and allusions, and likewise the instances from the legends of saints and martyrologies, because a great part of the readers would be strangers to their histories! Altogether it is a very curious book. It belongs to a library collected about that date by a staunch supporter of the authenticity of the *Eikon Basilike*, and containing other specimens of literature of the Caroline days, such as Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*, and a delightful copy of Fuller's *Pisgah View of Palestine*, with a map of the territory of each tribe, little pictures of events going on at their site, such as Samson killing the lion, as Absalom hanging in the tree—as in that wonderful map described in *Oldburr*.

## Spider Subjects.

---

### SPIDER ANSWERS.

ONLY four Spiders have spun this summer, two of each sex. Of these the creeping plants are best answered by *F. M. M.*; *Apathy* is not quite equal to her. *Spinning Jenny* and *Metelille* are both so excellent on the Right of Sanctuary that it is not easy to choose between them; but the latter is somewhat the fullest.

There is a certain vagueness in the term creeping plants.

*Creepers* are certainly synonymous with *climbers*; but these plants, like *Lysimachia nummularia*, *Creeping Jenny*, or that common weed, *Couch-grass*, may be, and are rightly called *creeping plants*. So perhaps the best way will be to take both kinds and put them into various classes according to the mode in which they attach themselves.

CLASS I. climb by means of *tendrils*, and may be divided into three divisions:—

1. Tendrils which spring from the stem and twine round any support near. Many botanists contend that all tendrils are merely false, or modified leaves. The bryony, vine, vegetable marrow, are familiar illustrations of this division.
2. The tendrils are a curious elongation of the central rib of the leaves, and twine like the preceding.  
To this division belong the pea, bean, vetch, &c.
3. Also climb by means of tendrils, but instead of twisting, the ends of the tendrils adhere to the surface, say of a wall, by means of little discs or cushions, which come on the tips of the tendrils if they touch anything; but strange to say, are wanting till then.  
To this division belongs *Virginian creeper* (*Ampelopsis hederacea*).

CLASS II. Climb by means of their leaf-stalks. These twine like tendrils round any support near. Such are the *clematis*, *tropæolum*, &c.

CLASS III. True twiners. These plants twine spirally round a support. It is curious to notice that, as has been proved by Mr. Darwin's experiments, some plants twine with the sun; but the greater number in a contrary direction. Of the former are the hop and *Bryony* (*Tamus communis*), the latter, bean (*Phaseolus vulgaris*), and *convolvulus*.

The honeysuckle is also a familiar instance of a twiner.

CLASS IV. By means of rootlets which adhere to the surface up which the shoot is climbing. To this class belongs the well-known ivy (*hedera helix*). The rootlets change into real fibrous roots when they reach any soil, such as between the stones of a wall, &c.

CLASS V. By roots without any connection with the ground. An instance of this is the parasitical plant, *Cuscuta Dodder*.

Its seeds 'germinate in the earth, the young plants climb up adjoining plants, and when they have taken root in them, lose their connection with the ground,'\* they then climb all over the gorze, or whatever plant they have fixed their habitation on, till they present an entangled mass of red thread-like stems to one's view, except where the pretty little whitish flower makes its appearance.

CLASS VI. By means of roots on the surface of the ground.

This may be divided into two parts. (a) those with runners or stems above the ground, and (b) those with underground stems.

To the first division belong two plants, which I should fancy were familiar to all, i.e., the violet and strawberry.

From the parent plant a young plant is sent out at the end of a long bare stem, and the roots appear under the young plant, and then out comes another runner and plant.

Division two, to which belongs the *Ranunculus repens*, the Couch-grass, *Omphalodes verva*, &c. A young plant suddenly appears at some distance from the parent plant with a nice root, and if you pull it up you will find it still connected with the parent stem. The first and the second plant named are too well known as weeds, which spread over a large surface of ground.

Class III. Also tendrils which twist; but the tendrils are formed from an elongation of the midrib of the leaf.

F. M. M., PENZANCE.

#### RIGHT OF SANCTUARY.

THE right of sanctuary, that is, the protection secured to persons in danger who fled to certain sacred places, appears very early in history. In one limited form it was divinely sanctioned, under the Mosaic law, by the establishment of the six Cities of Refuge, fleeing to which a man who had killed another unwittingly and without evil intention, was saved from the avenger of blood, but might not return home until the death of the High Priest. (See Numbers xxxv. 9-29; Deuteronomy xix. 1-10; Joshua xx.) No holy place, however, might shelter a wilful murderer. (Exodus xxi. 14).

Two instances of another manner of seeking sanctuary, not expressly sanctioned by the Law, occur at the beginning of Solomon's reign. When Adonijah, after his attempted usurpation, 'caught hold of the horns of the altar' before the tabernacle; he received a sworn promise from the King of safety if he did not offend again; but Joab, as being a murderer, was put to death even at the altar. (1 Kings i. 50-53; ii. 28-34).

Among the Israelites, therefore, the places of refuge were instituted solely for the safety of the innocent; but among the heathen nations the sacredness of a locality was in many cases allowed to shelter even criminals. A temple, altar, or precinct which gave such protection was called in Greek *Asylon*, meaning 'free from violence or spoliation.' To drag a fugitive from his asylum was looked upon, by the Athenians at least, as an unpardonable sacrilege. This we see by the lasting

\* Johna.

horror with which they regarded the family of the Alcmaenidæ after they had killed the partisans of Cylon at the altars on the Acropolis. It was, however, sometimes thought lawful to blockade a temple and starve the fugitive till he surrendered or died, as in the case of Pausanias. Romulus was said to have established an asylum in his newly-founded city to which the discontented fled from all the neighbouring communities.

In later times, several temples and altars in Rome gave sanctuary, and, although Augustus and Tiberius tried to check the growing abuses of the practice, their edicts seem to have had no lasting result.

After the imperial government became Christian, the right of taking sanctuary in churches grew up during the fourth century. An edict of Theodosius in 392 confirms and regulates it as an already established custom. According to the Theodosian code all churches alike could give sanctuary, but under these restrictions: the right was refused to those who defrauded the State of its dues, and to all guilty of heinous crimes; it was not in general allowed to fugitive slaves, except these were Orthodox Christians, whom heretical masters tried by force to rebaptise. Justinian extended the privilege to slaves who could prove that their masters cruelly ill-treated them. In fact, the Christian right of sanctuary was not at first intended to interfere with the course of the law, but to shelter those in danger from sudden, arbitrary violence or from false accusations, and to give the clergy time to plead for justice and mercy. In this sense the right was upheld by St. Basil, St. Ambrose, and other eminent bishops, and when Eutropius, the Minister of Arcadius, after giving a cruel and unjust extension to the law of treason, tried to take away the right of sanctuary, he was strenuously opposed by St. Chrysostom. Shortly afterwards, Eutropius, cast down from his power, himself fled for safety to the altar of St. Sophia, and who can forget the striking scene that followed, when Chrysostom, braving the anger of court and people, vindicated the privilege of sanctuary on behalf of the fallen oppressor who had tried to abolish it? The after-fate of Eutropius shows, however, that unscrupulous rulers resorted to deceitful oaths in order to lure their victims from the asylum which they dared not violate openly.

Later on, we find the Patriarch Kyriakos withstanding the tyrant Phokas, when he tried to drag the widow and daughters of the Emperor Maurice from St. Sophia, and exacting from him an oath to spare their lives if they left the church, and Phokas did in fact leave them unmolested until he was able to accuse them of a fresh conspiracy against him.

Turning to Gaul, under the Merovingians, we see how the right of sanctuary worked in a state of society where lawless wickedness, violence, and bloodthirstiness prevailed to an extent rarely equalled. The only check upon the ferocity of the Franks was their fear of miraculous vengeance if they violated the privileges of the Church; therefore the Gallican clergy upheld the right of sanctuary without limit or restriction; every one, innocent or guilty, who fled to a church was safe as long as he chose to remain there, and in the numerous instances which Gregory of Tours records, we find examples both of the use and abuse of the privilege; sometimes it protected persons unjustly pursued by their enemies, or ladies in distress; sometimes it enabled the bishop to intercede successfully with the King for those who had offended him; but it also sometimes gave impunity to



murderers, and there were cases of wretches, like Fredegund and others, who continued their crimes while in sanctuary, and even maltreated the clergy who sheltered them. Very few instances are mentioned during this period of any one being violently taken from sanctuary, but some of persons being decoyed by false promises.

Pope Boniface V., in 602, first expressly extended the right of sanctuary to criminals. Charles the Great, though at first he disallowed it in cases of capital crime, afterwards sanctioned it in the fullest extent. The abuses became so great, that both in the 13th and 15th centuries, various popes ordered restrictions of it. Francis I. so narrowed it in France as to practically abolish it. In Germany it was taken away in Protestant states at the Reformation; in some Catholic ones not until the wars of the French Revolution.

In England sanctuary or the "frith" of a church was recognised by the laws of Ethelbert, and more definitely by those of Ina, which decreed that if one guilty of a capital crime took sanctuary his life should be safe, but he should pay amends according to law; a lesser offender should be pardoned altogether. Alfred and later kings confirmed these laws. The general form in which the privilege was allowed in England during the Middle Ages was as follows:—It was denied to *habitual* criminals, and forfeited by misconduct while in sanctuary; it lasted for forty days only, during that time the fugitive might either surrender to take his trial or go before the coroner and 'abjure the realm,' that is, swear to leave the kingdom straightway, and never return without royal licence. If he chose neither of these courses, it was felony to supply him with food after the forty days had expired. In certain churches, however, especially Westminster Abbey, the privilege was not limited by these restrictions. A good historical example of the working of the right is the case of Hubert de Burgh. When Henry III. was, by ill-advice, incensed against this faithful minister, and accused him of embezzlement and disloyalty, Hubert fled to the church of Merton, afterwards to that of Boisars, in Essex; he was dragged from the altar by armed men sent by the king, yet when the Bishop of London threatened to excommunicate the authors of the outrage, Henry had to restore the captive to his refuge, but caused him to be closely watched, so that when the forty days were out Hubert, refusing to abjure the realm, was obliged to surrender himself prisoner. He again escaped, and all these proceedings were repeated, except that a party of his friends carried him away to Wales before he was driven to a second surrender.

In the Wars of the Roses, the right of the sanctuary was often resorted to, and by the Lancastrians it was generally religiously respected: thus Elizabeth Woodville and several of her husband's friends remained unmolested in the precincts of Westminster during the six months of Henry VI.'s restoration in 1470, but Edward IV. was less scrupulous, and in spite of the promise wrung from him by a courageous priest, he caused the Lancastrian chiefs to be dragged from Tewkesbury Church and put to death. Elizabeth Woodville again fled to Westminster with her daughters and younger son, when Richard of Gloucester assumed the protectorship, but on that occasion the council decided that a child whom no one wished to hurt might not be detained in sanctuary from his lawful guardian, and obliged the queen to give up her son; a decision they soon had cause to repent. Elizabeth and her daughters did not leave the sanctuary



until a year later, when Richard made oath that they should be safe. On the whole, in the notable historical instances, the right of sanctuary in England certainly worked beneficially. Its effect in the case of common crimes is another question; on the one hand, it cannot be denied that it enabled many murderers to escape deserved punishment, but, in the case of lesser offences, the banishment for years or for life which 'abjuring the realm' entailed, may often have been a sufficient penalty.

The chief abuses arose in permanent sanctuaries, such as Westminster, whence refugees sometimes sallied forth to commit fresh crimes, and then returned with impunity to their asylum. Henry VIII. substituted confinement to a sanctuary for life instead of 'abjuration of the realm,' and abolished the privilege in cases of treason. Under James I. the ecclesiastical right of sanctuary was abrogated; but the precincts of Whitefriars and the Savoy retained a right of sheltering debtors, and became a resort of villains of all kinds, until their immunity was taken away in the reign of William III. In times of settled law and order the privilege of sanctuary became an anomaly, though it had often worked for good in wild and violent ages.

METELILLE.

---

### BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

I HAVE received eighteen contributions this month. They form the best collection of the year, and I am sure the search for the specimens must have led the members into many pleasant spots. Some of the specimens sent are old specimens from distant localities. There is no objection to this, but I would advise the members as much as possible to collect from their own localities. It would add to the interest of the *Packet* by making it local, and it would often introduce them to many rarities, of the existence of which at their own doors they were perhaps ignorant.

I am sorry to find that some members have not received the packets for past months. This arises from other members having omitted to keep a note of the order of sending. Any member who is in doubt about the list should at once write to me.

VERTUMNUS II.

BITTON, August 15.

---

### SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

The associations of the colour, *purple*.

Give your views on the best manner of conveying a rebuke.

## Notices to Correspondents.

---

### QUOTATIONS, ETC., WANTED.

*Priscilla* will be greatly obliged if any reader of the *Monthly Packet* can tell her the author of the following lines :

‘The Devil did grin, for his favourite sin  
Is the pride that apes humility.’

And

‘Perhaps you were right to dissemble your love,  
But why did you kick me down stairs?’

Also the origin of the expression ‘sending to Coventry.’ Also she would like to know the words of a song of Dr. Arnold’s ‘Thou Soft Flowing Avon.’

The first is from the joint poem of Southey and Coleridge, *The Devil’s Walk*. These lines are Coleridge’s.

The quotation

‘How few think rightly of the thinking few?  
How many never think, who think they do!’

is from Jane Taylor’s *Essays in Rhyme*, printed somewhere about 1830. She was sister of the first Isaac Taylor, and also the *Contributions of Q.Q.*, and with her sister, Mrs. Gilbert, the charming *Hymns for Infant Minds*.

### ANSWERS.

*Bessie*.—Having observed the query of *Y. Z.* in the June *Monthly Packet*, I send the following information on the subject.

‘*Muriel*’ is simply anglicised form of *Muireall*, probably derived from the Irish *Muirgel*, and corresponds to the English name *Marion* according to Bishop Forbes in his *Kalendar of Scottish Saints*. *Muriel* is one of the names found among the Virgins and Widows in the *Dunkeld Litany*. There is in the *Tarioch*, Aberdeenshire, a suppressed parish ‘*Ruth Muriel*,’ and in it, near the old church called *Christ Church*, a well dedicated to *St. Muriel*. There is also a parish in *Inverness-shire* called *Kilmorach*, a modified form of the same name and stated in the new ‘*Statistical Account of the Parish*.’ The burying ground of young *Marion* or *Muriel* came into use in the year 1252.

*J. P. K.* is thanked.—It must be considered that *Dolores* made a mistake in disposing of her aunt, not really knowing much about the family.

*Lota*.—For God-children—Mrs. O’Reilly’s *Children of the Church*; Rev. J. Carter’s *Star of Childhood* (devotions); Adams’ *Sacred Allegoria Agathos*; Neale’s *Triumphs of the Cross*; Goulburn’s *Samuel and Gospel of the Infancy*.

For G. F. S. Readings—*Kate Hicks’s Ambition* (S.P.C.K.)—A Selection from *Good Stories* (Wells Gardener).

*Miss Ransom* wishes for information about our competition of needlework said to be going to take place in London in September.

‘He is not dead whose holy mind  
Lifts Thine on high :  
To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die.’

Mary Branklaw will find these lines in Campbell's *Hallowed Ground*.—A. S.

*Frank*.—The *Morte d'Arthur* alluded to in the *The Heirs of Redcliffe* is Mallory's, but it was an old edition. Southey re-edited it, but his edition is probably out of print. *Frank* had better ask a second-hand bookseller such as Reeves & Turner, 197 Strand, to look out for a copy for him.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

*Miss Alice Slater* gratefully acknowledges the following sums sent to her for the Ascot ‘Pusey beds,’ up to August 5th :—Miss Bartlett, 10s. ; Mrs. and Miss Faher, 5s. ; Miss Wilson, 2s. 6d. ; Mrs. Parry, 10s. ; Mrs. Phillips, 10s. ; Mrs. Du Pre, 10s. ; Miss Geraldine M., 2s. 6d. ; S. M. Ellison, 2s. 6d.

Contributions to be sent to—

Miss A. Slater,  
Ascot Priory,  
Blacknell,  
Berks.

*Miss Roberts* and *Spinning Jenny* send grateful thanks for donations to poor children's outing fund, including 5s. and 1s. from London ; 1s. 4d. from York ; 1s. from Cardiff ; and 1s. from Horham, Wickham Market.

For the Daisy Chain Cot ;—Sextus, 2s. 6d.

The Ladies' Association for Promoting Female Education in Heathen Countries in connection with the S. P. G. purposes holding a meeting in Carlisle during the Church Congress there.

It will take place on Wednesday, October the 1st at 2.30 p.m., in the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association in the Butter Market (opposite the Congress Refreshment Room.)

The Very Rev. the Dean of Manchester will preside. The Lord Bishop of Maritzburg, the Right Honourable A. J. Beresford-Hope, M.P. ; the Rev. J. Taylor (Ahmednuggar) ; Miss F. Patteson, and others will speak.

The attendance of all who are interested in Christian Education is specially requested.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE MISSION, LANDPORT, PORTSMOUTH.

*To the Editor of the Monthly Packet.*

MADAM,—

Will you permit me to thank you for your kind notice of our Mission in the July number of your Magazine, and to say that I have received 10s. from E. O. in answer to my appeal for funds.

Since the notice appeared our Mission Church has been gloriously opened. We had 11 men and 8 women communicants at the 5.30 A.M.

celebration the day of opening, and 30 communicants at 8; and 69 communicants on the first Sunday. They say that we had more than 600 people in church at the Evening Service.

Our Clubs are full; 90 members in the Men's Club, and a great number in the Lads'.

But I am in dire need of money. Positively we are in debt.

Yours faithfully,

ROBERT LINKLATER.

30 SPRING STREET, LANDPORT, *August* 12, 1884.

# The Monthly Packet.

---

OCTOBER, 1884.

---

## OCTOBER ON THE SOUTH DOWNS.

IN these quiet October days, when the distances are purple and the lavender sky is dappled with shining clouds or crossed by threads of silvery mist, the South Downs attain the perfection of their beauty. For now it is that their likeness to the wave-tossed ocean is strongest, a likeness which imparts an exquisite and subtle charm to every feature of the landscape, leading on both eye and mind in delicious and dreamlike mazes. On the Downs the unchecked imagination wanders in endless vistas. Here the outlines melt into impalpable blue haze; all things blend into one harmonious whole. The sky bends down to kiss the bosoms of the hills, and the hills lean smiling against the all-embracing sky. Up and down sweep the undulations—curve after curve, dimple and hillock, wave-like trough, and wind-haunted hollow, the turf in many places ripple-marked like the current-lapped sand on the beach. All is poetry and suggestiveness—aye, and music too—if we listen till the breeze comes sighing and stirring among the bents. But look at the cross-lights playing on the slopes, now that that sheaf of sun-rays is spreading itself like a golden fan between the edges of those white cloud-mountains! On every side there is a different tint. In the depths of the furrows the turf takes a rich sepia-brown, on the crests it is golden green; and when the sun is aslant, the pale stalks of the dried grasses veil the ground with a delicate golden sheen. See, too, the gossamer threads; they weave a web of finest lace-work among the blades and flowers, but in the early morning they are spangled with myriad dew-drops that flash with ineffable rainbow glories.

Scattered about in constellations and galaxies are the many-coloured autumn fungi, now in their richest growth after two days of heavy rain. Here is one group, half-moon shaped, and not more than a hand's breadth from horn to horn, yet I can count four-and-twenty

little heads with orange edges and flame-coloured centres, held jauntily aloft on golden stems. A little further on is a malignant looking individual, with a deeply gashed toad-coloured skin, covered with slime; next to him is a scarcely better looking relation, clad from top to toe in fawn-coloured leather. But take care where you tread now, for half hidden among the grass is a tiny olive-shaded fungus, the gills and stems of which are peacock green, but which will turn to intense indigo if kept in your hand for a few minutes. We are a little late for the mushrooms, but I know a patch of dark green grass down there in that hollow where we may perhaps find one or two button-heads, and even one full grown beauty with its fringed volva and its delicate terra-cotta coloured lining. But what is this curious orange-tinted growth bristling up among the thyme? Is this a fungus also? Yes indeed, and of an edible kind, with a delicious wholesome scent of wheaten flour. You see that it grows somewhat like a tuft of coral, in patches, which you can dig up easily. Some of the heads are shaped like stag's antlers, others are in single clubs or divided into irregular fingers. The colours, also, are very varied, one clump being of the deepest gold, while the next to it may be almost white. Then here, too, is a lump of Tremella, or witch's butter, a nauseous green bag of spores, gelatinous and ice cold, sufficiently curious to attract the eye. Besides these there are plenty of red juice mushrooms, brilliantly painted in crimson or orange, and fairy agarics, brown and dry.

But you will be tired of fungi if you are not a thorough Nature lover, so shall we now look at the flowers? Alas, there are not many here to-day, for the winds have been wild at night, and the air-tides have swept the frail petals away. Still some are left—tender-coloured, diminutive things, as all Down flowers are, but none the less lovely all the same. Do you know the *Neottia spiralis*, the lady's tresses, almost the smallest orchidaceous plant we have in England? It is not four inches in height, and so insignificant that only a botanical eye can quickly discover it. Yet it is one of the sweetest-scented and loveliest of our flowers, with fifteen or more delicate green and white blossoms twisting round the stem like the garland on a thyrsus, each blossom with an unctuous, honey-glistening throat, and petals smelling faintly of hyacinths.

Next to this in beauty comes, I think, the rock rose, *Helianthemum vulgare*. I have found its cousin, the great pink cistus, blooming under the palms in Algeria, and the large white variety starring the hills of Genoa, but neither seem to me to possess that peculiar and pathetic beauty which is the charm of our simple English flower. I write the word 'pathetic' with intention, for no other adjective so well befits this humble little plant, whose prostrate stems nestle lovingly among the roots of other herbs, and whose tender yellow petals sun themselves at noon widespread in an ecstasy of life, but

which in the evening, when the god of day has departed, droop fading and spiritless over their swelling ovaries.

The way thoroughly to enjoy the Down flowers is to lie on the turf in the sunshine, and watch the dainty blossoms nod in the breeze, while the jewelled flies dance from head to head with probocis far extended to suck the aromatic nectar. Thus lying, in October, you will see that the most plentiful of all is the burnet-saxifrage, whose misty umbels need a microscope to reveal their marvellous perfection of detail. The scabiouses, too, are numerous, and their cold lavender blends well with the rich, red leaves of the salad-burnet that clusters everywhere. Here and there we come upon a skeleton-leaved carlino thistle, with a straw-coloured involucre, and a maroon or purple disc. Noticeable also are the gentians, with their Quaker-grey petals and fringed throats; and a dark purple campanula can also be found here and there, but rarely now that the season is late. Remain only the knap-weeds, the harebells, mouse-ears and daisies, and the flowers are done, save that innumerable brown seeds of all shapes and sizes remind us yet of the sweet luxuriant summer that is gone.

If I have seemed to linger too long on the Down-treasures, it is because, for "old sake's sake," every inch of turf is dear to me, and every blade of grass, every leaflet and every bud has a peculiar charm. But I have yet another reason. The Downs are in a state of transition; gradually the country is being broken up and turned into arable land, and ere long these free, wind-swept reaches, with their delicate colouring, their poetic suggestiveness, and their health-giving aroma, will belong only to the past—to treasured memories and lost loves. Still a few untouched and favoured spots may remain—steep slopes of hills, and high, moistureless ridges, where the mould is shallow; while these are undisturbed, the Nature-lover has yet one sure refuge left him. There, raised some three or four hundred feet above the sea-level, his eye can sweep unhindered over hill and dale for a distance of more than thirty miles. He can watch the great white clouds sail up before the wind and flock the slopes with creeping, dove-coloured shadows; he can trace the slow, clear, chalk-stream winding between its reedy, cress-fringed banks; he can see the nestling hamlets, the russet woods, the ploughed uplands, coloured like a sparrow's wing, the water-meadows, and the grey cathedral town brooding among its lime-trees. Southwards he will mark a line of low hills—the downs of the Isle of Wight—and may even catch the sparkle of the Solent, and the gleam of milk-white sails. Northwards loom the purple undulations of the Wiltshire downs; eastwards lie the woods and hop-gardens of Surrey, and westwards spread the cornfields, sere and fallow, waiting for the grain of the summer that is to be.

Thus, as the gazer stands silently observing, with the sun sinking slowly down wrapped in a golden haze, and the moon, lonely and white, hanging in the grey depths of the east, there comes perchance



to give the finishing touch to the English autumn scene, a whiff of aromatic smoke from a near field where couch is burning, and a flight of linnets sweeps rapidly across the sky, filling the air with liquid cries, and the whirr and rush of wings. Then again all is silence, save for the far-off tinkle of sheep-bells, and the whisper of the wind.

‘Calm and deep peace on this high wold,  
And on these dews that drench the furze,  
And all the silvery gossamers  
That twinkle into green and gold;  
Calm and still night on yon great plain  
That sweeps with all its Autumn bowers,  
And crowded farms, and lessening towers,  
To mingle with the bounding main.’

G. S.

---

## THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN, BY THE EDITOR.

### CHAPTER X.

#### THE EVENING STAR.

‘OH, Connie dear, I had such a fright! Do you know you must never venture to give me anything when any one is there—especially Aunt Jane. I am sure it was *her*. She is always spying about?’

‘Well, but dearest Dolly, I couldn’t tell that she would be there, and when I got your letter I could not keep it back, you know, so I made Mary come up and call on Lady Merrifield for the chance of being able to give it to you—and I thought it was so lucky Miss Mohun was there, for she and Mary were quite swallowed up in their dear G. F. S.’

‘You don’t know Aunt Jane! And the worst of it is she always makes Aunt Liliias twice as cross! I did get into such a row only because I didn’t want to go driving with the two old aunts in the dark and cold, and be scolded all the way there and back.’

‘When you had your letter to read too!’

‘And then Aunt Lily said all manner of cross things about giving notes between us. I was so glad I could say I didn’t, for you know I didn’t give it to you, and it wasn’t between us.’

‘You cunning child!’ laughed Constance rather amused at the sophistry.

‘Besides,’ argued Dolores, ‘what right has she to interfere between my uncle and my friends and me?’

‘You dear! Yes, it is all jealousy!’

‘I have heard—or I have read,’ said Dolores, ‘that when people ask questions they have no right to put, it is quite fair to give them a denial, or at least to go as near the wind as one can.’

‘To be sure,’ assented Constance, ‘or one would not get on at all! But you have not told me a word about your letters.’

‘Father’s letter? Oh, he tells me a great deal about his voyage, and all the funny creatures they get up with the dredge. I think he will be sure to write a book about them, and make great discoveries. And now he is staying with Aunt Phyllis in New Zealand, and he is thinking, poor father, how well off I must be with Aunt Liliias. He little knows!’

‘Oh, but you could write to him, dearest!’

‘He wouldn’t get the letter for so long. Besides, I don’t think I could say anything he would care about. Gentlemen don’t, you know.’

‘No! Gentlemen can’t enter into our feelings, or know what it is to be rubbed against and never appreciated. But your uncle! Was *the* letter from him?’

‘Oh, yes! And where do you think he is? At Darminster—editing a paper there. It is called the *Darminster Politician*. He said he sent a copy here.’

‘Oh, yes, I know; Mary and I could not think where it came from. It had a piece of a story in it, and some poetry. I wonder if he would put in my “Evening Star.”’

‘You may read his letter if you like; you see he says he would run over to see me, if it were not for the dragons.’

‘I wish he could come and meet you here. It would be so romantic, but you see Mary is half a dragon herself, and would be afraid of Lady Merrifield’—then, reading the letter,—‘How droll! how clever! What a delightful man he must be! How very strange that all your family should be so prejudiced against him! I’ll tell you what, Dolores, I will write and subscribe for the *Darminster Politician* my own self—I must see the rest of that story—and then Mary can’t make any objection; I can’t stand never seeing anything but *Church Bells*, and then you can read it too, darling.’

‘Oh, thank you, Connie. Then I shall have got him one subscriber, as he asks me to do. I am afraid I shan’t get any more, for I thought Aunt Lily was in a good humour yesterday, and I put one of the little advertisement papers he sent out on the table, and she found it, and only said something about wondering who had sent the advertisement of that paper that Mr. Leadbitter didn’t approve of. She is so dreadfully fussy and particular. She won’t let even Gillian read anything she hasn’t looked over, and she doesn’t like anything that isn’t goody goody.’

‘My poor darling! But couldn’t you write and get your uncle to look at some of my poor little verses that have never seen the light?’

‘I dare say I could,’ said Dolores, pleased to be able to patronise. ‘Oh, but you must not write on both sides of the paper, I know, for father and mother were always writing for the press.’

‘Oh, I’ll copy them out fresh! Here’s the “Evening Star.” It was suggested by the sound of the guns firing at the autumn manœuvres; here’s the “Bereaved Mother’s Address to her Infant:”’

‘Sweet little bud of stainless white,  
Thou’lt blossom in the garden of light.’

‘Mary thought that so sweet she asked Miss Mohun to send it to *Friendly Leaves*, but she wouldn’t—Miss Mohun I mean; she said she didn’t think they would accept it, and that the lines didn’t scan.

Now I'm sure its only Latin and Greek that scan! English rhymes and doesn't scan! That's the difference!

'To be sure!' said Dolores, 'but Aunt Jane always does look out for what nobody else cares about. Still I wouldn't send the baby-verses to Uncle Alfred, for they do sound a little bit goody, and the "Evening Star" would be better!'

The verses were turned over and discussed until the summons came to tea, poured out by kind old Miss Hacket, who had delighted in providing her young guests with buttered toast and tea cakes.

Dolores went home quite exhilarated and unusually amiable.

Her letter to her father was finished the next day. It contained the following information.

'Uncle Alfred is at Darminster. He is sub-editor to the *Politician*, the liberal county paper. I do not suppose Aunt Lilies will let me see him, for she does not like anything that dear mother did. There is a childish obsolete tone of mind here; I suppose it is because they have never lived in London, and the children are all so young of their age, and so rude, Wilfred most especially. Even Gillian, who is sixteen, likes quite childish games, and Mysie, who is my age, is a mere child in tastes, and no companion. I do wish I could have gone with you.'

Lady Merrifield wrote by the same mail, 'Your Dolores is quite well, and shows herself both clever and well taught. Miss Vincent thinks highly of her abilities, and gets on with her better than anyone else, except the daughter of our late Vicar, for whom she has set up a strong girlish friendship. She plainly has very deep affections, which are not readily transferred to new claimants, but I feel sure that we shall get on in time.'

Miss Mohun wrote, 'Lily and I enjoyed your letter together. Dolly looks all the better for country life, though I am afraid she has not learnt to relish it, nor to assimilate with the Merrifield children as I expected. I don't think Lily has quite fathomed her as yet, but "*celà viendra*" with patience, only mayhap not without a previous explosion. I fancy it takes a long time for an only child to settle in among a large family. It was a great pity you could not see Lily yourself. To my dismay I encountered Flinders in the street at Darminster last week. I believe he is on the staff of a paper there, but happily Dolly does not know it, nor do I think he knows where she is.'

In another three weeks, Constance was in the utmost elation, for 'On hearing the cannonade of the Autumn Manœuvres' was in print, and Miss Hacket was so much delighted that justice should be done to her sister's abilities, that she forgot Mr. Leadbitter's disapproval, and ordered half a dozen copies of the *Politician* for the present, and one for the future.

Dolores, walking home in the twilight, could not help showing Gillian, in confidence, the precious slip, though it was almost too dark to read the small type.

‘Newspaper poetry, I thought that always was trumpery,’ said Gillian, making a youthfully sweeping assertion.

‘Many great poets have begun with the periodical press,’ said Dolores, picking up a sentence which she had somewhere read.

‘I thought you hated English poetry, Dolly! You always grumble at having to learn it.’

‘Oh, that is lessons.’

‘“Il Penseroso” for instance.’

‘This is a very different thing.’

‘That it certainly is,’ said Gillian, beginning to read—

‘How lovely mounts the evening star  
Climbing the sunset skies afar.’

‘What a wonderful evening! Why, the evening star was going up backward!’

‘You only want to make nonsense of it.’

‘It is not I that make nonsense!’ said Gillian, ‘why, don’t you see, Dolly, which way the sun and everything moves?’

‘This is the evening star,’ said Dolores, sulkily. ‘It was just rising.’

‘I do believe you think it rises in the west.’

‘You always see it there. You showed it to me only last Sunday.’

‘Did you think it had just risen?’

‘Of course the stars rise when the sun sets.’

Gillian could hardly move for laughing. ‘My dear Dolores, you to be daughter to a scientific man! Don’t you know that the stars are in the sky, going on all the time, only we can’t see them till the sunlight is gone?’

But Dolores was too much offended to attend, and only grunted. She wanted to get the cutting away from Gillian, but there was no doing so.

‘The mist is rising o’er the mead,  
With silver hiding grass and reed;  
’Tis silent all, on hill and heath,  
The evening winds, they hardly breathe;  
What sudden breaks the silent charm,  
The echo wakes with wild alarm,  
With rapid, loud, and furious rattle,  
Sure ’tis the voice of deadly battle,  
Bidding the rustic swain to fly  
Before his country’s enemy.’

‘Did anybody ever hear of a sham fight in the evening?’ cried the soldier’s daughter, indignantly. ‘There, I can’t see any more of it.’

‘Give it to me then.’

‘You are welcome! Where did it come from? Let me look. C. H. Oh, did Constance Hacket write it? Nobody else could be so delicious, or so far superior to Milton.’

‘You knew it all the time, and that was the reason you made game of it.’

‘No, indeed it was not, Dolores. I did not guess. You should have told me at first.’

‘You would have gone on about it all the same.’

‘No, indeed, I hope not. I did not mean to vex you; but how was I to know it was so near your heart?’

‘I ought to have known better than to have shown it to you! You are always laughing at her and me all over the house—and now——’

‘Come, Dolly. I never meant to hurt your feelings. I will promise not to tell the others about it.’

No answer. There was something hard and swelling in Dolores’ throat.

‘Won’t that do?’ said Gillian. ‘You know I can’t say that I admire it, but I’m sorry I hurt you, and I’ll take care the others don’t tease you about it.’

Dolores made hardly any answer, but it was a sort of pacification, and Gillian said not a word to the younger ones. Still she thought it no breach of her promise, when they were all gone to bed, and she the sole survivor, to tell her mother how inadvertently she had affronted Dolores by cutting up the verses, before she knew whose they were.

‘I am sorry,’ said Lady Merrifield. ‘Anything that tends to keep Dolores aloof from us is a pity.’

‘But, mamma, I had no notion whose they were.’

‘You saw that she was pleased with them.’

‘Yes, but that was the more ridiculous. Fancy the evening star climbing *up—up*—you know in the sunset!’

‘Portentous, certainly! Yet still I wish you could have found it in your heart to take advantage of any feeler towards sympathy.’

‘How could I pretend to admire such stuff?’

‘You need not pretend; but there are two ways of taking hold of a thing without being untrue. If you had been a little wiser and more forbearing you need not have given Dolores such a shock as would drive her in upon herself. Depend upon it, the older you grow the more dangerous you will find it to begin by hitting the blots.’

Gillian looked on in some curiosity when the next day good Miss Hacket, enchanted with her dear Connie’s success, trotted up to display the lines to Lady Merrifield, who on her side felt bound to set an example alike of tenderness and sincerity, and was glad to be able to observe, ‘The lines run very smoothly. This must be a great pleasure to her.’

‘Indeed it is! Connie is so clever. I always say I can’t think where she got it from; but we always tried to give her every advantage, and she was quite a favourite pupil at Miss Dormer’s. Is not it a sweet idea, the stillness of the evening broken by the sounds of battle, and then it proving to be only our brave defenders?’

‘Yes,’ was the answer. ‘I have often thought of that, and of what it might be to hear those volleys of musquetry in earnest. It has made me very thankful.’

So Miss Hacket went away gratified, and Gillian owned that it would have been useless to wound the good lady’s feelings by criticism, though her mother made her understand that if her opinion had been asked, or Constance herself had shown the verses, it would have been desirable to point out the faults, in a kindly spirit. The wonder was, how they could have found their way into the paper, and they were followed by more with the like signature.

Indeed, the great sensational tale, *The Waif of the Moorland*, was being copied out of the books where it had been first written. Dolores had sounded Mr. Flinders on the subject, and he had replied that he could ensure its consideration by a publisher, but that her fair friend must be aware that an untried author must be prepared for some risk.

Constance could hardly abstain from communicating her hopes to her sister; but Mr. Leadbitter—to whom the poetry was duly shown—had given such a character of the *Darminster Politician* that Miss Hacket besought Constance to have no more to do with it. Besides, she was so entirely a lady, and so conscientious, that all her tender blindness would not have prevented her from being shocked at encouraging, or profiting by, a surreptitious correspondence.

Constance declared Mr. Leadbitter’s objection to the paper was merely political, and her sister was too willing that she should be gratified to protest any further. The copying had to be done in secret, since it was impossible to confess the hopes founded on Mr. Flinders, and it therefore lasted several weeks, each fresh portion being communicated to Dolores on Sunday afternoons. There were at first a few scruples on Constance’s part whether this were exactly a Sunday occupation; but Dolores pronounced that ‘the Sabbatarian system was gone out,’ and after Constance had introduced the ghostly double of her vanished waif walking in a surpliced procession, she persuaded herself that there was a sufficient aroma of religion about the story to bring it within the pale of Sunday books.

The days were shortening so that Lady Merrifield had doubts as to the fitness of letting the girls return in the dark, but Gillian would have been grieved to relinquish her class, and the matter was adjusted by the two remaining till evensong, when there was sure to be sufficient escort for them to come home with.

Therewith arrived the holidays and Jasper, whose age came between those of Gillian and Mysie. Dolores had looked forward to his coming, for, by all the laws of fiction, he was bound to be the champion of the orphan niece, and finally to develop into her lover and hero. In *No Home*, when Minnie’s aunt locked her up and fed her on bread and water for playing the piano better than her spiteful cousin Augusta, Eric, the boy of the family, had solaced her with cold pie and ice-



creams drawn up in a basket by a cord from the window. He had likewise forced from his cruel mother the locket which proved Minnie's identity with the mourning Countess's golden haired grandchild and heiress, and he had finally been rewarded with her hand, becoming in some mysterious manner Lord Eric.

Jasper, however, or Japs, as his family preferred to call him, proved to be a big, shy boy, not at all delighted with the introduction of a stranger among his sisters, neither golden-haired nor all-accomplished, only making him feel his home invaded, and looking at him with her big eyes.

'Is that girl here for good?' he asked, when he found himself with Harry and Gillian.

'Yes, of course,' said the cousin, 'while her father is away, and that is for three years.'

Jasper whistled.

'Aunt Ada said,' added Gillian, 'that if she got too tiresome, mamma had uncle Maurice's leave to send her to school.'

'That would be no good to me,' said Jasper, 'for she would still be here in the holidays.'

'Has she been getting worse?' asked Harry.

'No, I don't know that she has,' said Gillian, 'except that she runs after *that* Constance more than ever. But, I say, Jasper, mamma says she is particularly anxious that there should be no teasing of her; and you can hinder Wilfred better than anybody can. She wants her to be really at home, and one——'

But though Jasper was very fond both of mother and sister, he would not stand a second-hand lecture, and broke in with an inquiry about chances of rabbit-shooting.

Among his juniors he heard more opinions and more undisguised, when the whole party had rushed out together to the stable-yard to inspect the rabbits and other live-stock.

'And Dolly says you are a fright,' sighed Mysie, condoling with a very awkward looking puppy, which she was nursing.

'She! she thinks everything a fright!' said Valetta.

'Except Constance,' added Wilfred.

'Who is ugliest of all!' politely chimed in Fergus.

'Oh, Japs, she is such a nasty girl—Dolly, I mean!' cried Valetta.

'You *know* you ought not to say "nasty,"' exclaimed Mysie.

'Well, but she is!' insisted Val. 'She squashed a dear little lady-bird, and said it would sting!'

'She really thought it would,' said Mysie.

At which the young barbarians shouted aloud with contempt, and Valetta added. 'She is afraid of everything—cows, and dogs, and frogs.'

'I got a whole match-box full of grasshoppers to shut up in her

desk and make her squall,' said Wilfred, 'only the girls went and turned them out.'

'It was so cruel to the poor grasshoppers,' said Mysie. 'One had his horn broken, and dragged his leg.'

'What does she do?' asked Jasper.

'She's always cross,' said Fergus.

'And she won't play,' added Valetta. 'And never will lend us anything of hers.'

'And she's a regular sneak,' said Wilfred. 'She wants to tell of everything—only we stopped that and she doesn't dare now.'

'You see,' said Mysie, gravely, 'she has always lived alone and in London, and that makes her horribly stupid about everything sensible. We thought we should soon teach her to be nice; and mamma says we shall if we are patient.'

'We'll teach her, won't we, Japs!' said Wilfrid, aside, in an ominous voice.

'She is not thirteen,' added Valetta, 'and she pretends to be grown up, and only to care for a grown up young lady—that Constance Hacket.'

'Yes,' added Mysie, 'only think—they write poetry!'

'What rot it must be!' said Jasper. 'There's a man in my house that writes poetry, and don't they chaff him! And this must be ever so much worse.'

'Oh, that it is,' said Valetta. 'I heard Mr. Poulter and Miss Vincent laughing about it like anything.'

'But they get it put into print,' said Mysie, still impressed. 'Miss Hacket brought it up to give to mamma, and there's ever so much of it shut up in the drawing-room blotting-book with the malachite knobs. I can't think why they laugh—I think it is very pretty. Old Miss Hacket read me the one about "My Lost Dove."'

'Mysie always will stick up for Dolores,' said Valetta in a grumbling voice.

'I always meant her to be my friend,' said Mysie, disconsolately.

'Well, I'm glad she's not,' said Jasper. 'What a sell it would have been for me to find you chummy with a stupid, poetry-writing, good-for-nothing girl like that, instead of my jolly old Mice!'

And at that minute all Dolly's slights were fully compensated for!

There was a lurking purpose in the boys' minds that if Dolores would not join in fun, yet still fun should be extracted from her. Jasper had brought home a box of Japanese fireworks, and Wilfred, who was superintending his unpacking, proposed to light the serpent and place it in Dolores' path as she was going up to bed; but Jasper was old enough to reply that he would have no concern with anything so low and snobbish as such a trick. In fact, there was in Jasper's mind a decided line between bullying and teasing, which did not exist

as yet in Wilfred's conscience. And, altogether, Dolores was in a state of mind that made her stiff letters to her father betray low spirits and discontent.

On Sunday, while waiting for the early dinner, Jasper and Mysie happened to be together in the drawing-room, and Mysie took the opportunity of showing her brother the different cuttings of poetry. The lines were smooth, and some had a certain swing in them such as Mysie, with an unformed taste, a love for Miss Hacket, and amazement that a familiar of her own should appear in print, genuinely admired. But the eyes of a youth exercised in 'chaffing' the productions of one of his fellow 'men' were infinitely more critical. Besides, what could be more shocking to the General's son than the confusion between the evening gun and the sham fight? And Mysie had been reduced to confusion for not detecting the faults, and then pardoned in consideration of being only a girl, by the time the gong summoned them to the Sunday roast beef.

The dinner over, the female part of the family scampered headlong upstairs, while Harry repaired with his mother to her room to talk over a letter from his father respecting his plans on leaving Oxford. The other boys hung about the hall, until Gillian and Dolores came down equipped for walking. 'Hollo, Gill! All right! Where's Mysie? We'll be off! Mysie! Mice! Mouse! Val!'

'You must wait for them, Japs,' said Gillian. 'They are having their dresses changed; and, don't you remember, I always go to Miss Hacket's.'

'Botheration! What for?'

'You know very well.'

'Oh, yes. To help her to write touching verses about the sweet dead dove, with voice and plumage soft as love, eh? Only, Gill, I'm afraid your memory is failing, if you don't know the evening gun from rifle practice.'

'Nonsense! that's no concern of mine,' said Gillian, opening the front door, very anxious to get Dolores away from hearing anything worse.

'Oh, that's your modesty. Only such a conjunction could have produced such a scene that the evening star came up backwards to look at it!'

'For shame, Jasper! How in the world did you get hold of that?'

'Too sweet a thing not to meet with universal fame,' said Jasper, to whom it was exquisite fun to assume that Gillian devoted her Sunday afternoons to the concoction of such poetry with Constance Hacket, and thus to revenge himself for his disgust and jealousy at having his favourite companion and slave engrossed. Wilfred hopped about like an imp in ecstasy, grinning in the face of Dolores, whom Gillian longed to free from her tormentors. The shout was welcome, as Mysie and Valetta came tearing down the drive after them.

‘Japs! Japs! Oh, we couldn’t come before because nurse would make us take off our Sunday serges. Come and let out the dogs. Mamma says we may see if there are any nice fir cones in the plantations to gild for the Christmas tree.’

‘And you won’t come?’ said Jasper. ‘The Muses must meet. What a poem you will produce!’

‘Hear I a cannon or a rifle,  
That is an unessential trifle!’

‘What nonsense boys do talk!’ said Gillian, turning her back on them with regret; for much as she loved her class, she better loved a walk with Jasper, and here was Dolores on her hands in a state of exasperation, believing her to have broken her promise, and muttering,

‘You set him on.’

‘No, indeed I never did! You know I promised.’

‘There are plenty of ways of getting out of a promise.’

‘Speak for yourself, Dolores.’

There were ten minutes of offended silence, and then Gillian said, ‘This is nonsense! You may believe me, I was sorry I laughed at the first verses you showed me, and mamma said I ought not. We never spoke of it, but Miss Hacket has been giving mamma all the poems, and Jasper must have got at them. Don’t you see?’

‘Oh, yes, you say so,’ said Dolores, sulkily.

‘You don’t believe me!’

‘You promised that your brothers should never hear of it.’

‘I promised for myself. I couldn’t promise for what was put into a newspaper and trumpeted all over the place,’ said Gillian, really angry now.

Dolores could not deny this, but she was hurt by the word trumpeted; and besides, her own slippery behaviour was weakening her trust in other people’s sincerity, and she only gave a kind of grunt: but Gillian, recovering herself a little, and remembering her mother’s words, proceeded to argue. ‘Besides, it was *me* whom Jasper meant to tease, not you.’

‘I don’t care which it was. He is as bad as the rest of them!’

Gillian attempted no more conciliation, and they arrived in silence at the Casement Cottages, where Constance was awaiting her friend in the greatest excitement; for she had despatched *The Waif of the Moorland* to Mr. Flinders in the course of the week, and had received a letter from him in return, saying that a personal interview with the gifted authoress would be desirable.

‘And I do long to see him; don’t you, darling?’

‘It is very hard that he should be kept away from me,’ said Dolores, trying to stir up some tender feelings.

‘That it is, my poor sweet! I thought whether he could come to me for a merely literary consultation without Mary’s knowing anything further about it, and then we could contrive for you to come down

and meet him ; but there are so many horrid prejudices that I suppose it would not be safe.'

'I don't see how I could come down here without the others. Aunt Lily won't let me come alone, and though it is holiday time, that is no good, for those horrid boys are always about, and I see that Jasper is going to be worse even than Wilfred.'

Various ways and means were discussed, but no excuse seemed available for either Constance's going to Darminster, or for Mr. Flinders coming to Silverfold, without exciting suspicion.

*(To be continued.)*

---

## A LOT WITH A CROOK IN IT.

BY CHRISTABEL B. COLERIDGE.

## CHAPTER XX.

## ANNIE'S CHOICE.

'Sad before her leaned the boy,  
Goldilocks that I love well.'

THE same set of events, chronicled from different points of view, would often assume a very different character and a very different degree of relative importance. For many of the young people who had danced and skated through these two days of unusual gaiety—the days had been filled by dancing and skating; for Geoffrey Leighton the one thing of importance had been the fulfilment of his life-long dread; while for Alick, the balls and the skating, the alarm and the accident, had all meant so many hours passed in Annie Macdonald's presence; and the poor clerk and his little daughter were altogether extraneous to the main interest of the scene. The point that stayed in his memory, the important incident never to be forgotten, was not the cracking ice or the hurry and alarm that succeeded it, but just the walk back afterwards to Redhurst, when he succeeded in getting Annie to himself alone. The frosty road, the hard, pale blue sky, flushing into red in the west, were for him only as a setting to her slim, brisk figure and piquante face; the sharp, clear air made her voice ring sweeter. She had taken off her own skates before he could be at hand to help her. This seemed a little slight; and he could not know that in poor Annie's opinion the boots and skates required a little private management, for they had both seen service.

Annie had been rather surprised at being invited to Redhurst for this week of gaiety, for Mrs. Crichton was not particularly intimate with her aunt. In February she was going to pay a long visit to her rich relations in the North, and secretly she felt that she would wait for the end of that visit before deciding on her final step. In which direction Alick's wistful eyes and half-suppressed eagerness would pull her, she hardly knew; but perhaps the walk with him *was* a temptation, for she let him quicken his pace and walk a little ahead of the rest of the party. They talked, of course, about the accident, and a little about the Oakenshaws, Annie telling how she had heard Mr. Spencer laughed at at Redhurst for his patronage of his old clerk.

‘I suppose he is a very good-natured fellow,’ said Alick, with an effort.

‘Yes; he seems to undertake all the troublesome arrangements for the ball, and to run every one’s errands.’

A silence, during which Alick’s eyes explored the hedges dreamily.

‘There are no honeysuckles in flower now,’ he said presently, in a sort of tentative fashion.

‘I should think not! In January? In what sort of country do you expect to find them?’ said Annie, laughing.

‘In a country where I spend a good deal of my time. You may call it “dreamland” or “fools’ paradise.” I’m taking a stroll in it this afternoon, and it’s always sweet with the scent of honeysuckles.’

Alick turned his great eyes upon her as he spoke; his soft, passionate undertone thrilled her through.

‘I never dream,’ she said distinctly, ‘and I don’t know the way even into a fool’s paradise!’

‘You mean that it’s not I that can open its gate to you.’

‘I’m very matter of fact,’ said Annie; ‘and I’m walking on the road to Redhurst.’

It seemed to Alick that her tone was less discouraging than her words. Should he destroy his fool’s paradise by telling her for the first time plainly of his love. What had he to say? Nothing but that if he could have married he would have married no one but her. Nothing, but that she was the one object of his desire. If only that passionate desire could have been changed into a hope, definite, however distant, what a difference it would have made to him! But poor Alick was not the man to put his fate to the touch, to force the hand of life and win spite of any number of opposing circumstances. He was afraid of himself in the future, and of losing such transient delight as he had in the present; while Annie, on her side, fought off the chance as a new complication in her puzzling future. Perhaps, had she been able to look to it, it might have settled some of her doubts and difficulties. Alick neither changed the subject nor brought it to a point.

‘Yes,’ he said, ‘it’s the road to Redhurst, but it’s all the same high road, you know, to Bridgehurst. It leads all the way from the old bridge. It’s a good smooth road, and very easy to travel.’

‘Dear me, have you been studying the county map? It may be the same road to Aberdeen or to the Land’s End, for what I know. “It’s a far cry to Loch Awe!”’

‘Well,’ said Alick, ‘when I take a constitutional out of Fordham, after a long day’s work, I like to think of where the old road leads to, back to the old school life at Oxley, and most of all to Bridgehurst.’

‘When places are only a few miles apart they usually *are* connected by the high road,’ said Annie, mischievously. ‘I’m glad it pleases



you. "Pleasure in roads" is something like "sermons in stone," I suppose—good in everything.'

Alick laughed.

'Nevertheless,' he said, 'in that fool's paradise of mine I like to know that the path I am treading now is joined to that which—others are treading. But I can walk as far as *this* bit of road from Fordham, and for me it will always bear honeysuckles.'

'I'm sure it won't,' said Annie, 'when Mr. Crichton keeps his hedges cut so neatly,' and she lingered till their companions joined them.

Perhaps the remembrance of this sentimental conversation prompted her avoidance of him during the early part of the evening, rather than any attraction of Arthur Spencer's good dancing and good looks. She was gracious to Alick in and out, as the sense of success gave her self-complacency, but when she returned to Bridgehurst she did not think that his attentions would afford her any relief from the moping and mud; that was all that was left, she thought, after the winter gaieties. With her odd, cool common-sense she thought of Arthur, and of the number of times that he had danced with her. When many people were speculating about him, she was not likely to pass him by; but she came to the conclusion that he meant good dancing, and nothing more, and that she had not a 'chance' in that direction.

Annie might be a schemer, and she had often discoursed to Dulcie about her old heart and her young face; she might delight in saying plainly to herself what other girls shrink from even imagining, but she was not nearly old enough nor worldly-wise enough to have guessed at the real 'chance' that was coming in her way. She had never dreamed that Dr. Osgood, the Master of S. Jude's, had come to the ball as solely on her account as the penniless and impossible Alick Leighton.

Annie had been a great deal at Willingham at times when the old people were alone, and was a great favourite there. At the worst, it was much less dull than Bridgehurst. General Osgood liked her, she was not shy nor taken up with her own pursuits, and was always ready to walk and talk with him.

Dr. Osgood, who had been a young man at the time of Frank Osgood's disappearance, was the youngest of the family, and had recently been chosen master of the small college in which he had long held a fellowship. He was a good deal at his brother's house, and was regarded by the young people as a rather desirable great uncle.

He was a stiff, stately old-fashioned clergyman, polite and formal, with a great objection to innovations in religion, politics, or university customs; a handsome, delicate-featured face, and a vast amount of elegant scholarship. He treated young ladies with old-fashioned care and deference, shewing his liking for them by gentle little jokes

and classical compliments. He patronised young men, and endeavoured to test their scholarship in the course of conversation, enlightened their minds, and sublimely snubbed them. He got on very well with the very unscholarly Osgoods, and was liked and civilly treated by the Fordhams. Alick was a great favourite of his; but Geoffrey detested him, argued with him, and disagreed with him. Dulcie laughed sweetly at his jokes and compliments, and never imagined that his mind and hers could touch at any point. May Leighton regarded him as a species of heathen who did not believe in learned women. Annie Macdonald, however, prided herself on her *savoir faire*, and accommodated her talk to him so successfully that, on the very day after her return from Redhurst, he paid a call on Lady Anne Macdonald, and, to her utter amazement, informed her that he was a suitor for the hand of her niece.

Lady Anne had a great regard for the Master of S. Jude's, whom she had met on rare occasions; but she was utterly taken by surprise, and, little as Annie would have given her credit for the feeling, she thought of his age and his formality, before she could turn her mind to his good position and his income.

'Lady Anne,' he said, 'I come to you in confidence as, should Miss Macdonald refuse my proposal, I should wish no one to be aware that it was made; both from regard for my own feelings, and from a wish that no shadow should be cast over the pleasure of her intercourse with my nieces. I know that, with so charming a young lady, I am not likely to be first in the field.'

Here he paused, with an expression that made Lady Anne feel that he was perhaps not quite so old as she imagined.

'Mr. Osgood,' she said, 'you do Annie a great honour. For my part, I should be most thankful to see her so provided for. I have tried to bring her up in a becoming manner. I feel that her prospects are not happy ones, if she does not marry—but—' here Lady Anne blushed and spoke with some effort, 'should she feel no attachment to you, I could not urge her to accept your proposal. I do not say this as a matter of form, it has been the conviction of my life.'

'You think it unlikely that I should inspire—' began the Master.

'Not at all,' said Lady Anne, 'I heartily hope—' and here she too paused as she began to realize *how* heartily she hoped it.

'I was present at the recent festivities,' he said. 'It is perhaps hardly possible that I have not already a rival, when I see what a prize Miss Macdonald's hand is considered, even for a dance.'

'I believe that Annie is admired,' said Lady Anne, 'but I know of nothing to affect your hopes. She is hardly twenty-one, and her opportunities have been few.'

Whether the Master would have thought that Annie's youth and inexperience gave him cause for hesitation must be uncertain; for at that moment the young lady herself entered the room.

'Dr. Osgood!' she said, surprised, but as she was pleased to see any

one and quite unconscious, there was a simple friendliness in her greeting that made her doubly charming.

‘Where have you been, Annie?’ said Lady Anne.

‘Helping Agnes Royland at the lending library,’ said Annie; ‘here are all these books to mend. But won’t Dr. Osgood have some tea?’

‘Stay here, my dear,’ said her aunt hurriedly; ‘the Master of S. Jude’s will excuse me.’

She intercepted Annie, who had had a view of providing hot buttered toast, and left her standing opposite the Master, who blushed like a school-boy, and said diffidently—

‘These charitable occupations, and these domestic cares, are indeed fitting to fill up a young lady’s leisure.’

‘I’ve got a great deal too much leisure, Dr. Osgood,’ said Annie, laughing. ‘But won’t you sit down?’

‘No, but I will ask you to do so, while I tell you that I have come here to-day to ask you to leave these “duties and little cares,” which doubtless have been enough hitherto for your happiness, to leave them for a wider sphere. I have come to ask you to be my wife.’

‘Oh, I—I never thought of such a thing?’ ejaculated Annie, in such amazement that she almost screamed.

‘No, I know well that young girls do not think of such things beforehand,’ said the innocent Master. ‘Annie, I do not ask a beautiful young girl to be my wife, without serious thoughts of how I could make her happy. It is a busy life, with plenty of society which I ask you to share. I should never wish to deprive you of the pleasures natural to your age. It is a beautiful old home to which I would take you; you would find many friends. And for myself,’ he added, coming nearer and taking her hand, ‘I can offer you my hearty love. It is more than five and thirty years ago, my dear, that I loved another Annie, whom it pleased God to take from me and to Himself, before she had even promised to be my wife. I have never cared to supply her place before but with my books. If your heart is free, and if I can make you happy, I—I shall be very happy myself.’

Annie burst into tears. The proposal had fallen at her feet like a thunderbolt. The suitor whom she was to marry from motives of common sense had never appeared to her fancy in any such guise as this.

‘Oh, Dr. Osgood, I—I’m not at all the sort of girl you think I am. I—I did wish to be married,’ she said, sobbing.

The Master grew a little pale.

‘You mean,’ he said, ‘that—that you have already given your affections?’

‘No, oh, no! But my life has been very difficult to me. I know quite well what a great advantage it would be for me. I—I should like it! I’ve planned about it—oh, dear, I don’t know what I am saying!’

‘I take you by surprise—will you not consider?’ said the Master, not in the least understanding her.

Annie recovered herself with a great effort.

‘If you please, I will consider,’ she said, modestly and with dignity.

‘I cannot but be thankful that you will grant me so much,’ said Dr. Osgood, with a more loverlike and less restrained manner; but Annie fled as her aunt’s step sounded, and hid herself in her own room.

She had got her chance now, what was she going to do with it? Why should not she marry Dr. Osgood? Annie shut her eyes and tried to think. The venerable college, the interesting society, the ease and dignity and sure position, were better than anything she had imagined; and for the Master himself, she was conscious of a rush of admiring liking. It was not a common lot that was offered her; but it attracted her. What stood on the other side? A scent of honeysuckle in the air, a flash of sunlight on the river, the thought for a moment of two apart, yet working together for each other and for a common end, a sudden sense of youth and hope and a future not impossible. The vision came upon her like sudden sunlight on a stormy day, and it looked very sweet. But the tears with which she thought of resigning it, came more from the instinctive clinging of youth to youth, from the sense of what some people might enjoy than from a definite return of Alick’s love. Whether for good or for evil, Annie had controlled the affections that might have strayed towards him. She did not love him nearly well enough to throw her life away for so vague a hope. It would have been the height of wilful folly to defy and disobey her friends by such an engagement, even if he—poor fellow!—had not known that too well to ask her—had not known it as well as she did.

But every lot in this world, however fair, shuts out some other, and Annie felt that foolish, baseless hopes might be very sweet for some girls. She had asked time to consider; but her mind was made up before she heard Dr. Osgood drive away, and came down stairs to face Lady Anne.

The lamp was lighted in the little drawing-room. Lady Anne sat by it in her plain black dress, the tea was on the table. As it had been there every evening since Annie came to live there, so it was now. In a corner was a box, which Annie knew contained her aunt’s best bonnet, which she had brought down to renovate at as small an expense as possible.

Lady Anne looked at her niece, and Annie knew that she could not but desire intensely that she should take this good fortune that had fallen in her way. She was prepared to be persuaded, and was surprised when Lady Anne, after a word or two, said—

‘My dear, there is one thing that you must not forget. The pleasures natural to your age are not what you will have as Dr. Osgood’s wife. However kind he may be, you will have to give up much.’

‘If you mean balls and parties, auntie, I’ve thought too much about real things to care much for them for their own sakes, and I’ve seen how they can become a matter of business.’

‘If you can honestly and honourably do this thing,’ said Lady Anne, ‘I know that it will save you from a future that is not bright. I have not been blind to all that has been passing in your mind. I know to what your thoughts have been turned by Miss Venning’s influence, unconscious, no doubt; she is perfectly trustworthy; but, believe me, you are quite unfitted for any such life, and you are afraid of your life here with me, or, perhaps, my poor child, without me.’

‘Yes,’ said Annie, with sudden confidence, ‘and I might get very bad in trying to escape it.’

‘It is not quite natural that you should face these thoughts at your age,’ said Lady Anne, as if rather puzzled.

‘I began to think so early, Aunt Anne,’ said Annie.

‘My dear,’ said Lady Anne, with tears in her eyes, ‘he is a good man, an excellent man—if you were thirty instead of twenty; but it’s not quite the right thing, Annie, and I am afraid you don’t know what you are about. Do quite right, my child. Even to be an old maid isn’t as bad as you think it. But, of course, this is an excellent thing for you.’

‘Aunt Anne,’ said Annie, ‘you are a great deal better than other people, but I’m not. And besides, I think, I feel quite sure, that I should like very much to marry Dr. Osgood. That’s the truth.’

‘Then in that case, Annie, I can only be thankful for the good thing that has fallen in your way.’

Such was the view taken by half the neighbourhood when Miss Macdonald’s engagement to the Master of S. Jude was announced. Others declared Annie to be a sacrifice to her aunt’s ambition, and some said that it was a shame of a man of *that* age to think of a pretty girl like Annie. Still it was a fine chance for a penniless Macdonald.

The Osgoods themselves thought the Master very foolish; but it was his own concern, not theirs, and Mrs. Osgood wrote civilly to Lady Anne, begging her to bring Annie to Willingham while the Master was still with them.

The engagement was announced at once, and the visit to Willingham was fixed for little more than a week after the ball at Oxley.

Annie stood on the old bridge, on the afternoon before she went to pay this betrothal visit. The frost had now broken up, and the roads and lanes were thick with yellow mud; but the river was all alive and sparkling; there was life and hope of spring in the warm brown colouring of the wooded banks, and the sun was setting in a bank of soft driving clouds.

‘Plenty of mud,’ thought Annie; ‘but not much time for moping.’

She was still excited by the great change that had befallen her, and of all the comments, only congratulatory ones had reached her

ears, though she could not but read between the lines of Dulcie's little note, almost childish as it was in its stiff, formal, and surprised good wishes; and when on the day before she had met Florence Venning in Oxley High Street, the absence of any sitting in judgment on her choice was too evidently intentional to be quite reassuring. There was one other who had sent no congratulations, and, suddenly, as she turned her head, Alick Leighton stood beside her.

His face had a very miserable expression as he looked down at her with his great melancholy eyes.

'Is it true?' he said, as she gave him her hand.

'Yes,' said Annie.

She was guiltless of having flirted with Alick, or encouraged him unduly. He had nothing to reproach her with, and yet she felt ashamed.

'Well,' he said, after a moment's silence, 'I have nothing to say against it.'

'I suppose not,' she said, trying to laugh.

'I hope you'll like it,' he said, with a deep sigh, and then half a smile, 'but it's no news to you that I don't! No one's to blame, only myself, for being the sort of fellow I am. I shall never win any prizes that don't drop into my mouth. But Geoff would have won if he had cared as I do.'

'That he wouldn't,' said Annie impulsively, 'I never liked Geoffrey at all.'

Poor Alick's face brightened up; but he checked himself, and took no advantage of the inference; he only looked at her, at the sunlight shining on her hair, and lighting up her face.

'I saw you first in the sunshine,' he said, 'just here. Good bye. Do you know the Master's awfully popular at S. Jude's? Good bye. Aslanga.'

Annie gave him her hand; but she did not speak. She shrank from his eyes, and her heart was stirred within her. Alick squeezed the hand hard, then let it go, and only watched her as she hurried away. Perhaps he did not know how strong had been his momentary power over her. As he said, Geoff might perhaps have won her; but Alick had no such courageous hope as to justify him in attempting to upset and destroy her own way of being happy.

She had but little time to think of him in the excitement of her reception at Willingham, and in the pleasant novelty of finding herself for the first time a person of importance. The young girls, for the grandchildren were still paying their Christmas visit, received her with fits of laughing, and dubbed her 'great auntie' on the spot; a title which was very prettily carried off by their great uncle remarking—

'I have old-fashioned tastes, and do not perhaps appreciate the triumphs of modern art; but I have seen a picture of which Effie's joke reminds me. It is a lovely young girl, in the first bloom of her beauty, dressed, I think, in an old fashioned-riding suit. The title



given to it was "Grandmama." The charm was increased by the incongruity. So it is in this case.'

Effie clapped her hands, exclaiming that she had never heard such a pretty compliment.

'So you see an old master and a young mistress. Now mistress mine, will you put on that modern riding-dress that suits you so well, and come and have a lesson.'

For the Master was a good horseman, and teaching Annie to ride formed a pleasant occupation in common, and a convenient method for carrying on what the young people would have liked to call his 'spooning.'

'Only,' as the critical Effie observed, 'Uncle Charles is such an incarnation of good taste that it would be impossible to apply such a word to him.'

'No more than you would to a pretty old song!' said Dulcie, who had been invited to dine and sleep, and see Annie. 'It reminds one of those quaint complimentary Chloes and Strephons, who used to sing and make speeches to each other.'

Dulcie did not choose to speak to any of the Osgoods of the sense of oppression that Annie's engagement had given her. She thought of Geoffrey, and how she and he stood hand in hand and looked out on life together, the young fresh life at which they looked with equal eyes. *This* was so different. Most people, however, incline to the favourable view of a marriage engagement once begun, and Dulcie was learning that there are different ways of being happy, that the very best and first was not for all, and yet that they needed something.

So, in spite of her regrets for Alick's sake, she came to think that Annie's fate was a pretty and graceful thing in its way. As, indeed, it was, for no one could fail to like the Master, who was so good that his heart was young if his manners were old; and, while he was more quaint and old-world than his actual age warranted, was also much more active and vigorous than it might have been supposed to allow. He took care of Annie, and treated her with a scrupulous courtesy and gallantry that constantly surprised her. Nor did he expect much of her. His view was that a lady would naturally have her own pursuits, which would differ from a man's. He did not expect that Annie should interest herself in his studies, and looked from an indulgent distance on all her little occupations. Indeed, he condescended to her more than Dulcie would have liked. She, who already knew quite as much about the duties of school inspector as Geoffrey did, would have had a thousand things to ask about University life and manners; but Annie took it all very much for granted. She liked the notion of an easy life, and had just faced the world enough on her own account to feel that she would like to be done for, for the future. Moreover, the Master of S. Jude's pleased her; she grew fonder of him every day, and more sure of her own happiness. He



was so indulgent that she did not feel afraid of the high pure standard so infinitely above her own, though she had never known that any one could be quite so good. The Master's modest and yet strict performance of all his religious duties surprised her ; as she began to have an inkling of it, she began to feel a certain restraint of the tongue which he habitually practised. He was not a person with any gift for influencing others, being very silent on topics near his heart ; but he was held in high respect by the young men among whom he lived, however much they might differ from his views, and perhaps his example had more weight than they, or he, guessed. |

## CHAPTER XXI.

## TENNYSON'S POEMS.

' An old affront will stir the heart,  
Through years of rankling pain.'

DURING the interval between their parting at Oxley and their meeting at Sloane House, Dulcie's letters to Geoffrey were filled with the events occupying her friends. Her wonder at Annie's choice, and her growing liking for the good and kindly Master had a due place. She told how bright and well Annie looked on horseback with her lover, and how, after all, they were a distinguished-looking couple ; how Florence would not say that it was a bad thing, or feel sure that Annie would have been happier as a governess ; from which Dulcie thought that Florence herself inclined a little towards Mr. Blandford, who, though much younger than Dr. Osgood, stood also on a high pedestal of dulness and learning in Dulcie's youthful estimation. But all these topics paled before the interest of the Oakenshaw mystery, and she poured out every detail of the disappearance ; of Arthur's distress at it ; of Mr. Crichton's bad opinion of the runaway ; of poor little Minnie's hopeless misery ; and of the many consultations held as to what was to become of her ; how Mr. Crichton declared that the only way to find the father was to advertise, saying that Minnie should be sent to the workhouse ; but how Mrs. Jones had declared that that should never be, if she had to keep the poor child herself. She told how Mr. Spencer had come one day to the Manor, and had confessed to Florence that he feared Mr. Oakenshaw had put an end to himself ; and how, finally, he and his aunt had agreed to pay the expenses of Minnie's board with Mrs. Jones for the present, and afterwards, if nothing could be heard of her relations, to send her to school. ' But,' Dulcie wrote, ' she will be a great responsibility, for besides being so delicate, she is so passionate and self-willed that no one can manage her properly. If anything had turned up about her father's past life and drove him to desperation, it was cruel to bring it up when he was living in such a harmless way.'

How Geoffrey read these letters—how they diverted his mind from

the school work he was daily learning may be imagined, and when Dulcie came, and even while he brought her from the station, poured out the story once again, in the intervals of hearing of Geoffrey's school experiences, he stopped her account of the worry and anxiety experienced by Arthur and the Crichtons with an abrupt speech.

'It can be nothing to them compared to what it is to—to that man himself, or to the child. They are only strangers. Why should they care? It is no disgrace to them.'

'Why, as to strangers,' said Dulcie, 'if Mr. Spencer does not care there is nobody else. And it is a horrid responsibility for them.'

Geoffrey said nothing. His conscience had not been idle since that fatal night. He knew that in pushing away from him the suddenly realised horror of his life, he had acted a harsh and selfish part, that he had done the wrong thing and not the right; but he had not thought much of the consequences to his enemy, as he felt him to be.

Now the suggestion that haunted Arthur's kind heart came fresh upon him from Dulcie's lips. He could not believe it. But clear and without a doubt was the claim of the deserted child on him or on his: this hot-tongued, loud-voiced, auburn-haired creature, whom he remembered rushing across the ice, as eager at her sport as he himself could have been, who was such a 'horrid responsibility' to the charitable friends who were providing for her.

He had done wrong, and now the right thing to do was so obvious and so simple: to tell his father—to tell Mr. Leighton, the kind and honourable kinsman, the wise lawyer, who Minnie was. He had acted once with absolute justice, with infinite kindness, and so would he act again. The connections of the unfortunate Frank Osgood were all kind and honourable people; every one of them would act rightly and fairly. If that had been all. But for Geoffrey himself, was not more needed? What would be the result to him?

He was much too straightforward, and too conscientious a person, not to know that he was doing wrong, and to be miserable in the knowledge; but he could not bring himself to do right.

In the delight of welcoming Dulcie at Sloane House, Oxley affairs fell into the background, till they were revived by May, who was very indignant at Annie Macdonald's engagement. 'To marry because life was dull! Now, when so many fields were open! For my part,' said May, 'I think it a great mistake to be unpractical, and to think only of intellectual concerns. These new cookery and ambulance classes are most interesting, and I hope Dulcie will join them. They would be something quite new for the Silkworms.'

'If one provided the cake for tea,' said Dulcie. 'That's rather a good notion—if—if it was nice.'

'Or a broken leg, well set,' suggested Fred. 'The question would be—whose?'

There was a great laugh at this, increased by May observing that there was always a boy on purpose at the classes.

‘On purpose to have his leg broken? Havn’t you got to pay him very highly?’ said Fred.

‘No, no—nonsense!’ said May. ‘Of course, it is only for practice. But the Silkworms might take it in turns; or we might get one of Miss Flossy’s school-children.’

‘Ask Geoff,’ suggested Fred. ‘Has he to inspect broken legs and tea-cakes?’

‘No,’ said Geoffrey, trying to join in the chatter; ‘but I did think of getting mother to explain the *Manual of Domestic Economy* to me. And the needlework! If I knew which was running and felling, and which was sewing. I thought it was all sewing.’

‘Innocent Geoffrey!’ said Mr. Leighton. ‘He thinks it is necessary to be able to do himself what he has to criticize.’

‘Shall I lend you a thimble, Geoff?’ said Dulcie, ‘and give you a lesson.’

‘The schoolmistress at St. — said very emphatically, when I asked her about it, that “some gentlemen did *appear* to understand needlework—they pulled it very hard to see if it was strong.” But I thought she despised me.’

‘Of course,’ said May, ‘girls’ schools ought to be inspected by ladies. We should do it much better. The present is a rotten system.’

‘No such thing,’ said Geoffrey. ‘I mean to make it a reality. And I shall not be bound by any narrow-minded officialism. I shall be very glad to hear what any of you girls have to say about your school-children. The benevolent voluntary principle is a most valuable one.’

And so they laughed, and discussed, and teased each other as of old, and had delightful expeditions together, with entrancing hopes for the future. What could equal the peculiar charm that should be found in the nest which they were to build next year, the little plans that would be their own and nobody else’s. ‘We will do this.’ ‘We will have it that way.’ In the sweet and natural self-assertion of this happy time, Geoffrey nearly forgot his self-reproach. One afternoon, when he was busy with some of his professional preparations, May and Dulcie were engaged in wasting a good deal of butter, flour, sugar, and eggs in the attempt to make cakes for tea. Mr. Leighton, for a wonder, was at home, and for a still greater wonder, was enjoying a quiet hour with his wife in the drawing-room, and their talk fell on the condition and prospects of their girls and boys, and especially of the twins, who were now both about to start in life on their own account.

A satisfactory letter about Alick had been received from Mr. Fordham, and his mother congratulated herself on his having really found his vocation. She hoped any foolish fancy for Annie Macdonald had not gone far enough to render him unhappy.

‘I feel quite hopeful and happy about them both,’ she said. ‘Geoff is perfectly devoted to Dulcie, and she is the very sweetest girl.’

James, how thankful I am now that we decided as we did about the boys. How truly we love them both, and how impossible it has always been to make any difference between them. It troubled me for years, and now I never think of it.'

'I can truly say that I love them both,' said Mr. Leighton; 'and they are both good sons to me. Geoffrey has been more tried than Alick by the doubt; but as his life becomes settled and individual, he will care less about his parentage.'

'Yes, romantic troubles are the right of youth,' said Mrs. Leighton. 'I think I must see if those girls are going to use all the eggs in the house.'

She went away, laughing as she spoke, and Mr. Leighton sat on by the fire, and thought over the two boys under discussion; the utter perplexity at first, the wish to know changing into indifference, and then into a fear of knowing, and then an almost entire forgetfulness that there was anything to know. Mr. Leighton knew that his wife had really so schooled herself at first that she had never formed an opinion. Her impressions had long been contradictory, and she had never allowed herself to dwell on them, and he felt that this was a right reward for her single-minded effort to conquer a kind of injustice almost instinctive to a mother in such a case. Her instincts had been mercifully turned to the defence and claiming of both the children who had lain at her breast, and she had never used her judgment or her reason on the subject. Perhaps to the father had come the harder task of drawing a conclusion which he veiled in absolute silence.

His reflections were disturbed by the announcement of a visitor—  
'Mr. Arthur Spencer.'

Mr. Leighton was surprised to see him, as he had been invited to dine that evening with his cousins, with whom the Leightons were well acquainted; but Arthur, anxious to lose no time about the consultation on which he had set his heart, and unwilling to give it so formal an aspect as seeking Mr. Leighton at his chambers might have worn, had run the chance of finding him, and now received a very cordial greeting.

'Mr. Spencer, delighted to see you,' said Mr. Leighton, rising. 'My son told me that he hoped we might be able to make your acquaintance.'

'Your sons were both very kind in asking me to come here,' said Arthur, as he shook hands.

'Yes,' said Mr. Leighton. 'How is Mr. James Crichton? he has discovered several barbarisms in our treatment of this old house, and we are trying to be worthy of our panels and tall mantel-pieces. My wife is at home.'

'I have ventured,' said Arthur, 'to entertain a hope that you would allow me to ask if you have formed any opinion on a troublesome matter, which, perhaps, Miss Fordham may have mentioned to you. Hence my call to-day.'

‘Any wisdom I have is at your service. You mean this mysterious disappearance of your clerk. Come into the next room. We can talk there, undisturbed by the teacups.’

Mr. Leighton led the way into his study as he spoke, lighted the gas, and motioned Arthur to a seat by the fire, and then listened while Arthur sketched out all his previous knowledge of Oakenshaw, adding :

‘He was melancholy, and down on his luck always ; but there was something attractive about him—a sort of warmth of manner. I must own that I always thought he was under a cloud of some kind, but I am sure he has been all right of late years. He did not drink, and had no bad habits that I could see. I was surprised to see him turn up at the skating ; it was evidently a favourite old sport. He skated splendidly. Then the child fell in, and your son and I pulled her out. I was rather done up with the cold water, and your son kindly went to ask for her, and Oakenshaw was all right then, and very grateful. He came to my cousin on business the next morning from the Board, but I saw no more of him, and that night he went out from his lodgings and disappeared. And that is absolutely all we know or can find out.’

‘Leaving the child?’

‘Oh, yes, and she was ill too with her accident. My cousin says that either he suddenly found himself face to face with some old scrape which he hoped was forgotten, or that he deliberately left the child on our hands. That last I don’t believe. Hugh says that if we made it plain that Minnie had nothing to expect from us, he might reappear. But if I, or my aunt, or my cousin himself would put on such a screw, the good old landlady would never give in to it. We have done everything but put the matter into the hands of detectives, and Hugh says I ought to consider what reasons Oakenshaw may have for making himself scarce, and what might be the consequence to him of discovery. Myself, I sometimes feel afraid that—if he had any secret dread—he may have made discovery impossible.’

‘Any eccentricity about him?’

‘Oh, no, I should say not. But life had pressed him hard, and perhaps he reached the limit of endurance.’

‘Did he leave no clue behind him?’

‘The only thing we found was an early copy of Tennyson’s Poems, a gentleman’s library sort of looking book, with “From L. B. to F. O.” in the beginning, and a crest torn out.’

Mr. Leighton paused, then stretched his hand out to a shelf beside him.

‘A book of this sort?’

‘Why, yes, exactly ! It is just this dull red colour, and has that little pattern stamped round the edge. Was it a fashion of the time in binding?’

Mr. Leighton did not answer. He took the book out of Arthur’s hand before he opened it.

‘Of what age was—Oakenshaw?’ he said.

‘I should think something over fifty. One thing more. I got this note from him on the morning after his disappearance, posted at his own door.’

Mr. Leighton took the envelope and looked at it, then slowly drew out the note which Arthur had previously shown to Hugh.

Mr. Leighton stood looking fixedly at the letter, and as Arthur rose, following his example, his eyes were caught by an envelope on the mantel-piece.

‘Why—that is Oakenshaw’s writing!’ he exclaimed.

Mr. Leighton looked too.

‘No,’ he said, ‘this letter is from one of my sons.’

‘Oh, excuse me,’ said Arthur, ‘I was struck by a chance resemblance.’

Then suddenly, back upon his mind came some half-forgotten knowledge of the black sheep once belonging to the Osgoods, of the Leightons’ connection with him, and of the subsequent mystery—a bit of gossip heard in his youth, but which he had never much heeded.

He looked dumbfounded. Mr. Leighton laid the letter on the table, and his own hand upon it.

‘I see,’ he said, ‘that you begin to perceive that I may have more interest than yourself in your story.’

‘Yes, I perceive,’ said Arthur.

He moved away a little, leaving Mr. Leighton to recover from this startling surprise, but after a minute came back and said—

‘I think you recognize Oakenshaw’s writing as that of your cousin—one of the Osgoods?’

‘Yes, that book belonged to my first cousin, Frank Osgood, General Osgood’s great nephew, and was given to him by his first wife—my wife’s cousin, Lettice Barlow. Old Mr. Barlow was fond of well-bound books, and gave many such to his relations. The note you showed me is in his writing. Here is one with which you may compare it,’ unlocking and searching in a table-drawer.

‘Yes,’ said Arthur. ‘This is the writing of a younger man, not in a hurry, but it is the same.’

‘And here,’ said Mr. Leighton, ‘is a daguerrotype of Frank.’

‘I should not have known this,’ said Arthur; ‘but I did mistake one of your sons for Oakenshaw on the ice.’

‘There is no doubt on the subject,’ said Mr. Leighton.

There was a silence, and then Arthur said—

‘I was always conscious of much in Oakenshaw which such a connection accounts for. I should like to say that—that I think you would be agreeably surprised in your cousin. Perhaps I ought hardly to venture on such a remark.’

‘Thank you!’ said Mr. Leighton. ‘There must be full confidence between us. And first, Frank is in no danger. That was provided for at the time. I don’t suppose he is aware of this.’



'You see,' he added, as Arthur did not speak, 'that your cousin was right in his view.'

'As to the past, yes,' said Arthur.

'Of course,' said Mr. Leighton, 'I cannot pretend that his reappearance would not in any case be a trial; but neither General Osgood nor myself would shrink from our duty toward him, and certainly not to his child. The little girl will in no case want for friends. And for my part, I would rather my cousin honestly earned his living in his own name, if it is possible. We must not exaggerate either the connection or the disgrace of it.'

'It could not affect you—or the Osgoods,' said Arthur.

'No. So far, you see, I should willingly meet Frank Osgood, and own his little daughter openly as my cousin. I ought assuredly to give him credit for the effort you say he has made, and such sorrows as his *must* claim pity.'

He paused, and Arthur said, simply, 'I think that is quite right.'

'Yes. But the discovery of Frank's existence will cause great perplexity and distress. Hitherto, I have acted towards him and his with perfect openness. I scarcely know now how I can do so. The burden will not fall on *me*. What has never been a secret has probably been made a matter of talk, and you will know that either Geoffrey or Alick is the son of my cousin Frank.'

'I heard—I don't think I quite believed it.'

'If he turns up, what is *their* duty? And their mother—my wife?'

Mr. Leighton's tone lost its judicial calmness. He rose and walked over to the fire. Arthur rose also.

'Do they know?' he said.

'Oh, yes. They know the fact. But now, what perplexity of feeling, what painful difficulties must come on them, and on one how unjustly. While what good can they do to Frank? And the little girl too. I cannot decide. Yet any sort of recognition of her, or any kind of intercourse, would lead them to suspect the truth at once.'

'As for Minnie,' said Arthur, 'she is quite safe at present, and as well off as she can be without her father. I think, that now that I know that it is safe for him to return, I could so word an advertisement as to discover Oakenshaw, if—if he is anywhere to see it. And whatever may be necessary in the long run, I see no occasion for telling the poor boys anything about it, as things are at present.'

'Yes, I think you are right. We have always made as little mystery as possible of a painful business. But there is a mystery which can never be legally cleared up, and therefore we have never speculated on probabilities. I don't think the secret can be permanently kept from them, if we do our duty. Besides, there are the Osgoods. The son of Frank and his first wife would have been my charge anyhow—she and my wife were as sisters. But my connection with *this* child is much slighter than theirs.'



‘They could not help us now,’ said Arthur. ‘Why need we create an excitement until we have found him? Then—well, I suppose he could not complain, if you all refused to acknowledge his existence?’

‘I shall not do that. My wife and I have always felt, and tried to teach the boys to feel, that the only way to endure this peculiar trial was to accept its facts thoroughly. We have had very little else in life to complain of.’

‘But you, Mr. Spencer,’ he added, after a moment’s pause, ‘I am leaving this trouble on you, and, with regard to the girl, some expense, I fear. That ought not to be.’

‘Oh,’ said Arthur, ‘the expense at present is a mere trifle; I must own that I am glad to find that she has relations; for, of course, she would be a good deal of trouble to mine, and somehow I did not quite like to give her over entirely to good Mrs. Jones. But as far as Oakenshaw is concerned, you see—what you tell me about him seems far away, and I can only think of the poor fellow crying over his babies, and lost without his wife, and having no friend. I should like to tell Hugh the truth, if I may, and then I think his clear head would help us.’

‘You may do whatever you please,’ said Mr. Leighton, grasping his hand with a smile; ‘you have been perfectly kind to me. We are to see you and Mr. and Mrs. Crichton to dinner to-night, I believe. I shall say nothing to Mrs. Leighton till afterwards.’

Mr. Leighton saw that Arthur had endeavoured to put the idea of his lost kinsman before him in as pleasing a way as possible; and there was something in his manner of claiming the unfortunate exile as his friend, which Mr. Leighton thought exceptionally generous, though Arthur had merely stated the simple fact. He did like Oakenshaw, why should he not say so? Mr. Leighton, of course, dreaded the character of his kinsman; it was a good thing that he could truthfully say something in his favour.

But Mr. Leighton was too sure of his own good name, and too generous himself, to have done anything but rejoice in the discovery of his cousin’s respectability, even in the inconvenience of his return.

It was the sense of the utter perplexity of what could be the duty and the feelings of Geoffrey and Alick towards him, when they knew who he was, and when he came to doubt who they were. The interesting story told and forgotten among all their acquaintances would start into a dreadful life. It was impossible to say how either might take it; and little as the unfortunate father could claim from a son, he could not be an object of indifference, and the little sister ought not to be so.

Besides, who knew what opinion Frank might form on the matter, or what new suggestions his appearance might bring out? The facts connected with him were painful and discreditable; it was impossible to say how Captain Fordham might regard them; and Geoffrey, at

least, might have much to suffer; while keen and sharp came again into James Leighton's heart the thought of how cruel it was that his son should have to bear a share of this unhappy inheritance.

He found time to write a long and affectionate letter to Alick, telling him to get a holiday soon and come and see them; while, finding Geoffrey at home on his return to the drawing-room, he asked him about his day's work with unusual interest. The especial kindness of his manner to the boy all the evening struck Arthur Spencer with a great sense of pity.

The party were not very comfortable, and Mrs. Leighton completely misunderstood the reason. The greeting between Dulcie and Arthur was exceedingly cordial, and both found the Manor and its inhabitants an agreeable subject in common, though he put aside her inquiries for Minnie. Dulcie's manner was always warm and kind, and her face lit up in a moment with interest and pleasure.

There was a great deal of agreeable talk. Mr. James Crichton had always the newest topics at his tongue's tip; but the ever argumentative Geoffrey was at first silent. His mother saw that he avoided Arthur's eye, and was afraid that he disliked Dulcie's intimacy with so attractive a person. 'It was foolish of Geoff,' she thought, being much too just to accuse Dulcie.

But Geoffrey was innocent of this folly. He hardly observed Dulcie, for the sight of Arthur filled him with self-reproach. When he recollected all that Arthur had told him, and how eagerly interested he himself had been about the Oakenshaws, he was haunted with the notion that Arthur would expect him to inquire after them; yet how could he do so? But when he caught Arthur looking at him gravely for a moment as they sat at dinner, the dread of his suspicions made him jerk out suddenly in his abrupt voice a question that would have been inappropriate to the moment had Arthur's feelings only been in question.

'Oh, by the way, did the little girl get well—and—and have you heard of her father yet?'

His question silenced Mr. Leighton, and silenced James Crichton, who knew that the incident referred to had been very painful to his cousin; while Arthur, who could not fail to feel conscious and nervous in his host's presence, started and coloured.

'I have heard nothing from him,' he said; 'the little girl is not well, I am afraid.'

'It seems a very sad story,' said Mrs. Leighton kindly. 'Miss Fordham has been telling us about it, among other pleasanter memories of the Oxley visit.'

She turned the point skilfully; but Arthur could hardly get over it, he felt so sorry for the proud-spirited youth who had to hear of his own share in the sad story.

'He won't be a gentle judge,' he thought, as he watched the stern set of Geoffrey's fair features; and then all in a moment a new idea

crossed his mind. Could the strong resemblance that was making his heart ache for the poor boy have been apparent to Geoffrey himself or to Oakenshaw? Could this be the clue to the mystery of the clerk's disappearance?

Arthur put the idea resolutely away for the present, but he did not discard it.

And after all Geoffrey and Dulcie nearly had their first quarrel; for when she told him that she thought he had been very inconsiderate to start so painful a subject in the middle of dinner, he asked vehemently why it should be especially painful.

‘You know it is, Geoff, to Mr. Spencer.’

‘What is it to him?’ said Geoffrey passionately. ‘It’s nothing—nothing at all to him. Why should he care for—for a fellow like that?’

Mrs. Leighton felt her uncomfortable theory confirmed by his vehemence, and his father said gently—

‘Hush, Geoffrey! That is not the way for you to speak of it, my dear boy.’

Geoffrey’s sensitive ear caught the gravity of the tone, and in the sudden fear of what it might portend, forgot to be angry at the rebuke.

*(To be continued.)*

---

## EXTRACTS FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF MARIE CUFAUDE.

EDITED BY F. C. LEFROY.

### CHAPTER II.

IN narrating my life at the Court of the Princess Mary, I have determined to record nought but such things as I can myself remember, and content myself with setting forth in what amity and sweet sisterly affection we lived together, so that in truth her great goodness unto me caused many of her other ladies and maids of honour to dislike and to seek to do me harm in her esteem; but my grandmother's care and prudence was such that no serious evil ever befell me from the jealousy of these my companions. Of such matters I shall therefore say nothing, neither shall I of all the tales I heard of the Lords and Ladies about their Highnesses and the Princess, for Mistress Hearsay was ever a liar, and I be minded to write nought but what I know to be truth.

When ye consider that the household of the Lady Mary consisted of nigh upon 200 persons, ye may well believe that there must needs have been tittle-tattle enough and bickerings and chafings, and secret malice and quarrellings, to fill a larger book than this my diary an I were so minded as to record even what I can remember anent them. But I shall lumber not my pages with such matters, nor with the names of those who formed this her Court, unless they have somewhat to do with my story.

The King and Queen were at the time I left my father's house holding their Court at Langley in Hertfordshire, the Lady Mary being left at Richmond. My journey was without misadventure, but the many years of grievous trouble I have since travelled through seem to have worn away all remembrance of this my first pilgrimage. I can only recall the wonder with which, at the end of some days, I found myself on the Thames in one of the Royal Barges. I mind me it was past noon and very hot, and that I had been laid on one of the scarlet cushions under a silken awning and had fallen asleep, so that when we landed I was all dizzy and confused, and being but half awake and weary, and frightened withal at the crowd of servitors and the strangeness of the place, I began to cry and hang back and fret to be taken home again.

But Master Dale took me up in his arms, and carried me into the palace and bade me cheer up, for, quoth he, 'We must all keep smiles on our faces, or it will be the worse for us when we go to see the

King and Queen, and such-like great folk.' And Mistress Modford having sent to inform the Countess of my arrival, took me through many passages into a small room, and there a lad in a scarlet livery brought me a piece of sweet cake and a small silver cup half-full of wine, which stopped my tears and mightily refreshed me. After which, mine hands and face having been washed, I waited until a message came that I was to be brought to my grandmother.

And now it all comes back to me as if it were yesterday. I do not know what chambers we went through, or how many steps we went up and down, for Mistress Modford was instructing me all the time how I was to comport myself; but at last I was led into a very large hall with many carpets laid about on the floor, a thing I had never then seen. At the lower end there was a broidery frame, at which several young ladies were working. At the upper end, standing on the dais, was a table near the great bay window, on which there was a virginal and many books and papers, and thereat sat, in a velvet chair, the Lady Mary, conning her Latin with Dr. Featherstone, who stood beside her.

On the window-seat sat her governess, Lady Bryan, and a little way off, busily spinning, sat my grandmother, in a chair like that of the Princess, with a stool for her feet.

She held out her hand to me as we drew near, and a little touch on my shoulder from Mistress Millot minded me of my duty, and I knelt down and kissed it and asked her blessing, as was befitting. 'Thou hast it, child,' she said; 'and I am well pleased to see thee;' and, bidding me stand up, she turned my face more towards the light, and added with a smile, 'And none the less because thou favourest thy father's house, albeit thou wearest the red roses on thy cheeks as a good subject should.' And she arose, and taking mine hand led me to the Princess, and said, 'Here, Lady Mary, I bring you my young granddaughter, as your fellow student and playmate if it so please you, and I hope your Grace will be a good and gracious mistress unto her, for she, if she be not worse than her looks, will prove, I dare be sworn, as faithful and devoted a servant of yours as is her poor grandmother.' I would fain have knelt and kissed the hand the Princess put out, but she drew me to her, and with a look that made me love her at once, 'as indeed, I have ever since done, put her arms round my neck and said, 'We be such near cousins, sweetheart, and thou hast so fair a face, I needs must kiss thee,' which she did with such kindness that I could not forbear kissing her heartily in return, whereat she smiled and blushed and glanced at the Countess, as fearing she had derogated somewhat from her royal state in so familiar a greeting, and my grandmother answered her look by saying, 'Never fear lest your kindness should hurt your dignity; it doth but show that, like the pomegranate, the Queen's Highness's own device, it is not the crown which is your Grace's chief excellence, but the sweetness of your heart.'

I had not been many days at Richmond ere a message came to my grandmother that she was to carry the Princess to Langley to take leave of the King and Queen, and by that time, short as it had been, her Grace had grown so fond of me that she would have me go with her to be presented unto their Highnesses, which, had I been older, mine attendance on her Grace would have made fitting. Albeit greatly frightened, yet having been well trained beforehand, I paid my devoirs prettily enough, and found such favour in the King's eyes that he patted me on the shoulder, and swore if I grew up as I promised he would take care I did not lack a husband.' And truly he kept his oath, albeit in a manner he little then meant. The Queen also was very good unto me, and kept me by her side the while she asked me many questions. But I was right glad, as soon as I could, to slip away and hide myself behind my grandmother, for I liked not kneeling before them, with all the lords on one side, and all the ladies on the other, looking on. From behind her chair I could peep out at mine ease and see all that was going forward; and so I stood and watched their merry talk with the Prince-s, while she, leaning against the King her father, with his arm about her waist, and hers around his neck, smiled up at him and the Queen her mother, they looking down on her with eyes full of love and satisfaction. By-and-bye his Highness declared he must needs dance with her, which he did with wonderful grace and agility, seeing how tall he was and lusty, the Queen playing the virginals the while, and somehow as I looked, and as I saw him, when the dance was done, fondle and kiss her, mine heart seemed to swell within me as if it would break, with such a longing for my own father, and for one of his hearty hugs, that before I could check myself I was sobbing and crying aloud, so that everyone could hear me, and the music and the dancing stopt ere my grandmother could hurry me out of the hall. The Princess came flying up to me to know what ailed me. I was so frightened I dared not speak, and so she laid her cheek against mine, and bade me whisper my grief into her ear, and when I had done so, nothing would serve her but she must bring me unto the King and Queen that I might also tell them, and be comforted. And the Queen wiped away my tears with her own kerchief, and he looked at me so kindly, and spake so gently, that at last I, dropping on my knees, stammered out with a sob, and a very broken voice, that I wanted to go back to my father and be his Little Mishap again, instead of a maid of honour.

'Thou art a good little wench,' his Grace answered, 'I will be sworn, seeing that thou lovest thy father as a dutiful child should do; but wherefore does he call thee his "mishap"?''

'Please your Highness,' I said, 'because I be only a girl, and there be four more of us, all younger, and he would fain I were a boy.'

'Ah!' cried he, in a loud abrupt voice, 'that is having at least plenty, albeit of the wrong sort. He is not the only man in this realm, God wotteth, who would fain change his daughter into a son. Nay,

Moll'—checking himself, and laying his hand on the shoulder of the Princess—'I mean not that; thou art a fair and precious blossom, though our only one.'

And then he bade the Queen take her virginals again, calling her 'Sweetheart,' and would have it that we two children should dance together, though I was but a poor performer in those days, beside the Lady Mary.

That night, when she and I were in bed together, for she would have me for her bedfellow, she aroused me by saying:—'Dost think, Moll, that thy father truly loveth thee less because thou art nothing but a girl?' 'No,' I replied, somewhat tartly, 'mother often saith he could not love me more, nor be a better father unto me, not if I were a boy.' 'And yet he calls thee a mishap,' she said, 'although it mattereth not much whether he hath a son to succeed him or no. I fear I be a worse "mishap" than thou art, albeit I be not so named.' And she sighed, and indeed she said truth, as well we know who have seen all the wrong, and shame, and shedding of blood that came of her maidenhood, for verily I believe, as oftentimes I have heard my grandmother say, that it was his Highness's discontent at having no lawful son which made him resort unto such cruel and evil ways to attain his will.

We remained some days at Langley and then returned to Richmond, and early in September began our journey to Ludlow. I think we were nearly a week on the road, and we formed a cavalcade of over four hundred people. Some of the escort went on in front to see to the mending of the roads by laying down faggots and brushwood, so that the Princess's coach and those of her ladies could pass along, and also the wagons which carried all the baggage and coffers. Every town we passed through, the streets were so thronged we could scarcely make our way, and everyone was so eager to see the Princess that they well-nigh trampled on each other. In going through Gloucester, a poor woman with a little child in her arms was thrust right up against her coach, and would have dropped the babe as she stumbled, had not the Princess caught it. How the people roared and called down blessings on her as she stood up with the child in her arms, and made as if she were about to descend into the street to help raise the mother!

In many places we had to stop while she received an address from the burghers and citizens, and everywhere she had gracious smiles and fitting words at her command, so that all men marvelled at her ready courtesy and royal demeanour, she being so young. Well I wot that such pleasant behaviour as I be writing of is not what people nowadays would have credited her with. Yet I be speaking only of that which I have seen; and fain would I now, by describing what she was in her youth, draw back and gather around her memory some of the love wherewith she was then regarded. Perchance, had her trials been less, she might have blossomed into as gracious a Queen as ever wore a crown. As sweetest wine will turn to sharpest sour, so,



methinks, it was the special kindness of her nature that caused that her so many and so grievous sorrows should so embitter her, and blight the fair promise of her early days.

Verily mine heart would be black with ingratitude if I had ceased to love her; and, in memory of all her goodness unto me, let me try to preserve for future generations such traits and such a likeness of her, as the hatred of these times would neither look on nor believe.

When I was her fellow student, she had as bright and blooming a cheek as any maiden need desire—and her skin, though somewhat brown, was clear. Her hair, albeit not so long and thick as had been that of her mother, was yet very handsome and dark, as were her eyes. Her smile was sweet and debonnaire, and she had a hearty laugh wherewith she not unfrequently would make the rafters ring—and truly, though for the most part over-studious, yet when persuaded into any gamesomeness or sport, she was as a young creature should be, somewhat noisy and uproarious, having inherited from the King her father a right royal voice, louder than most, and which had in it, when anger stirred her, something terrible. She was jealous of being loved best, and I remember her saying one day, when she saw my grandmother fondling me, ‘And if I see that thou lovest Moll better than me, cousin, I promise thee I shall not be pleased;’ but nevertheless she stinted not her own goodness, and indeed often called me her ‘sister;’ for having learnt that the Queen of France, who was her godmother, was mine also, she said I could be nothing less. ‘And now I look at you, sweet,’ she added, ‘methinks thou favourest the Queen somewhat, and hast the same sidelong twitch with thine eyes.’

Perchance that which will make such as shall read this my true history marvel most, is to be told that she who, to my grievous dolour, I have lived to have heard called ‘Bloody Queen Mary,’ had a most tender heart, and could not abide the sight of pain and suffering.

I do remember me that very soon after we came to Castle Ludlow, the good people of the town got up a fine show, at which three bears were to be baited, to welcome her and celebrate her arrival, and prayed her to grace it with her presence. And at first she begged to be excused, not loving, as she said, to see the poor beasts tearing and killing each other. But when my grandmother showed her the pain she would give the people by refusing, and how grieved they would be, as they had got up the games to testify their love for her and joy in her presence, she presently consented, for, said she, ‘I would be loath to seem ungracious for this their kindness, but in good truth I doubt if they will feel as much pleasure in my presence as I shall feel pain at the cruel sight. Such sport displeaseth me.’

Accordingly we all went, but, as I stood beside her, I saw she kept her eyes fastened on the fan she held in her hand, so that she saw nothing that went on; and I could feel how she shuddered when the

groans and eries of the poor beasts told of their torn sides and broken bones.

And another day, I mind me how by mischance in crossing the hall she set her foot upon a mouse and crushed it, and at its shriek she turned as white as this my paper, and so faint that she stumbled on the Lady Bryan, or she would have fallen. But Lady Bryan took her gold pomander and made her smell its sweet scent, and in her great surprise exclaimed, 'Fie, Lady Mary, what, afraid? And it is nothing but a mouse—see, there it lies.' 'I am not afraid, madam,' she said, drawing herself proudly away, 'but it grieveth me mine inadvertence should have hurt it.' And she looked on the poor little beast with tears in her eyes—then, seeing it was still alive, in a kind of tender passion she stamped with her foot and cried, 'Will no one put it out of its misery?—I cannot, I cannot,' and she ran to the other side of the room, that she might see it no more. Ah, me! when I think of the change time worked, in mine old eyes the tear-drops gather for very ruth. What havoc did not her terrible wrongs make in her heart, changing love into hatred, and pity itself into a pitiless sternness!

I soon found, when the bustle of our settling at Castle Ludlow was over, that if I had run wild somewhat at home there would be no such licence there; everything was punctual and orderly. I had to curtsey here and to curtsey there, and behave myself, as my grandmother said, 'with reverence and humility.' And ungraceful habits of sitting or eating or moving were no more permitted to me than to the Princess, I sharing her training as well as her teaching.

There was practising on the virginals and other instruments in which she excelled, and Latin and French, and dancing, and reading and writing English; and her Grace so loved her books that she cared not how long she sat over them, and often only rose up from the table because she saw I was so weary I could scarce keep awake; then she would ask permission of the Doctor and her governess, and we would go out to refresh ourselves with a run in the garden, much to my delight. And there I would soon rouse her into some merry game or sportive talk, and beguile her into staying longer than she thought. I know not how many weeks we had been at Ludlow, when their Highnesses sent my Lord Hussey to make special inquiries into the state of the Princess, and to see if she wanted anything in the way of books or apparel. He remained some days, and by him her Grace sent unto the Queen her mother all the Latin exercises she had writ, and other such like tokens also of the progress she was making in the French tongue. And he took charge of a letter of my grandmother's which he was to deliver unto my uncle Reginald, then at the Court, who was to send it unto my father; and, as the letter will tell better than I can how I sped, I will copy it.

'To my well-beloved son greeting, and most hearty commendation.

'Having a matter of some business to trouble you withal, and

knowing the store ye set by the fair child ye have placed in my hands, I do the more readily avail myself of the Lord Hussey's visit to let thee and her mother know of her welfare. But first I will discharge my mind of a certain matter which has much angered me, and I pray thee as soon as may be to go unto my castle of Warblington to enquire into the injury and damage done unto my woods and forests thereabout by Henry Frowick and John Basset and divers other riotous and lewd persons, who have driven away and misused mine own woodmen and keepers and have cut and felled as much timber as be worth £50 or more. And albeit I doubt not they have been incited thereto by mine ancient enemy Sir William Compton, who hath already worked me many shrewd turns, yet I promise thee I am not therefore the less disposed to punish them for this their so insolent breach of the King's laws and peace; wherefore with thine utmost diligence let me know the truth of this matter.

'And as to your Moll. I would have ye to wit that she be, thank the Lord, pure, well, and groweth apace. She hath come on finely in her demeanour, and can now comport herself on all occasions with much grace and modesty. She danceth, too, as gravely and disposedly as maiden should, and beginneth to play the virginals with some little skill. She hath her Latin lessons with the Princess, but she loveth them not, albeit she writeth excellently in her own tongue and not much amiss in the French. She and her Grace are rarely apart, and truly it is a pretty sight to see them walking about with their arms round each other's necks, or sitting on one bench and reading out of the same book. But for all this Moll hath not yet forgotten her wild ways; and, when she and the Lady Mary are in the garden together, she leadeth her on into many a wholesome romp, until they be both laughing and shouting loud enough for Bedlam. Of which pranks I take no notice, though they often end in not a little mischief and torn garments, knowing it to be the wish of their Highnesses that her Grace should rest her mind from the fatigation of her books by such healthful frolics, so, as long as Moll behaveth herself prettily when in our presence and at such times as she should, I say nought, and ye may well believe she doth the former, for my Lord Hussey hath been so enamoured of her "discreet behaviour," as he saith, "and her fair face," that he hath spoken unto me about her for his son, making me large offers.

'But it is not my desire to enter into any present contract for the child, nevertheless I have not thought it prudent to altogether reject his proposal, seeing how high he standeth in the King's grace; and knowing how cautiously it becometh us to walk, wherefore I shall submit the matter unto their Highnesses, trusting, God helping me, that I may so guide my words as to bring it to mine own end.

'I fear me from the rumours my Lord hath reported unto me there be much misdoubt as to the Emperor's keeping his troth with the Princess, of which she knoweth not as yet. The Queen hinteth

thereat in a brief letter she sent me writ by her own hand. The matter seemeth to trouble her sorely, and she liketh not that we should be so far away from the Court. I pray God it may please the King to yield to her desire, and the Princess hath writ him a tender billet saying she pineth for the joy of his countenance. I would she were beside her father. Some of my Lord's attendants keep not so discreet a silence as he doth.

'Moll desireth her most loving and humble duty unto thee and her mother, and her affectionate service unto her sisters.

'May God preserve ye all in health and safety.'

To my grandmother's communication the Queen's Grace sent the answer I herein copy. Perusing it now after many years it seemeth to forbode the trouble that was so close at hand even when she wrote:—

'My most excellent and entirely dear Cousin,

'The King's Highness is well pleased that ye have shown yrself so willing to be ruled by him in the matter of my Lord Hussey, and he commendeth this your dutiful behaviour, and, seeing the "Lady Mishap," as he merrily calleth her, is but young, he alloweth that ye may do what ye list in the matter. But if ye will be guided by me, and would, as I well believe ye would, knowing the good heart ye have ever shown unto me (though God woteth ye had small cause thereto), do that that I desire, ye will not contract the child unto any one until the fate of our dear daughter be settled. For when I recall what a comfort unto me in the days of my widowhood and adversity was the faithful love and service of my dear friend and own cousin, the Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, and which I doubt not, should troublous and evil days again afflict me, I should still find in her, I cannot but seek to secure for the Princess the same singular blessing. And seeing that your granddaughter be her near kinswoman, and that the two be well affectioned unto one another, I trust she will attend upon her young mistress where'er and whene'er she be settled, and that ye will be content to leave her preferment in her Grace's hands, whom I dare be sworn, being mine own daughter, will not show herself ungrateful, but fully requite her for such faithful service. We commend ourselves unto your prayers, and, praying that God will have ye in his keeping, we are your assured friend and loving cousin,

'Katharine R.'

The Lord Hussey's visit had made somewhat of a break in our lives; but when he was gone we went back to our studies, and the days being short and dark and cold, so that we could not spend much time out of doors, it seemed unto me that the lessons got longer and longer; but with Christmas was to come mine uncle the Cardinal, then only Dean of Exeter, but albeit a dean, yet was he not a priest. At this time he was in the prime of his youth, not having attained unto his twenty-seventh year. As gallant and handsome a young man as any at the Court, magnificent in his apparel, of a royal presence, and of

a demeanour so dignified and courteous that his enemies reproached him with aping the Prince.

We meant to be very merry when he came, with acting and dancing and other jollities befitting the season; and albeit the entertainment went on and the Princess had a troop of children who acted before her, and whose performance she invited the burghers of the town and others to witness, yet a cloud hung over it all, for the Cardinal's business was to break unto her Grace that the Emperor had wedded the Princess Isabel of Portugal. I mind well when it was told. We were in the Princess's private cabinet, and there was no one else present. She was sitting on a couch beside my grandmother, whose arm was round her, and behind whom I was standing, and her head was resting on her shoulder, and the Cardinal knelt on one knee before her.

And when he saw the tears run slowly down her cheeks he seized one of her hands, and, kissing it many times over, he prayed her to take comfort. 'For,' said he, 'surely the world does not contain another man so base and such a dullard as to cast away so fair and rich a jewel. Trust me, Madam, there be those who would fain worship and cherish what he hath lost, and gladly die to claim it. Think of your own worth, and grace him not with such tears, for his desert is not sorrow but scorn.'

'Ye speak truth, cousin,' she answered; 'such treachery as his should cure the wound it makes; but I am only a silly maiden, and'—with an unsteady smile—'like an over-indulged child, marvel that anyone should do me wrong.'

'I would to God,' he replied, like one whose heart was compelling him to speak and wringing out of his mouth some fear or foreboding of evil he would have fain kept secret, 'I would to God your Grace may never marvel again for a like cause! Gladly would I give my life to shield you from every wrong, and I lay mine heart at your feet, and pray you to accept its best devotion, and use it in your need if ever need should come.'

'What shall I say to him, cousin?' she said, looking up at my grandmother. 'He speaketh like one in terrible earnest.' And then, laying her other hand on his, she added, 'We thank ye heartily, and if the need should come, as well we perceive ye think it may, we will trust ourselves to your fidelity, nothing doubting that it will ever fail us.'

Nevertheless she continued in a grave and studious mood, and disinclined to disport herself as hitherto she had, although truly he did his best to cheer her, and never slackened in his efforts. All his words and looks attested his devotion, and he paid her as many pretty and gallant compliments as any man could devise. Nor was he alone in his desire to cheer her spirits, everybody about her seemed, albeit watching her with a too-visible pity and uneasiness, to show her more love and kindness and more anxiety in all ways to divert her than they had done before, insomuch that she took notice of it to me, and

said, 'Methinks it is almost worth the trouble to see how desirous they all be to do me some kindness, the evil wrought by one bringing out the goodness in many. And yet their pity frighteth me, for it seemeth more than needeth.'

In the following summer, the Princess being somewhat indisposed, their Highnesses sent Dr. Butts to see her, who advised the laying aside her books for a few weeks, and that she should be much in the open air. Wherefore his Majesty commanded that we should leave Ludlow, and should remove unto Thornbury Castle, of which, on the death of the Duke of Buckingham, he had taken possession. Here we remained until the end of August, when, the Princess having in some degree recovered her health, we returned unto Ludlow.

It was one day in July, whilst we were still at Thornbury, that the Countess asked leave of the Princess to absent herself for a few hours and to take me with her. The reason of which request was that she had at last obtained the King's permission to see her daughter Ursula again, from whom she had been separated ever since the death of the great Duke. Mine aunt, Lady Stafford, was living in much obscurity not very far off, so that they could meet without difficulty, and might have done it without the knowledge of his Highness, which consideration perhaps moved him to grant the request; but my grandmother was to see only her daughter, and neither her son-in-law nor her grandsons, neither was she to receive mine aunt at the castle or allow her to see the Princess.

One of the King's foresters, of the name of Floyd, had once been in the service of the Staffords, and was still most faithful to them. This man lived in an old lodge some four or five miles from the castle, and thither mine aunt came, bringing with her, in spite of the royal command, her eldest son Edward. The boy was dressed as a peasant, and was to pass as one of Floyd's nephews; but, had it been found out, it might have cost the lad his liberty, or even his life. It was only as we rode along that my grandmother told me who it was I was going to see, and she spake aloud, so that those who attended us might hear and understand that she had the King's leave. All our escort and the horses she left in the village, and she and I walked alone, without even a page, across a small corner of the park, and so entered the woods, and, taking a narrow footway, were very soon at the lodge. The moment we entered, mine aunt threw herself—I can call it nothing less, so sudden and vehement was the action—at my grandmother's feet, and, casting her arms about her, exclaimed: 'Oh, mother, mother, at last, thank God!' and then they seemed to fall together into a passion of tears from the pent-up grief of their long parting and the joy at this their so brief meeting. Side by side they sat on a wooden bench embracing each other, speaking in whispers, although, save for me and my cousin, who stood looking at one another, quite alone. By and bye we were called forward, and mine aunt kissed me, while the boy knelt for his grandmother's blessing, who, lifting up his



face with her hand, gazed long at him, and then with a deep sigh said: 'Poor Edward Stafford! what a likeness!' And he and I were bidden kiss each other, and told what a pretty pair we made; and then, the keeper being called, we went out with him to amuse ourselves for a space.

Hand in hand we walked together, the boy looking all the handsomer and the more noble for his leathern jerkin. The wood was full of wild flowers and sweet scents, and every breath of the soft summer wind made the shadows of the leaves seem to dance about us, and every now and then a squirrel would start away at our approach and dart up one of the trees. Then the keeper showed us such beautiful beds of wild strawberries, with which my cousin filled mine hands, and by and bye we came to an open space whereon stood a hoary old pollarded beech, hollow and crumbling with age. This, Floyd told us, was called the whispering tree, because on one side of the huge trunk was a rounded hole into which if you whispered the name of your true love, and that true love leant his or her ear against the stem on the other side, it would be clearly heard, only the love must be true. So Master Edward Stafford would needs have us try, and when I had leant my head against the tree, and he had whispered my name into the hole, I heard the 'Marie' quite plainly, and as if the bark itself had spoken it into mine ear. Then we changed places, and I whispered his name with the softest little whisper my lips could make, but nevertheless he swore that he could hear it. Soon afterwards we heard some men's voices coming towards us, and the keeper made us run quickly into a very forest of bracken and lay ourselves down in the midst, so that no one could see us while he himself began cutting down the fern along the path. Presently we saw two of our escort coming along, who were amusing themselves with a walk through the wood. 'Those men are only two of our grooms,' I said to my cousin, when they were out of sight and we had slipped out from the ferns; 'we need not to have hidden ourselves.'

'They wear the King's livery,' he replied, 'and so I need; I, to whom all this should have one day belonged, must hide in any holes and corners I can find as long as I am here.' 'I will take you home by another way, Master Edward,' the keeper said, 'if the little lady does not mind its being a bit or so farther.' And, as I said I should not mind, he led us into a path so narrow, with the brushwood and ferns growing so closely on each side, that he had to go first and clear away the brambles and lift up the branches which would have struck against us. When we reached the end, the lodge was not far off, and so he left us to go on alone. 'I shall bid thee farewell now, sweet Mistress Marie,' my cousin said, 'and thank thee for thy company. I kissed thee before because my mother bade me, but I shall kiss thee now to please myself and because thou art mine own true love.' And so we kissed again, and then he stooped and picked



a daisy, and, pulling out its golden eye, he made thereof a ring and put it on my finger, saying: 'A poor gift, mine heart, becoming the poor fortune of poor Edward Stafford.' 'Thou speakest so sadly, cousin,' I replied, 'thou almost makest me cry; I fear me thy ring will not last long—I wish it would.' 'Thou must make thyself another, sweet,' he said, 'every morning, and think it is my gift.' And then we kissed each other once again, and so we parted.

And thus, while my grandmother and aunt were settling that if it ever could be I should be his wife, and my grandmother's wealth go in part to build up once more his noble house (though well they both knew that even to entertain the thought and desire for such a marriage would mightily enrage the King, and be by him deemed treason, uniting as it would do white rose to white) he and I had betrothed ourselves to each other in our own childish fashion. But I do suppose both guessed what was the wish of those who had the right to dispose of us. At all events I did, for when we parted mine aunt said as she kissed me, 'Methinks I could love thee well, child, if I had the chance, but'—with a sad smile—'we have a master not likely, if so be that he can help it, to suffer us to follow our own wishes.'

'Time works many changes,' my grandmother answered, 'and patience goes far. His Highness hath been so gracious as to restore unto ye a fair estate, and it may please him some day to do yet more.'

As we walked back to our horses, she said unto me, 'Moll, thou must try and not let thy tongue run away with thee; mind that thou speak not of thy cousin.'

'Madam,' I exclaimed, somewhat pertly and indignantly, 'I need not to be so bidden, I am not a tell-tale.'

'Thou art over-forward, mistress,' she replied; 'and art all the more likely to be one for thy pert self-confidence. Child, to be silent and conceal a matter is a hard lesson even for men and women to learn. I would pray thou mayest not have a babbling tongue. Be sure if anyone cross-questions thee about thy visit this day, be wishing thee no good, though truly—' But a cry from me stopt her, and she exclaimed—'Why, what aileth thee?'

'Oh,' I said, with a sob, 'I have lost my ring! My daisy ring my cousin gave me—his poor gift; but I wanted to keep it safe for his sake.'

She looked down at my tearful face and smiled kindly, and said, 'Poor little maid, so thou hast lost thy first love-token, but thou canst easy make another.'

'Yes, madam, so he told me,' I replied. 'He said I was to make myself another every day, and think it was his gift.' 'Make it, Moll, an it pleases thee,' she said; 'but wear it not, lest someone should be spying wherefore thou dost so.' And the next day she called me into her chamber, and first she gave me a small ring in which was a goodly pearl. 'There,' she said, 'see if thou canst keep that safe in memory of thine aunt and cousin. It will be long before ye will

meet again ; and now, Moll, I have somewhat more to say unto thee in that matter of holding thy tongue, and which I wish to say before we return to the Court, as I trust in God we may do shortly. No doubt her Grace and thou have many gossips at night, when ye ought to be sleeping—nay, I do not blame either thee or her. She must needs have some one with whom to unbosom herself and unburthen her mind, and with whom to share her girlish secrets and jokes, and it may be tempers ; but take thee heed that thou never, however little it may seem to thee to matter, repeatest one word to any living creature. Remember, it is all spoken in confidence, and albeit she doth not make thee promise to be silent, yet would it be such a foul breach of trust on thy part as would show thee to be unworthy of her love and esteem, and unfit to be unto her the faithful friend and comforter she may one day sorely need—neither must thou ever repeat unto her anything thou hearest. Many, thinking thee but a child, may perchance speak imprudently before thee, or,' with a smile, 'I think thou art quick to note things, and we all know that little pitchers have long ears. See that thou make no mischief. In these days foolish gossip may, alas! bring a man to the block, or to the gallows. Child, it was mainly an idle word maliciously repeated—and whether it be repeated by maliciousness or folly, it mattereth not—that brought the Duke of Buckingham to the scaffold. Think of this when thou lookest on thy ring, as well as on his grandson.'

Shortly after we had returned unto Ludlow, and had settled down unto those wearisome books, their Highnesses were minded to send some one to bring them news of the Princess ; and her Grace, whose good heart was ever devising kindnesses for those about her, calling to mind the poor little wench who had cried for her father, besought his Majesty to send Sir Geoffrey to enquire after the Lady Mary's welfare, and thereby give him the pleasure of seeing his own child. And so the King (the more willingly doing her pleasure in this matter inasmuch as he greatly desired that no ill rumour should reach his daughter's ears, and he might believe my father ignorant thereof) commanded him to come immediately to Westminster, an order he obeyed in much fear, greatly misdoubting wherefore he was wanted ; for truly in those days no man could receive a sudden summons to Court without a shrewd suspicion that it might be long ere he returned. He found however His Highness had no desire to keep him there, and all things being ready he was immediately despatched. Ye may well guess my joy when I saw him ride into the court, and how happy I was when I could have him to myself, and sit on his knee and listen to all he had to tell me of home, and chatter away of mine own life.

I knew not then that he brought unto my grandmother letters from the Cardinal, the contents of which, had the King's Highness read them, might have cost them both their heads, albeit my father knew not what parlous stuff he was bearing. For the King was

stirring in the matter of his divorce, and mine uncle, being devoted heart and soul to the Queen and Princess, wrote as their loyal and faithful adherent could not but do. He said the position of the Lady Mary was so already injured that the King of France had no more fancy for her than had the Emperor, though his Highness was yet pressing her on him, for, albeit the King still loved her well, yet was he most desirous to get quit of her, that he might be the freer to put away her mother. If the Princess were near him perchance she might regain such influence as might avert the evil, and he prayed his mother to write unto the King that her Grace had taken the Emperor's marriage very heavily, and needed the consolation of his presence, which my grandmother did, and moreover she spake much unto my father of the Lady Mary not being yet as cheerful and joyous as was her wont, so that she still feared for her health, so melancholy a humour as had befallen her not being wholesome for one so young, nothing doubting but that my father would repeat her words unto the King. The Princess also wrote another tender billet praying to be recalled, and pleading that her heart was very sad, and needed the solace it had ever found in his great love and goodness. But it was all in vain; the injury he had almost resolved to do her, cost what it might, made him reluctant to see her, and no summons was sent until the early summer, when, the Court being at Greenwich, we were commanded to join it.

All the winter before, it seemeth unto me, in looking back, that my grandmother was more than ever watchful over the deportment of the Princess, over the grace of her dancing and the courtesy of her manners, and encouraged her more than she had ever done to sit long at her book and her virginals. It was her habit every night before retiring to her own chambers to come into that of the Lady Mary to see that she was in bed and wanted nothing. And then it was that she would remark on our behaviour during the day, giving praise or rebuke as was needed; and we could always tell by her face which of the two was coming, and called the stern look 'the Countess,' the smiling one 'my grandmother.' Ye may well believe that many more rebukes fell to my share than to her Grace's, and yet I do assure you she often spoke very plainly unto her if she had shown any ill-humour or answered any of her masters with haughtiness. The night before we left Ludlow she came up to the chamber looking so grave that her Grace whispered unto me that the Countess was surely coming to one or other, and then said aloud, 'Cousin, your face bodes us no good; what is it we have done so bad to-day that you should wear such a frown?' 'Nay, I knew not I was frowning,' she answered, sitting down on the bed beside the Princess. 'I have seen and heard nothing amiss, and am not here to lecture. But in a few days your Grace will reach the Court, and it is the King's pleasure ye should go there without my attendance; I stay behind, because there is much to be done here, as your Highness is not again to return hither.'

‘Without you, madam?’ she exclaimed, springing up in the bed and throwing her arms round my grandmother; ‘what shall I do without you, from whom I have never been parted? Tell me it grieves you to lose me. And Moll—is she to be left behind?’

‘Not unless it be your pleasure. Grieve me! I may not say how much it grieveth me, though I be assured I shall speedily rejoin you. But, alas! that I should have to say so,’ and she tenderly kissed her—‘ye will be in the midst of dangers; I pray your Grace if ye need counsel and help send for your cousin Reginald, and trust yrself freely to his guidance, and I would have you show yrself more than ever loving unto the King’s Highness, more joyous in his presence and grateful for every mark of his favour and goodness unto you; and whatever ye hear or see, I beseech you show no displeasure or anger, not even in your looks.’

‘Do I need such counsel, cousin?’ she answered, with something of reproach in her tone. ‘Have I not ever been a most loving daughter? Methinks nothing could make any coolness between his Grace and me. Hath he not ever been to me the most excellent and indulgent of fathers? What should change him?’ ‘Ye speak like the sweet and dutiful child I wot well ye be,’ my grandmother replied; ‘but there be those about his Highness who are working ye evil, and his own mind is sore perplexed. Ponder mine advice, and in every way ye can seek to please him. Win every one’s good word, be debonnaire to all, and so show forth your grace and learning that your praises may ever be ringing in his ears.’

‘Ye speak as did my cousin Reginald, as if ye were in terrible earnest,’ she replied; ‘and I wot it is your love for me that makes you thus counsel me. Trust me, I will do my best, though to be more loving than I have hitherto been will not methinks be easy.’

*(To be continued.)*

## CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

## CAMEO CCXIII.

1632—1634.

## THE DUKE OF FRIEDLAND.

'As it had been with Alexander and with Henry V., when Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden fell by his own rash valour on the field of Lützen, the ring of monarchy lay on a well-nigh empty throne. His little daughter, Christina, who was one day to astonish Europe with her vagaries, was not yet seven years old. The Chancellor Oxenstjerna immediately made it known that the same policy was to be observed by Sweden, nor was there any doubt that the victory at Lützen had been complete so far as that the enemy were turned back from Thuringia.

Yet the loss of Gustavus was in itself equivalent to a defeat. Wallenstein called it a victory, and sent the king's elk-skin coat and gold chain to Vienna, where it is said that Ferdinand shed tears at the sight, as he thought of the gallant prince, cut off in his prime, and, according to the narrowest Romanist views, doomed to perdition. A *Te Deum* was, however, sung at Vienna, and at Madrid there were twelve days of rejoicings, and such an expenditure of wood in bonfires that fuel became so scarce as to call for the interference of the alguazils to check the waste, and an English gentleman had to keep up his fire with the carved and gilt remnants of old coaches, which he bought from the carriage builder who broke them up.

Elizabeth of Bohemia seems to have felt for a little while as if her friendship was as fatal as that of her grandmother; but, rallying her spirits, she wrote to beg her brother to continue the subsidy paid (or promised) to Gustavus, to her husband, and to use his influence to get Frederick set at the head of the Protestant armies. Charles gratified her by making the proposal to put forward that very incapable person, who was, moreover, such a Calvinist as to be sure to fall out with the Lutherans. But already Frederick was lying sick unto death at Mentz. He had left Gustavus shortly after the dispute as to the toleration of Lutheranism, he had surveyed part of his ruined domains, and had since visited the Duke of Zweibrucken, in whose lands the plague was raging. Feeling unwell, he returned to Mentz, and there met the news of the death of the King of Sweden. In his despondency he fretted over the stipulations for free worship for the Lutherans, his fever increased, symptoms of the plague showed themselves, and

he died on the 23rd of November, 1632, leaving ten surviving of his thirteen children, the eldest living son, Charles Louis, aged fourteen; the youngest, called after the great Gustavus, an infant. Elizabeth, whose tender affection for him had been most warmly returned, was utterly stricken down. She hardly spoke or moved for three days, she long suffered from an intermitting fever, and she never put off the deepest mourning. King Charles wished her to bring her whole family to England, and actually selected ships to bring them over, but she thought she could better look after her son's interests at the Hague. Charles also wished to send Sir Henry Vane to Vienna to request that the young Prince might receive investiture of the County Palatine of the Rhine; but Elizabeth's spirit was too high for this. She said her son's inheritance had been won back by the sword, and she would not have it committed to negotiations. The administration of it was committed to the boy's other uncle, Louis, Duke of Simmeren.

Wallenstein punished his troops for their defeat by hanging seventeen colonels for cowardice, and fastening the names of fifty more officers to the gallows. 'Good people,' said one of the victims, 'here I am about to die for having run away in company with my generalissimo.' The Duke likewise deprived his troopers of their carbines, saying that they only fired them and galloped away.

These executions took place at Leipsic, and then he marched off to Bohemia, and spent the winter in recruiting his army, and likewise in an attempt to break up the Protestant League. Bernhard of Saxe Weimar was known to be proposing to make a duchy of Franconia for himself out of the Bishoprics of Bamberg and Wurtzburg, and this was likely to awaken the jealousy of the Elector of Saxony, always half-hearted.

Wallenstein proposed to do away with the Edict of Restitution, to restore part of the Palatinate to young Charles Louis, and to buy off the Swedes by the cession of a few places on the Baltic; but Ferdinand, under the influence of his confessor, Father Lamormati, considered it his duty to yield nothing to the heretics. The Protestant princes therefore met at Heilbronn in April, 1633, and signed a League, drawn up chiefly by Oxenstjerna, by which the circles of Swabia, Franconia, and the Upper and Lower Rhine, united with Sweden, while the friendship of Denmark was secured by the hopes of the hand of the little orphaned Queen for the Crown Prince. Wallenstein made some attempts at negotiation with Oxenstjerna, offering to bring about some terms of peace, whether the Emperor liked it or not, but Oxenstjerna had not the slightest trust in him, and cautiously replied that if the Duke of Friedland meant to make a league against the Emperor he had better be the first to begin the attack.

So the war began again, Wallenstein harrying Silesia and threatening Dresden, while Bernhard secured the city of Ratisbon and threatened the borders of Austria. Bernhard was an able general,



and a good and devout man, who is said to have known the Bible by heart, from end to end. He was honourable and chivalrous, but he had not the control over his soldiers that Gustavus had possessed, and the discipline, which that king himself had had the utmost difficulty in maintaining, utterly failed. The soldiers plundered right and left, and the miseries of the country folk were appalling. Whole villages were deserted, the inhabitants took to the woods and hills, and led a robber life, or the more civilised repaired to the towns. At the village of Aspach there was an old tower whither the inhabitants sometimes fled, and in the adjoining forest there was a large field full of horn-beam trees, and surrounded with a huge fence of thorns, with no entrance save by a passage through which it was necessary to creep on hands and knees. This often became their refuge when the village was occupied by soldiers, and though long since turned into a cabbage garden, the spot is still called Schütz dorn, Thorn Refuge. The pastors for the most part behaved nobly and faithfully, holding by their flocks through terrible perils and sufferings. Sometimes they had to work as common labourers, digging or cutting wood. At Stelnen, near the source of the Itz, the village was burnt down, nothing left standing but the church, school, and one shepherd's hut, and the poor pastor wrote to the consistory dating 'from my castle of misery, I have saved nothing but my eight poor little naked, hungry children.' He was removed, but his successor was pillaged and wounded, and for fifteen years the place was without a pastor. The village people in such cases grew wicked and savage, and robbed one another without scruple, lawlessness prevailed everywhere, and Germany fell back in civilization a full century. And the end was not yet.

Wallenstein, hard and severe man as he was, had become heartily sick of the war, and of working for the Emperor. So far as his designs can be understood, Wallenstein knew that victory over the opposing force was uncertain, and that defeat was ruin. He was no fervent Roman Catholic, and he did not want to see everything trodden down before the exclusive and narrow despotism of Ferdinand I. and his Jesuits. He believed that there was too much power of resistance on the other side for this to be possible, and his view was, therefore, to give up Mecklenburg and reinstate its Duke, and to take for himself the Palatinate, making himself a potentate who might keep the peace between the Protestant North and the Catholic South.

But this proposal greatly offended the Spaniards, who did not want him for a neighbour to the Low Countries; and the Emperor and the Jesuits were still resolved on no peace nor toleration for heresy. Everybody at Vienna was murmuring against Wallenstein, and the Bavarians had always hated him and were angered at his not having done more to succour Ratisbon; but he had absolute hold over the army, and was resolved to force a peace upon the Empire, as he had written to Oxenstjerna, whether the Emperor liked it or not. There-



with he obtained, in the January of 1633, from his three principal generals, Piccolomini, Gallas, and Aldringen, an assurance that they would cleave to him under all circumstances. He seems to have then intended, and they likewise, only to oblige the Emperor to grant reasonable terms by finding that the army would not support him in carrying on war to the bitter end, even had there been any chance of absolutely overcoming the German Princes. 'Ten victories would do the Emperor no good,' said Wallenstein; 'one defeat would be his ruin.'

At Vienna, however, things were not seen in this light, and the report of this compact naturally excited suspicion that treason was intended. It was further reported that Wallenstein was surrounded by Bohemian exiles who entreated him to assume the crown of his native country, where he would have tolerated those Hussites whom Ferdinand was bent on extinguishing, and moreover that France had consented to such an arrangement.

Wallenstein was on specially bad terms with the Spanish Court. The Infanta Maria Althea, the object of the unsuccessful courtship of Charles I., had married Ferdinand's eldest son, now called King of Hungary. Her brother, the Infant Fernando, a cardinal, had been appointed Governor of the Netherlands, and was waiting in Italy, with an army, to march across the Austrian dominions to Brussels; but Wallenstein, apparently expecting that these Spanish troops were to be used to lessen his predominance, had used his power, as head of the military affairs of the Emperor, to refuse him passage for his troops. All this strongly excited the animosity of the Spanish Ambassador, Count Oñate, who tried to rouse the Emperor to the perception that his confidence in Wallenstein was misplaced. A fresh negotiation was entered into by that general with the Elector of Saxony, and the terms sent to the Emperor for his approval; but no answer was returned. Ferdinand was sleepless with perplexity between trusting his great Captain, or trusting Spain, and at last he decided on trying to reduce the great army which lay quartered around Wallenstein's abode at Pilsen, sending orders that one division should be sent to Passau, 6000 more to the Low Countries, and that the remainder, under the Duke of Friedland himself, should endeavour to retake Ratisbon.

Wallenstein perceived that these orders were intended as the first step towards his overthrow. He therefore collected his principal generals and officers together, and told them that his enemies were persuading the Emperor to ruin and dismiss him after his thirty years of service. He should, he said, resign the command before his dismissal arrived, and he was only sorry for his soldiers, who would be driven from the comfortable winter quarters he had provided, to suffer hardships and be divided, instead of receiving from him the rewards of their valour which he had promised, and hoped to have been able to bestow in the next campaign. The speech excited

much agitation among the officers and soldiers, and Count Tertsy, Wallenstein's brother-in-law, profited by it to obtain the signatures of Field Marshal Illo, four generals, and fifty colonels of regiments to a petition entreating the Duke of Mecklenburg and Friedland not to abandon his army, and absolutely binding themselves to 'remain true and faithful to him, and shed the last drop of their blood in his service.' This was on the 12th of February, 1634.

The two superior generals, Gallas and Aldringen, having perceived that Wallenstein was likely to go much farther than they had supposed, avoided appearing at Pilsen, and gave the Emperor assurances of their loyalty. Ottavio Piccolomini is said to have been on the scene of action, but it remains uncertain whether he signed the petition. At any rate, he hurried to Vienna, where he arrived in the middle of the night, caused the Emperor to be awakened, and gave a most alarming and exaggerated account of the situation, representing the whole army as in a state of incipient rebellion, and the troops within and around Vienna as only waiting the word from the Duke of Friedland to fall upon the Imperial family.

The Emperor did not perhaps believe the whole of this, but he called Oñate to his councils, and drew up papers releasing the troops from all obligations to Wallenstein, and provisionally appointing Gallas to the chief command. Piccolomini and Aldringen were sent to secure Wallenstein's person, and bring him to Vienna to answer the accusations against him : but Oñate predicted that they would not be able to do this, and that it would be easier to kill the Commander than to carry him off as a prisoner.

They found that, as before, the army stood by him, and on the 20th of February another agreement was signed by the colonels promising adherence to him. Meantime he renewed his negotiations with Oxenstjerna and Bernhard ; proposing, as he was already sure of the Elector of Saxony, that all should coalesce to force the Emperor and the Elector of Bavaria into a peace, for want of armies to go on fighting with. He appointed his troops to meet on the White Hill of Prague to hear his intentions.

But in the meantime Oñate had supplied the Emperor with money to pay up arrears and buy the officers over. More and more of them declared for the Emperor, and the garrison of Prague refused to admit Wallenstein or his adherents. He was much disappointed. 'I had peace in my hands!' he said ; 'God is righteous!' He then endeavoured to appoint a conference at Egra, and sent off to Bernhard, Oxenstjerna, and Arnheim to meet him there. His messenger to Bernhard was ill omened. It was that Franz of Saxe Lauenberg who had come unscathed from beside Gustavus at Lützen, and was by some suspected of having fired the fatal shot. Bernhard moved towards Egra, the cooler Swede would do nothing till Wallenstein should have openly declared against the Emperor.

On the 24th of February, Wallenstein arrived at Egra, with

Tertsy's regiment, and a troop of dragoons commanded by Colonel Walter Butler, an Irish Roman Catholic, one of the many soldiers of fortune who hired out their swords now to one party, now to another. He had been in the service of Sweden, but preferred that of the Emperor as being that of his Church. Wallenstein had full confidence in him, little guessing that Piccolomini had agreed with him that he was to bring the Commander-in-chief dead or alive. The Governor of Egra was a Scotsman named Gordon, his second in command also a Scot, by name Leslie. Both had been favoured by Wallenstein, but they held themselves directly bound to the Emperor, and that all attempts against him were contrary to their honour as soldiers. Such fidelity for the time being was the one thing for which such men cared, as Scott has well shown in his Dugald Dalgetty, who would hire his sword out without regard to the justice of the cause for which he fought, but was faithful even to the death during the period for which he had covenanted. On the morning of the 25th of February an officer came to direct these gentlemen to accept no orders save from the Duke of Friedland. There was a silence. Then Gordon spoke:—

‘I have sworn to obey the Emperor, and who shall release me from my oath?’

‘You are strangers to the empire, gentlemen,’ was the emissary's reply. ‘What have you to do with the Emperor?’

He could extract no promise, and the two Scotsmen held a consultation with Colonel Butler. Leslie, a grave, silent man, was the first to speak. ‘Let us kill the traitor,’ he said. The other two consented, and Butler was able to provide a sufficient number of his countrymen, of whom Captain Devereux and two other officers named Burke and Geraldine were the most prominent. The next day, February the 26th, Butler invited to supper in the castle the Duke's closest adherents, Count Tertsy, Generals Illo and Kinsky, and Neumann, the private secretary. Geraldine and Devereux, with fourteen determined dragoons, were posted in rooms opening into the banquet chamber; Burke and another party patrolled the streets to prevent interference.

Unsuspicious of evil, the guests began drinking the health of their chief, not as the servant of the Emperor, but as an independent Prince; and as the wine more and more overcame their discretion, Illo boasted that in a few days Wallenstein would be at the head of an army such as he had never led before.

‘Yes,’ said Neumann, ‘and then he hopes to wash his hands in the blood of the Austrian.’

While this passed, dessert had been brought in, the servants had retired, and Leslie gave the concerted signal for the raising of the drawbridge, while he locked the outer door of the hall, and put the key in his pocket.

The hall was filled with armed men, who planted themselves behind the chairs of the guests with a shout of ‘*Vivat Ferdinandus!*’ All four started up; Kinsky was cut down before he could reach his

sword; Tertsy killed three of his assailants before he fell; Illo reached the embrasure of a window, whence he bitterly upbraided Gordon and Butler for their ingratitude and treachery, and challenged them to an honourable combat. He was overpowered by numbers, but he had killed two men before he fell under ten wounds. Neumann, who knew the house, reached a staircase, but was there cut down.

Then Leslie went out into the town telling the sentinels that there had been treason. He quieted the alarms of the watch, and took possession of the keys of the gates, while a large body of Butler's dragoons patrolled the streets to keep Wallenstein's partisans in check. Meantime the others, among the corpses of the slain, debated whether to kill Wallenstein, or only make him prisoner, recoiling from taking the life of a man whom they had followed in battle. They recollected, however, the boasts that Swedish and Saxon armies were marching on Egra, and resolved to remain firm to their first decision. Devereux seized a halbert, exclaiming, 'I will have the honour of putting Wallenstein to death,' and put himself at the head of thirty fresh soldiers to hurry to Wallenstein's apartments at a far distant part of the castle, whither no warning sounds had penetrated.

Wallenstein had been consulting with his Italian astrologer, Seni, who had some days before warned him of the hostile aspect of the heavens. 'The danger is not yet passed,' said the astrologer.

'It is so,' said Wallenstein, as though he would bend the stars to his will; 'but that thou, friend Seni, wilt be thrown into a dungeon, is plainly written in the heavens.'

Wallenstein had dismissed the astrologer, and gone to bed, when Gordon came to the door of his lodging with Devereux and the soldiers. The sentinel, knowing the Governor, made no difficulty as to admitting them; but in the porch, one of the muskets went off by accident, and the fear of discovery quickened the speed of the party who entered, Devereux and six halberdiers. A page met them on the stairs, and was about to give the alarm, but was silenced by a thrust from a pike. In the ante-room they encountered a chamberlain, who came out of the bedchamber, locking the door behind him, with his finger on his lips, telling them to make no alarm, for the Duke was asleep. 'Friend,' said Devereux, 'it is a time for alarms;' and, dashing against the door, he broke it open with his foot.

The noise had wakened Wallenstein, who had sprung out of bed, and opened a window to call for help; but he only heard the cries of the Countesses Kinsky and Illo, who had just learned the fate of their husbands. There, in his shirt, with only the table between him and the assassins, he gave a cry of reproach, which Devereux retorted with, 'Scoundrel, who would lead the Emperor's men over to the enemy! Thou must die.'

Wallenstein uttered no word more; he spread out his arms as if to receive the pikes that pierced his breast, and fell in his blood.

The soldiery had taken the alarm, and were rushing to avenge his death; but Gordon harangued them, painting the intended treason in the blackest colours, and inducing them to cry 'Vivat Ferdinandus!' Butler and Devereux started for Vienna with the tidings, and the Duke of Saxe Lauenberg, returning from his mission, was arrested. Schiller has made the fate of Wallenstein doubly memorable by one of the finest historical dramas in existence; but its chief beauty, the characters of Max Piccolomini and Thekla of Wallenstein, Max's struggles between loyalty and hero-worship, and Thekla's devoted and despairing love, are wholly imaginary. Some doubt whether Wallenstein was veritably a great man, or had any really able and beneficial designs. He never won a pitched battle, and he seems to have often wavered, and to have been guided by circumstances, or by the stars, in which he had more faith than in anything else. His reputation may have depended more on his strange mysterious demeanour, and on his great command of money, than on absolute ability. At any rate, with him and with Gustavus Adolphus ended all the striking interest of the Thirty Years War, although, alas! years of misery were yet to come.

A few more of the leader's chief partisans were beheaded. Gordon was rewarded with Tertsy's estates, and those of Wallenstein were divided between Gallas, Aldringen, Piccolomini, and Leslie, while a circumstantial account of his treasures was drawn up at Vienna, and published, and the young King of Hungary was made Generalissimo.

*(To be continued.)*

---

## CAWNPORE AND LUCKNOW.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

Dust! dust! dust! Well it really did seem as if Mother Earth had become nothing but dust! Dust overhead—Dust underfoot—on every side Dust! Whatever we may have passed that was worthy of observation was all obscured by clouds of choking, blinding dust.

Brown skins and white skins—Oriental robes and sombre European broadcloth;—all were reduced to one dull uniform dust colour.

‘Black spirits and white spirits, brown spirits and grey,  
Mingle, mingle, mingle, on their dusty way.’

There were crowds of natives pouring in to celebrate some great festival, and every shuffle of their pointed slippers stirred up the sea of dust more and more, till all their gay dresses, their glittering jewels, and brilliant colours, seemed as though flitting and disappearing like figures in some hot hazy dream. The roads are all made of kunkur—small nodules of limestone, which, true to her principle of saving unnecessary labour in tropical regions, Dame Nature has provided all over these alluvial plains as ready-made metal, lying very near the surface, merely requiring the top soil to be removed and the kunkur excavated, and very excellent roads are thus produced, till, pounded by incessant traffic of heavily laden bullock-gharrys and exposed to the action of much rain and much sun, they become reduced to fine powder, which fills the air, rising in suffocating clouds on the smallest provocation; forcing their way into every crevice, choking and stifling the luckless traveller, whose ears, nostrils, eyes, and mouth become so many dust-bins; and his clothes and everything in his carriage are overlaid with a thick coating of fine grey limestone.

Wherever your eyes turn it is the same thing. The country on every side is brown and bare, every blade of grass burnt up or shrivelled, and the hot parched earth cracked in every direction; long chasms gaping like thirsty jaws, but receiving no comfort from the burning rays, which still pour down so ruthlessly. If this is the state of Cawnpore in mid-winter, what will it be before the blessed summer rains are due?

A comfortably-furnished bungalow having with true Indian hospitality been placed at our disposal, we ploughed our way thither through seas of white dust, literally up to the axles. After early breakfast we sallied forth, and again ploughed our dusty way to the Memorial Gardens, the scene of the awful massacre at the well;



when the women and children and 'a great company of Christian people' were brutally murdered by the archfiend Nana Sahib, to prevent their rescue by their countrymen.

Here, as everywhere else in the city, every trace that could recall the horrors of 1857 has been utterly swept away, and, where those blood-stained houses and the native bazaar then stood, a most beautiful garden has now sprung up. Only round the dread well is the funereal character kept up, and cypress alone planted. Just beyond are two other enclosures, where many soldiers were buried that same year—men who had given their lives willingly to avenge their countrywomen. These sepulchres of sad memory are now, as I said, the centres of a garden of such richness and beauty as to be exceeded by none in England—an expression which speaks volumes, as Indian gardens are generally laid out merely for shade, with scarcely a flower to be seen; the constant marvel being where the nosegays come from.

Into this sacred garden no dogs nor natives are admitted; the latter, at least, not without a permit; and perhaps it would be well if they might not go at all, to see how trivial and flimsy a monument England has erected above her dead, in this land where the very barbers and servants of great men are honoured with tombs that will endure for centuries.

This pretty piece of ornamental work is built of stone so friable that even its delicate real carving is already cruelly chipped, while a considerable portion is merely fastened on with stucco, which of course cannot resist the alternations of intense heat and wet, and so is literally falling to pieces, the carved leaves scaling off wholesale. Several of the large stars round Marochetti's statue were actually lying on the ground; and it is commonly said that twenty years hence there will remain small trace of England's monument. Moreover, it is unfortunate that the palms held by the Angel should be precisely like the broom carried by all the sweepers—a very low caste, whose duty it is to sweep up all manner of horrors. The native mind cannot rise above this idea, and, believing the avenging Angel to be the bearer of the brooms wherewith that blood was swept up, continues to take a very material view of Britain's emblem.

But as to the garden, it is little short of a miracle to see such a triumph of art over nature. To pass from the world of dust outside, to these smooth green lawns, with masses of such roses as might excite the envy of a Devonshire rose garden. Nor roses only—for all rare and beautiful flowers are here in the same luxuriance—walls of golden bignonia, and of a lilac creeper more exquisite still, the bougainvillia, whose long sprays of delicate lilac leaves festoon each shrub that comes within reach. The gardener under whose care this Paradise has developed ought surely to look lovingly on all flowers; yet his answer was quaint when, after he had told me how many years he had lived in the Himalayas, I said, 'Ah! then you can tell



me what month the rhododendrons blossom?' he replied, 'No, I cannot. I was a vegetable gardener then!'

Of course the soil of this fair garden is altogether artificial; and its luxuriance is due to an intricate system of irrigation, whereby the lawns can be flooded for hours at a time with water which flows in inexhaustible supply from the great Ganges Canal—a canal which starts from Hurdwar, nearly 400 miles up country, and rejoins the Ganges at Cawnpore, bringing life and gladness to all the thirsty land.

Just outside the gardens our admiration was arrested by a number of lovely tall birds like cranes, with lavender body and soft pink neck—*Sarus* they are called. In the trees above innumerable monkeys were playing with their babies, and the green parrots chattering as usual.

From the Memorial Gardens we turned to the Christian Church, erected on the site of the so-called entrenchments: that lamentable position, which only could have been selected under some influence of temporary insanity: a position exposed on all sides to the attacks, not only of an armed rabble, but of native regiments, thoroughly drilled by English officers, with an unlimited supply of large guns and ammunition—having moreover the advantage of tall houses from which to fire on the entrenchments.

Against such a force as this the weak mud walls, so hastily thrown up, could afford small protection to the handful of brave defenders, who nevertheless, with their gallant old chief, Sir Hugh Wheeler, and with only six guns, maintained their ground unflinchingly for twenty days. Including women, children, and civilians, they numbered about 700 Europeans.

Some wretched single-story barracks alone sheltered these, not only from the burning midsummer sun, but from the fire of the foe which, igniting the thatched roofs, burnt many houses and their inmates.

Moreover there was but one available well within the entrenchments, and that was under fire. A second there was indeed, but it proved 'a well without water,' mocking the sufferers in their hour of need. Into this were cast the bodies of all who died during those dreadful days—a hundred dead bodies—and in that summer heat! think what it means! as an addition to the stifling smoke of the artillery. This spot is now marked by a very fine stone cross.

At last even the one remaining well dried up; and the only choice left was to die of thirst, or to surrender to the perfidious Rajah of Bithoor, the Nana—the courteous friend of the English, personally known to nearly all, and continually sharing their social pleasures. He was the adopted son of that Peishwa of Poonah, who for notorious misconduct had been deposed by the British from his high estate, but had been nevertheless magnificently pensioned. At his death his vast personal property descended to this adopted son; the Government, however, while granting him sundry honours, refused to continue the pension.

Here was the secret of the mischief. A thirst for vengeance lay smouldering beneath the external courtesy which made his acquaintance to be so much sought after. The entertainments at his palace were so pleasant. He was so hospitable, so kind and civilized. Moreover he was very wealthy. His popularity was further enhanced by that of his secretary and prime minister, Azimoola Khan, whose striking beauty had caused him to be much made of in London, and who had also visited the Crimea during the Russian war, in order to study our military tactics.

The Nana, having undertaken to bring 1500 men to our assistance, now swore by the sacred Gunga that if the English would trust to him, he would have boats ready and would warrant them a safe voyage to Allahabad. So the devoted little garrison believed in these perfidious promises, and, having no alternative, gave themselves to the care of this ruthless butcher. They were conducted safely enough to the banks of the Ganges, where at the Suttee Chowra Ghaut lay twenty house-boats, the common boats of the country, thatched with straw or reeds.

The men were made to embark first; and not till then discovered that the boats were aground. Then the boatmen set the thatched roofs on fire. Masked guns posted along the bank now poured their volleys; and from within a temple, where they lay concealed, the Nana's Sepoys, headed by Tantia Topee, rushed upon their victims. Then followed that wild scene of horror—flame,—blood,—drowning,—massacre. Sir Hugh Wheeler was first cut down as he stepped from his palanquin. Only two officers escaped, Mowbray Thomson and Delaforce, who, with a couple of privates, all magnificent swimmers, managed to get across the river, and after incredible dangers finally survived to tell the tale.

The women and children were taken back to Cawnpore, where they were locked up with others who had been captured while flying from Futtighur: in all, 206 European ladies and children were prisoned for a fortnight in two small rooms in the burning, suffocating heat of the Indian summer. Then, just when the hour of their deliverance seemed at hand, the murderer's sword was steeped in gore.

When our soldiers reached that house of death they had to tread ankle-deep in the blood of our murdered women and children: they found locks of long hair torn from fair heads; and hats of little children, and leaves of Bibles; and agonized last messages to their countrymen scrawled on the blood-stained walls, which were all seamed and scratched with sword-cuts. Just outside was the gaping well into which dead and dying had been thrown in one ghastly pile, all heaped up together: a sight from which brave, dauntless men, whom neither danger nor death could move, turned away in sickening anguish to weep the bitterest tears of manhood.

As each detachment of our troops reached Cawnpore, they marched to the scene of horror, to steel their hearts for whatever stern work of

vengeance might be before them ; yet so marvellous was Havelock's influence with his men, that although the city was wholly in their power, no blind massacre followed, nor was one British bayonet soiled with the blood of any of the inhabitants. Havelock marched to Bithoor, six miles from Cawnpore, but the Nana had fled, so the troops had to be satisfied with burning that palace at which the English had so often been welcomed to gay pleasure-parties.

That Ghaut beside the Ganges (known as the Massacre Ghaut, or bathing-place) is the only spot near the city that has remained untouched ; and is therefore full of the deepest interest. Down the dry, water-worn ravine you seem to trace each step of that devoted band ; the gleam of hope as they neared the river and beheld the boats floating like arks of deliverance ; then the awful scene of fire and blood, and dire confusion and terror ; and, last of all, the terrible retracing of that same path ; the company of terrified widowed mothers and orphans, driven back, like sheep to the slaughter, struggling up that long hill, in the burning heat of a summer's sun, to the quarters assigned to them in the native bazaar.

We saw the bungalow whence the Nana watched the scene. We were standing on the bank where his chief men were hanged, though he, alas ! escaped. Day after day we returned to this same spot, attracted by the intensity of its interest. We could not help thinking what good cover for the foe those tall crops must have been, reaching far overhead ; so that the 'budmashes' \* (of whom we heard so much doing the mutiny) could lie there concealed by hundreds.

But now the scene was one of exceeding peace ; and we were thankful to escape from the dust and burning sun of Cawnpore to wander up the banks of the broad, calm Ganges, or rest awhile upon the broken sandy cliff. All was still and peaceful. Already the shores of the river were one sea of waving greenery ; and overhead tremulous leaves quivered with every breath that floated down the stream. No sound broke the stillness save the voices, not unmusical, of a group of native girls, whose rich colouring, both of raiment and of person, was pleasant to behold, their dark eyes and hair, and warm, copper-coloured skin, being all in harmony with the brazen and copper vessels which they were so diligently polishing.

Then, too, the heavy foliage, reflected in the river's depth, made these pale waters almost suggest the rich deep tones of some of our own woodland pools, though the silvery banks of tall aloes quickly dispelled that illusion. Sometimes we floated calmly down the stream, or landed on the sandy shore opposite, where, so soon as the waters subside after the annual inundations, great melon-beds are made, and divers grain planted, only protected by tall fences of withered sirkee grass. It is said that otters love to bask on these sandbanks, watching for various species of well-fattened fish. You sometimes see the native boats likewise fishing, and drawing their nets, which, how-

\* Scoundrels.

ever, is objectionable work, as they are very liable to dredge up some decomposed Hindoo.

One morning we were overtaken by a tremendous thunderstorm. The rain came down in earnest, forcing us to take refuge in the old temple where the sepoy had been concealed. As the storm cleared off, the dark cloud that hung over the city was edged with a brilliant rainbow, spanning earth and heaven : a very poetic picture, which we were fain to hail as a type of a hopeful future, in spite of such dark prognostications as sometimes meet our ear from those who look farthest beneath the smooth current of native life.

As to the past, perhaps we (who sympathise so deeply with the brave struggles of Poland, or any other conquered nation, in seeking to throw off a foreign yoke) were scarcely justified in our exceeding wrath against this people, who sought to drive us out of their land ; and, after all, the movement was chiefly a military one. Such devilish scenes of murder and treachery as have stained the name of Cawnpore were exceptional, and generally due to some one malignant power stirring up the soldiers for some reason of private revenge, as in the case of Nana Sahib.

As to the mass of the people, villagers and agriculturalists, that ruling power which oppresses them least will be best loved, and they have small cause to desire either the return of a Hindoo or a Mogul rule.

It is said that multitudes of the stories which chilled the heart of England were utterly without foundation, as, for instance, those which told of awful mutilation of the living, of which not one single case has ever been proven. Government appointed special persons to go on board every homeward-bound vessel, in order to make provision for all such, but not one was ever found.

The temple in which we had taken refuge from the storm was adorned with effigies of Hoonimaun, the Monkey God, who receives so large a share of adoration. His temples guard the entrance to almost every village, for he is a beneficent being, although his hideous image, generally smeared with a fresh coat of scarlet paint, is by no means attractive. His worshippers adorn his lovely brow with chaplets of fresh flowers, and hang long strings all about the temple, with small lamps or marigolds. Lamps are kept burning in his presence, and all night long the clouds of incense rise, amid beating of tomtoms, shrill pipes, monotonous songs, and wild dancing. Every evening the women bring him offerings of lighted lamps (an oil cup with burning wick) and jars of water, whereon float yellow marigolds. If on their way they meet anyone whom they wish to honour, they wave before him the brass dish whereon stands the lighted lamp, with intent to avert all evil from him and give him welcome. Sometimes they will even pour out the water and the marigolds at his feet.

One great festival is especially held in honour of Hoonimann, to

commemorate the day when with his army of monkeys he rescued from Ceylon a beautiful goddess, wife of Rama, and slew the wicked giant Ravan. On this feast a gigantic figure of Ravan is made on a frame of wicker-work, robed in inflammable cotton and covered with fireworks and gunpowder.

Vast crowds assemble in their white holiday robes and gay turbans, the wealthier coming on their camels and elephants, or in picturesque vehicles. A great procession represents the triumph of the Monkey God and his friend Rama. The latter, amid a brilliant display of fireworks, smites the giant with his spear, and forthwith the whole framework bursts into flames, while the people dance and shout with delight at so brave a bonfire. Most of their processions seem to end with some such infantile fun. Sometimes a whole family of gods are carried in state to the Ganges and thrown in, to dissolve at their leisure.

This reverence for Hoonimaun extends itself to all the monkey tribes, which are considered very sacred indeed, and roam at their own sweet will from end to end of every Hindoo city, careering over the roofs, leaping from tree to tree, making a sudden descent on garden or bazaar to help themselves to whatever dainty they may fancy. Round the temples they muster in exceeding force, as the Brahmins feed them regularly. At one temple in Benares we saw fully five hundred of all sorts and kinds, sizes and ages, from the hoary grandfather down to the tiniest little baby in arms.

We heard of one gentleman who had brought a pet monkey of a rare species from the hills to the plains. A deputation from Hoonimaun's temple forthwith waited on him, craving permission to conduct this stranger to the temple with all honour, as it was incumbent on them to worship it! So the monkey had a night of it, and was restored to its owner the following morning none the worse for this curious episode. Just imagine what a treasure Landseer's great monkey picture would be to a devout Hindoo. What a magnificent altar-piece it would make!

One story, for the truth of which I should be sorry to vouch, though it was told to us in all gravity, is that solemn pilgrimages are periodically made by these sacred animals to a place called Deobund, near Seharanpore. At one of the temples there, hundreds of monkeys are fed by the Brahmins, and it is affirmed that a perfect legion periodically come from all parts of the country, and assemble in the neighbouring jungle. The Brahmins say that one large tribe comes all the way from Ajmere, and another from far south; some from Nepaul and Tirhoot; some from the plains; some from the hills. They march steadily on till they reach this point, where, like other pilgrims, they hold solemn festival for two or three days; then quietly return to their homes. Monkeys of every size and colour—some old, grey-headed fellows; some middle-aged; some mere children; some playful; some vicious. They bring their wives and their families, down to the smallest babies.

The Hindoos declare that they recognise the same old fellows year after year. One old patriarch from the Monkey Tank at Meerut is said to be most regular in his attendance, and is generally accompanied by several young sons, whom he thus trains up in the way they should go. An English gentleman, alluding to this curious monkey festival, declares that he once overtook a tribe of about 400, marching like a regiment in this direction, and headed by one tall, powerful leader. For some distance they stuck to the road, so that he could not pass them. At length they diverged, and he had the curiosity to follow them across rough ground and deep ditches, till they reached the jungle behind the old Hindoo Temple, where a vast number had already assembled, and the new comers were embracing their old friends as tenderly as though they had been human beings meeting after their long separation!! It sounds as if the monkeys had been taking example by their worshippers, and mimicking their solemn festivals.

But whether the story of the monkey pilgrimage be fact or fiction, I believe there is no doubt that the poor monkeys sometimes share in one very painful human affliction, namely, in that agonising Dengue Fever, which, although it does not kill, nevertheless leaves the victims prostrate for weeks, feeling as if every bone in their bodies were broken. On a recent occasion, a few cats are said to have suffered, but the monkeys were fairly attacked, and it was reported that at one village about seventy were found lying on the ground quite helpless, and unable to move, affording their worshippers a fine opportunity of tending their gods in their hour of weakness.

While we were at Cawnpore great crowds of pilgrims were assembling to bathe, by reason of an eclipse of the moon. Of course as the Ganges is the great highway to Heaven, all native life and popular superstition cling to its shores, and every city along its course is liable to such incursions.

One large portion of the community live entirely on the river, having no other home than their boats. Some there are whose work entails frequently crossing the river, which they do by lying on an inflated *mussock*, i.e., skin used by water carriers. Sometimes they prefer large earthenware jars, which are simply turned upside down, so as to prevent the air from escaping; and lying across these, a native will paddle himself across the widest river. Sometimes the milk carriers fasten together a number of milk jars, or other marketable produce, and thus making a sort of raft, paddle it across, a man holding on, and swimming at either side. Thus they will sometimes bring their goods a long way down the stream. A more luxurious method of crossing, where boats are not forthcoming, is to fasten four *mussocks* to a common *charpoy*\* whereon you may sit in state, while your men paddle you across.

A short distance below the 'Massacre Ghaut' is a bank formerly

\* Bedstead.



crowned by a considerable number of temples. These, however, proved to be such convenient covers whence the foe could fire on Havelock's bridge of boats, that it was found necessary to blow them up. The priests and yogis pleaded for the mercy which the English government had always shewn to all places of worship. To which Sir Robert Napier replied that if one of them could prove that he had interceded for the life of a single Christian, then *his* temple should be spared. Not one voice replied, so the temples were blown up, and the hideous gods thrown into the river. Now, however, the government is building a very handsome new Ghaut at this spot, for the convenience and safety of bathers.

I do not know whether it is still Havelock's identical bridge—but by a bridge of boats, we drove across the Ganges; large boats lying side by side right across the stream, with a broad tramway for carts and carriages, made of solid planks, overstrewn with earth and reeds. Each boat is strongly moored with a heavy anchor and almost touches its neighbour. One or two of the boats in the centre are moveable, and can be slipped out, and the planks lifted, to allow the river traffic to pass up and down. There was a heavy block of bullock carts, with creaking wheels, and drivers shrieking and groaning; also a great flock of goats, and our progress was so much impeded that we had close running to catch the train for Lucknow.

We were now in the Kingdom of Oude, well called the Garden of India, and the change seemed almost miraculous, from the dusty plains of the North West Provinces, to a land rich and fertile, such a land as might well 'laugh and sing' because it stands so thick with corn. All the shrubs and trees seemed so fresh and green that the eye loved to rest upon them. None more beautiful than the castor oil plant, which here grew to at least double the size we had seen on the other side of the river. It is said that its leaves when made very hot act as an excellent blister or plaister (I am not sure which)!

Here and there, under the broad cool shade of some wide-spreading Banian tree, we saw pleasant encampments with brown and white tents; green pigeons, paroquets and all manner of birds chatting overhead, and dazzling blue jays flashing past. The sunlight gleaming through the large glossy leaves, played upon the silvery-grey trunks and touched the busy camp life; sometimes the travellers were just preparing for a start, loading the camels and elephants and bullocks, and all astir.

As we whirled along, we heard strange stories of jungle life in Oude in those days when the king was reigning in magnificent state, and could collect more elephants to grace a gala day than we need ever hope to see again. Yet indeed it was no unworthy hunting-field that awaited Prince Alfred, when, as he marched from Lucknow towards the Terai, he was met by Sir Jung Bahadoor, and their united camp mustered upwards of four hundred elephants carrying twelve hundred men! a strong gathering for small return, as in February the tall



grass and undergrowth give such thick cover that tigers lie close. Two months later would have shown a better bag. It must have been a striking sight, however, to see even one fine old tiger roused, and vainly striving to dash through the living wall of elephants, as they closed round him, stamping and snorting with their trunks in the air.

But they were stranger stories than these, which so delighted us. True stories of wolf-nurses, proving the old tradition of Romulus and Remus to have been more probable than we generally suppose. We heard of two undoubted instances in which children, having been carried off by wolves, had been adopted and suckled by the she wolf. One of these wolf-children was captured by hunters in the jungles of Oude. They had seen this curious animal running with the mother wolf and several cubs, and tracked them to their den.

They succeeded in taking this creature alive, though the wolves tried to rescue it, and followed the hunters for some distance. The child snarled and growled and tried to bite. It could not stand erect. It was exhibited in Lucknow, an English officer having charge of it, but it continued so savage that it had to be kept in an iron cage. It was covered with short hair, and when clothes were made for it, it tore them off with its teeth.

Many people came to see it, amongst others, a woman whose child, aged eighteen months, had been carried off by wolves, seven years previously. By certain marks she recognised her lost little one, and gazed in horror on this monster. It lived for a year, eating voraciously, but only of raw flesh, and chewing bones like a dog. It never learnt to speak, but would give a hoarse growl when anyone came near it. The other instance, also a well authenticated fact, was of a wretched child taken by hunters at Mozuffernugger, and brought down to Meerut. It was a boy about five years old, running on all fours. Hands and feet quite hard. It was very savage, snarling and showing its teeth. It would only eat raw meat, and that, only when left alone.

As we neared Lucknow, and caught our first glimpse of the 'Indian city's crown of domes,' we could not help regretting the magnificence of bygone days, the grandeur of the old kings of Oude, their countless elephants with gorgeous trappings, and multitude of retainers. These are a tale of the past; but though we have heard so often that those grand palaces were as an Augean stable that sorely needed cleansing, we would fain have seen the city in the days of its splendour.

One of my companions, who knew it well in the days of the old king, was positively bewildered by the changes that had passed over it. Temples and palaces swept away, whole streets vanished, as though the plough had gone over them, scarcely a trace of the spots where houses and gardens had stood. Only here and there, a gatepost as a sort of landmark; the old Mess marked only by a taller clump of Sirké grass.

Enough however, remains to make it a very beautiful city. The mixture of rank vegetation with eastern buildings; the domes, and cupolas and gilded spires of many palaces and mosques, or rather musjids, with their tall minarets rising above the mass of rich wood and varied foliage; the courts and gardens, the terraced roofs, temples, and fertile country beyond; and the silvery river Goomtee glittering in the sun.

One huge tower we saw, which for lack of more accurate knowledge we called the Tower of Babel. True, when you come to a closer inspection, you find that the houses and many-coloured bazaars are poor and mean, and that these modern palaces are mere gingerbread. Their imposing gateways are showy enough, but their grand façade is only of painted plaster, with stucco sham carving; though each gateway bears the two great fishes which mark a dwelling of the royal family of Oude.

This mean trashy style of modern building is doubly offensive by contrast with the magnificence of the past—in this land of marble palaces, with decoration of such perfection lavished everywhere in such wasteful beauty, and such massive pillars with richly carved capitals. However, the modern Hindoo has no sense of congruities, and will place the utmost rubbish side by side with the most exquisitely refined work. In the courts and gardens of their finest palaces, they will show you with great pride, some hideous coloured statue of a Sepoy, a Grenadier or a Highlander in full dress, alongside of casts from really good statues. The Highlanders, by the way, are objects of intense admiration to the natives, who in truest flattery occasionally indulge in humble imitation. I am told that at one of their great festivals, a large company turn out, in bonnet, kilt and plaid!

In the same way, in the internal arrangements of a native house; the family rooms are, I believe, furnished only with carpets and cushions, but the show room in which they receive Europeans, is generally crammed with incongruous articles: perhaps a dozen English clocks of divers patterns, all going—priceless vases and the most trumpery English toys. The cheapest framed prints of French damsels and of sacred subjects (not cheap to their purchaser you may be very sure!) Perhaps as a treasure beyond price, an old barrel organ, and some of the commonest statuettes side by side with exquisite jewelled cups.

I am not sure, however, that a Hindoo gentleman might not be equally astonished to find *our* rooms decorated with the brooches and anklets of the poorest Indian women, betel plates, brass ink-horns, and plates and bowls—nay even bathing slippers of inlaid wood—and bells and sacred vessels from his temple. Prayer-wheels also, and hubble bubble vases full of roses, to say nothing of funny little gods and Indian playthings.

We found good quarters at an Anglo-Indian hotel, where we were

well cared for, and not fleeced; a good deal more than can be said for most Indian hotels. The custom however of securing ventilation by making all rooms open into one another is doubly distasteful in such buildings as these, where even the upstairs bedrooms have windows looking down into the great public room; these are furnished only with venetian blinds, so that at night, it is simply impossible for would-be sleepers to shut out either the conversation of the smokers in the central room, or the suffocating clouds which of course float upwards.

It cost us several days of pretty severe sight-seeing to go over most of the points of interest, all more or less connected with tales of the Mutiny. We drove to the dreary Alumbagh which Sir Henry Havelock held against such fearful odds, and where his honoured dust now lies. It is merely an enclosed field, with a very plain obelisk and long inscription. We returned to the city by the Dilkoosha or Heart's Desire, the hunting-seat of the old kings of Oude, now used as officer's quarters. Here it was that Havelock died. We passed by Hodson's tomb. (He whose cavalry did such good service. He too, who with his own hand—to prevent a rescue—shot the wicked princes of Delhi, in presence of all their followers, whereas he had but one companion!) Then we drove to a vast Mahomedan tomb, now used as an arsenal, where, among other objects of interest, are the guns of the Shannon with which Sir William Peel's naval squadron did such good service at the relief of Lucknow. Those who had been eye-witnesses of their valour spoke of their deeds as almost incredible, the dragging of those heavy ship guns, under the burning summer sun, and the subsequent working of them, are among the deeds of our jolly tars that will not quickly be forgotten. Peel was buried at Cawnpore, where we paid our homage to his brave memory. From the top of that great tomb we had a magnificent view of the city and of the country round for many miles.

Next we halted at the Martinière, a vast free college, endowed by General Martin, once a private, who rose to high station in the service of the King of Oude. Fearing that the king would seize his palace after his death, he caused himself to be buried therein, well-knowing that his tomb would be considered sacred; which proved to be the case. The college was established and his tomb revered until 1857, when the mutineers broke it open in search of treasure, and left his bones scattered on the ground. Like the Royal Palaces, the building is in the trashy French and Italian style of architecture, with inferior statues and 'cutcha' columns.

That word 'Cutcha' is one most expressive to Indian ears, and used to describe every species of rubbishy, unsound thing; in short, everything not permanent. The opposite word 'Pucka' is in equally common use, to express everything that is good and solid and enduring. Thus a pucka appointment, building, or road, expresses volumes.

We spent a pleasant afternoon at the Wingfield Gardens, which

for their rare beauty vie with those at Cawnpore, being literally one blaze of roses. Not far from these is the Secundra Bagh, 'the garden of Alexander,' a native garden enclosed by high walls, with but one entrance, by a very picturesque gateway. This spot was the scene of a desperate fight, a great body of rebels having here taken refuge, and being thus shut into a trap from which there was no escape. Here they were attacked by the 93rd and 53rd under Sir Colin Campbell, and a desperate hand to hand conflict ensued, so that the garden was heaped with the slain, and upwards of 2000 of the foe either captured or killed.

The grandest of the gingerbread palaces is that known as the Kaiser Bagh, which was the king's special abode. Its fame during his lifetime is evil beyond telling, and the court life here was one long scene of unutterable degradation, gilded, however, with all the magnificence that oriental splendour could devise. The old king is described as a mere crazy imbecile, steeped in vice more vile than a European mind could well realise.

The plunder of this palace at the time of the Mutiny sounded like some dream of the Arabian nights. We were told that the marble floors were strewn to the depth of several inches with fragments of mirrors, crystal chandeliers, which had been smashed to obtain the jewelled settings; precious vases of china, alabaster, and priceless jade, jewelled caskets, gold and silver brocades, shawls, all manner of rich and costly treasures, for the most part lying in fragments, having been ruthlessly destroyed by our own troops in the heat of plunder. These courts and halls are now Government offices, and the garden with its shady walks and kiosks,\* fountains and orange trees, is now open to all comers.

One great tomb, or Emambara, specially dear to the Mahomedans, is that of Hossein Ali, a very holy saint, whose silver shrine is surrounded by *countless* crystal chandeliers of every size and shape, hanging close together all over the building. Once a year they are illuminated with many thousand candles, and the blaze of light thus produced is almost unbearable. The Khoran is then read from a fine pulpit of solid silver. In the court outside were sundry worshippers, some performing their ceremonial ablutions, others standing and prostrating themselves by turns, with all possible formality.

But to us all the interest of the city centred in the Residency, whose battered ruins still bear the mark of the shot and shell which poured in such fierce tempests on those walls; now the unsightly ruins are half veiled by heavy masses of the beautiful but treacherous Elephant Creeper, a plant like a giant convolvulus, which, spreading rapidly, too often overthrows the walls on which it climbs. The Orange Venusta, too, hangs like a golden curtain from the pillars that once formed the verandah, and in every corner grasses and creepers find out the crevices of the rich warm brickwork.

\* Summer-houses.

The spots to which the deepest interest attaches are preserved with all possible care, but the intervening space has been levelled, and is now a rich and beautiful garden.

The entrance is beneath an arched gateway, literally battered by great cannon balls. This is the Bailie Guard by which the relief column forced its triumphant way; whence, too, at last the ransomed garrison sallied forth at dead of night when the hour of their deliverance had come. Close by is Dr. Fayrer's house, where the brave and good Sir Henry Lawrence died, and where later the women and children assembled to welcome and bless their deliverers, and grasp the hands of the brave Highlanders who first fought their way within those beleaguered walls. On the other side is the banqueting hall—the old mess-room—whose mirth was silenced then and the place given up to the sick and wounded. About the centre of the ground stands the house set apart for the ladies, a little further, that where the women of the 32nd were lodged. Then comes the tower where England's flag floated throughout those five awful months, from June to November, during which the little garrison held a post apparently so weak against such overwhelming odds.

Close to the tower is the room where Sir Henry was writing when the shell struck him. A little further lies the cemetery where sleeps his dust mingling with that of many brave men and women, and many little children besides, who died of want and starvation during that terrible siege. The little church was altogether destroyed. No trace of it remains.

The covered well (whence alone drinking water could be procured, and to which all went by turns, well knowing the fiery hail that would pour on them ere they could draw the priceless draughts) is now covered with a tangle of flowering creepers—which, however, do not hide the fatal bullet-marks.

To this spot day after day we bent our steps, never weary of tracing out that ground and trying to picture that heroic defence. It seemed impossible that so small a space should have been so well defended, when the native bazaar came up to the very walls and every point of vantage was in the hands of the foe. But Sir Henry's keen foresight had long been preparing the Residency for the chance of such a siege. He had laid in stores of food and ammunition; the latter in such abundance that it never ran short. For the last few weeks, as he scented the coming storm, he employed hundreds of men night and day in throwing up earthworks and such fortifications as could be most rapidly constructed. Then, at the first alarm, he gathered all the Europeans within his walls. These included about 1600 fighting men and 450 women and children. Of the fighting men nearly half were natives, who, to their honour be it spoken, continued faithful throughout all danger.

The majority of the native servants and workmen however at once decamped, taking with them all the tools on which they could lay hands,

a very serious loss to the besieged. Those who know how helplessly Europeans rely on their servants, and how intolerable all exertion becomes during the hot weather, can imagine the position of ladies accustomed to all Indian luxury and comfort suddenly left to their own resources, obliged to sweep their own rooms, wash clothes, cook for themselves and their families, and for those working and fighting, besides nursing the sick in the crowded hospital garrison.

Sometimes several families were huddled into one room; those families who could secure an out-house or stable for their exclusive use were fortunate indeed; and this in the burning heat of an Indian summer! Add to this the noise of incessant firing of heavy guns close to them, and their dense smoke. The rains too were deluging the land. The officers, drenched to the skin, worked alternately with spade and musket.

Then cholera broke out, and small-pox and fever. Food became scant, and the horrors of the siege thickened. On every side they were surrounded by high houses, which sheltered thousands of experienced marksmen, well-trained by the English: with abundant ammunition—a host computed at 50,000—while disease and wounds had reduced the garrison to 500 including sick and wounded!

Very early in the day their loved chief, the noble Lawrence, had gone to his rest. The shell that burst into his room had shattered his thigh. He was carried to Dr. Fayrer's house, as being more sheltered from the artillery of the foe. His leg was amputated, but the wound was fatal. He lingered two days, cheering the officers of his garrison with brave and Christian words, well in keeping with the tenour of his life. The storm and tumult and furious raging of the heathen all round that little sanctuary could not disturb the perfect calm and peace of that deathbed. Many of his officers knelt around him in the open verandah, exposed to a heavy fire of musketry, and together for the last time received the Holy Communion.

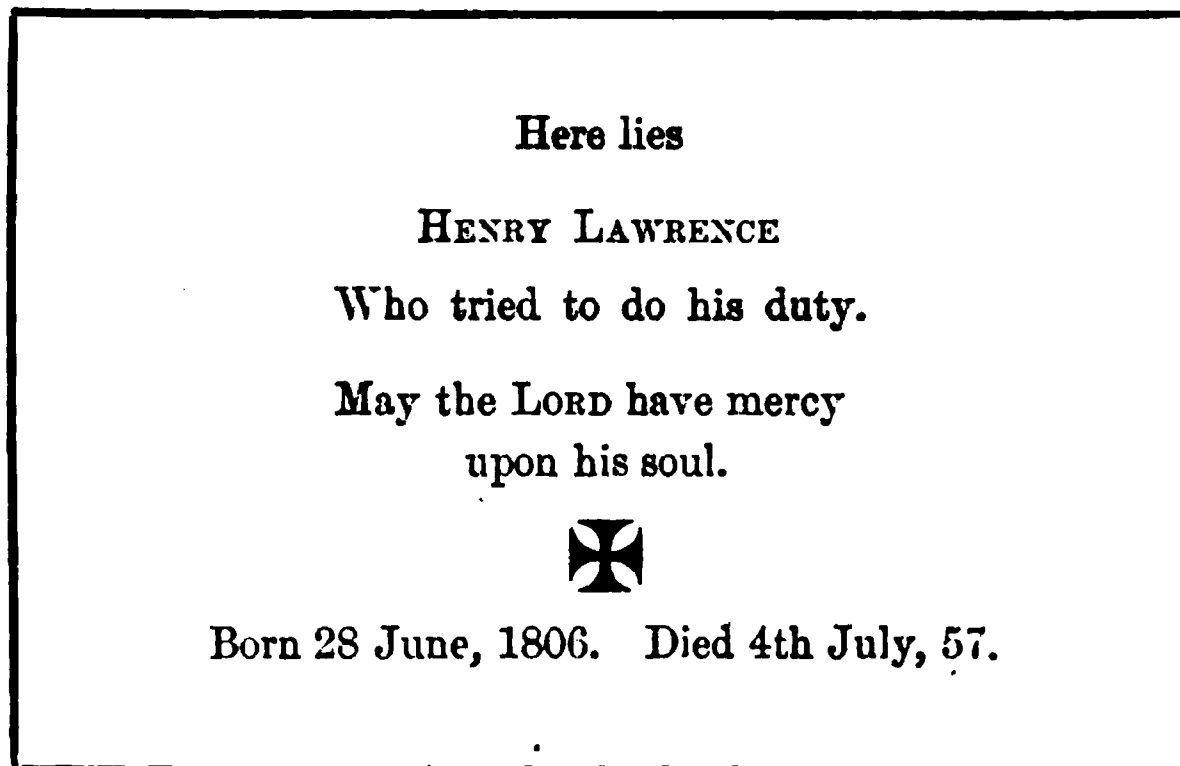
Then he bade such a loving farewell, and desired to be buried *without any fuss*, in the same grave with any of his men who might die the same day. And so, on the 4th July at evening died a brave soldier, and a good and faithful servant of the Great Master. After sundown his loved remains were buried beside the little garrison church.

So sharp was the raging of the foe that evening, that at this last hour, his officers dared not be present, but rather did his bidding, by standing each at his post. But the soldiers who carried him to his burial, raised the sheet which covered the face of their beloved chief, and each stooped down and reverently kissed him on the forehead, before they laid him in the earth.

He was succeeded in the command by General Inglis, but his death was kept secret from most of the garrison for several days, in dread of the terrible depression it would cause. His grave is now marked by a



plain broad stone bearing the grand simple words whispered by himself with his last breath,



an inscription in striking contrast with sundry other epitaphs, written, not by great men themselves, but by loving survivors, who leave little to the imagination in the fulness of their praise.

One of the chief boons for which posterity will bless his name is the Lawrence Asylum. A great home among the healthy life-giving hills, to which the pale-faced, delicate children of English soldiers, and their orphans, may be sent from the burning plains (and from whatever evil attends the upbringing of little ones in barrack life) to receive a careful education and wise training.

Tidings of the siege of Lucknow and the death of Lawrence, reached Havelock on his return to Cawnpore, after burning the palace of the Nana. With his little band of 1500 men he at once started to their relief. First he made the Bridge of Boats in spite of all difficulties, and brought his men across the Ganges. But the foes were legion, and the heat terrific; the country deluged by the rains; the supply of tents scant. Cholera broke out, and fighting was incessant. Eight successive victories reduced his force to 860, a number utterly inadequate to fight their way onward to the relief of Lucknow.

Moreover, tidings reached him that Cawnpore was again threatened on every side. He therefore returned thither and rejoined General Neill and his little garrison; and fought and won another battle against fearful odds, the mass of the foe being our own trained Sepoys.

On the 16th September General Outram arrived with reinforcements, and though of superior rank, generously waived his privilege and left the command of that glorious column of relief in the hands that had done so nobly. *Les braves des braves!*

Then came the toil of recrossing the Ganges, and the terrible march in the rains which fell in torrents. As he drew near Lucknow, he found the foe drawn up in strong position at the Alum Bagh. His



column was compelled to advance by a narrow road, with soft swampy marsh on either side, and all under fire. It was a splendid struggle in which he was again victorious.

Another hot fight awaited him, ere he could cross the Canal Bridge. Then followed a fearful march through streets apparently deserted, under a galling fire from the matchlocks of unseen foes. Then a still more deadly fight at the Kaiser Bagh, the King's palace, whence a murderous fire poured on the troops, an iron deluge of grape, canister, and round shell.

At length this was silenced, and there followed a momentary respite. Faint and worn out by these terrible hours of deadly incessant fighting, under a scorching sun, it was a question whether it would be possible to advance further that night. It was felt however to be positively necessary, so Havelock, with the 78th Highlanders and Sikhs, led the advance of that march through fire and death. Deep trenches had been cut along the road, and every species of obstruction placed in the way. From every window, loophole, and housetop, that 'iron hurricane of destruction and death' rained upon them. There seemed no limit to the heavy artillery of the foe.

Still Havelock and his men marched steadfastly on, leaving the streets strewn with their dead and dying, including brave General Neill. In the darkness of night it seemed as if every wall literally streamed fire on the devoted band, till at length, with a British cheer they reached the Bailie Guard; and the beleaguered garrison (nearly mad with joy from relief after the agonised tension of almost hopeless expectation) crowded round to bless their deliverers, to whom the triumph of that night seemed compensation enough for nearly a hundred days of such a struggle, and against such awful odds, as find few parallels in history.

Meanwhile the wounded and those in charge of them, were having an appalling night. Hunger and raging thirst, the incessant fire of a maddened foe, and—more awful still—the agony of beholding the horrible tortures inflicted by the demons, on such wounded as they could capture, many of whom were burnt alive as they lay helpless in their doolies. Not till daylight dawned were their comrades able to come up, bringing the heavy artillery, and having rescued them, all advanced together to the shelter of the Residency.

Our troops now took possession of the line of palaces on the river Goomtee—strangely luxurious barracks, where stores of oriental treasures abounded, but with scant supply of life's necessities. These grand buildings were however terribly insecure quarters; the courts and gardens were good cover for the foe, and moreover close to the bazaar, whence constant musketry fire from loopholed windows disturbed their rest. There was also incessant mining and counter-mining carried on.

At length Sir Colin Campbell drew near. He had reached Cawnpore just in time to save it a second time from the foe, and had now to

face that terrible slaughter at the Sucundra garden—a fight that was compared to the raging of a fiery furnace.

Then, at the Chutter Munzil palace (which is now The Club) Havelock, Outram and Sir Colin met; while the din of battle raged around. They laid their plans for the exodus of the garrison—laid them wisely and well. In the dead of night—a dark, November night—silently and rapidly the beleaguered garrison sallied forth from the Residency, and passing through lines of picquets carefully posted to guard their pathway, men, women, children, wounded,—every living soul marched out; while the unconscious foe continued to pour their hail of fire on the deserted building.

The fugitives carried with them what treasures they possessed, as well as the king of Oude's jewels. They reached the Alum Bagh in safety, whence they were sent to Cawnpore and Allahabad.

Worn out with fatigue of mind and body, the brave Havelock had finished his work. Attacked by dysentery, the scourge of India, he was removed to the Dilkoosha, where he died, and was buried close by in the Alum Bagh.

This is the story which is whispered by every stone in Lucknow. Can you wonder that, early and late, we found our way back to the Residency and the Bailie Guard?

---

## PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

## IX.

## THE FIVE PRAYERS.

*Susan.* You said the old service ended with the Third Collect.

*Aunt Anne.* Yes, except where music was cultivated; as it was in the Tudor times. The Anthem seems to have been sung, though there was no rubric for it before the Restoration revision. As the Prayer-Book afterwards expressed it, 'in quires and places where they sing.'

*S.* Quire is the phonetic spelling of Choir.

*A.* Which is derived from *Chorus*, as Anthem is from the Greek *Antiphone* (opposite voice) vocal music from the two divisions of a choir answering one another. All the Tudors were extremely musical, and great pains were taken to provide their chapels with the best voices. Indeed children were sometimes captured and carried off to court for the purpose. Part singing was universally studied, and several of our greatest composers were then living. So in Queen Elizabeth's Injunctions of 1559, singing at the beginning and end of Matins and Evensong was recommended when it was practicable.

*S.* Was it always really an Anthem?

*A.* The Injunction permitted 'a hymn or such like song,' and I believe the metrical Psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins were much sung in Churches that could not aspire to Anthems. I have seen a black-letter Bible and Prayer-Book with them and their tunes.

*S.* Does not someone say that Sternhold and Hopkins drank more of the Jordan than of the Helicon.

*A.* Old Fuller says so, and with some truth. The Reformation had produced various vernacular metrical versions of the Psalms as well as a great outburst of hymns in Germany, and the fugitives who returned from Geneva promoted such singing, though they abominated anthems, chants, and instrumental music.

*S.* Have we any old hymns of that time? I have seen some in the end of old Prayer-Books, after the New Version of the Psalms.

*A.* While the prose translations by the Reformers were remarkably beautiful and rhythmical, they could not at all succeed in versifying. The only hymn of that period still usable is the 'Lamentation of a Sinner,' No. 93 in Hymns Ancient and Modern, written by one Maudley, in 1562.

S. Yes, but there was 'While Shepherds watched their Flocks by Night.'

A. That was by Nahum Tate, one of the writers of the New Version. 'Hark the Herald Angels' is one of Charles Wesley's, and the Easter hymn seems to have been adapted by an unknown writer from a Latin hymn. No one seems to know how these came to be added to the Prayer-Book, but they supplied the great need of something appropriate to the highest festivals.

S. People used to sing nothing but the Psalms, did they not?

A. Many congregations had books of their own, with selections from the metrical Psalms, and hymns from all quarters, often chosen by some clerk or organist, and sometimes quite inappropriate. Bishop Heber's hymns were written with the desire of supplying something better. And then the Salisbury Hymnal was compiled by Mr. Keble, Dr. Neale, and Earl Nelson. It seemed to pave the way for Hymns Ancient and Modern, which contains most of the best and fittest for singing in Church, as well as many more. Perhaps some day there may be a regular authorized hymnal, such as the American Church possesses. However, we will pass on to the ensuing Prayers.

S. They follow St. Paul's rule, 'I exhort therefore that first of all supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men; for kings, and all in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life' (1 Tim. ii., 1-2).

A. And as it is often said in argument, if St. Paul bade these prayers to be made on behalf of Claudius and Nero, how much more are we bound to pray for our Christian Kings and Queens.

S. I suppose it was always done?

A. Yes, there are many prayers for the sovereigns of the country in all old service books. I think they chiefly occurred in the Service of Mass, and that the want of them was felt when daily Celebration ceased to be the rule.

S. Are these old prayers?

A. Not the first two. Professor Blunt says that the prayer for the reigning sovereign is first found in a book of Prayers and Meditations collected out of holy books by the most virtuous and gracious Princess, Katharine, Queen of France, England, and Ireland, in 1547.

S. That must have been Katharine Parr.

A. It is also in a book of private devotions put forth between 1545 and 1548, so it is not plain whether one book copied it from the other, or if both took it from some other source. In 1553 it was added as a Fourth Collect, but Queen Elizabeth's books had it printed among the Occasional Prayers at the end of the Litany. It was after the Restoration that it was placed where we now have it. The original form was, however, directly addressed to our Blessed Lord, and I do not see why it was altered, as the epithets in the address certainly are primarily His.

S. You mean 'He hath on His vesture and on His thigh a name written King of kings and Lord of lords (Rev. xix. 16). I found what somewhat explained the imagery of that passage in a description of the Moorish Kings of Spain, who, it was said, wore garments with their own name and titles embroidered all over them, so that it denoted kingliness.

A. As our Lord is above all Ruler and King of the Church, His inheritance. There is also allusion to Ps. xxxiii. 13-14, in the words about beholding all the dwellers on earth.

S. 'Replenish'—fill full.

A. With that special grace of the Holy Spirit that is given to rulers, for which Joshua asked, and Solomon.

S. Which is signified by the Anointing at the Coronation, is it not?

A. You should explain that *incline* is not used in the present sense, be inclined to—which gives a sense of mere indolent willingness, but that it rather means 'bend to Thy will, turn her whole heart to Thy will.'

S. 'Endue.' Is that in the same sense as endue or clothe Thy ministers with righteousness in the versicle?

A. Here it is properly endow. Let them be her portion.

S. Health and wealth. I think I have read that wealth means not so much riches as weal—wellness in fact.

A. And here there is a kind of inspiration, if one may call it so, from the 21st Psalm.

S. (Comparing them). Yes, I see, the prayer treads in the lines of the Psalm. It is one that can be used most heartily for our good Queen. Then the prayer for the Royal Family?

A. It was written by Archbishop Whitgift in 1602. There had been no one whom Queen Elizabeth would recognise as heir to the throne, so it was only suggested when James I. arrived with Queen and children. Then it began 'Almighty God, which hath promised to be a Father of Thine elect, and of their seed,' but when James died, before Charles I. had any children, 'fountain of all goodness' was substituted; and though the first opening was restored for a time, Archbishop Laud preferred the present form as applicable in whatever relation the nearest kindred of the sovereign might stand to him.

S. The Americans pray for their President here?

A. Yes, and English congregations abroad introduce a petition for the rulers of the country in which they are living.

S. Then the Prayer for the Clergy and people?

A. A thoroughly ancient one, from Gelasius, and found in all the old English primers. At first it was, like the two former ones, among the Occasional Prayers, and was moved with them into its present place at the Restoration. Here it is in the original Latin form.

S. It is literal, I see in the address: 'Who alone workest great marvels.'

A. The words of the 126th Psalm, and applied to the first great marvel of the descent of God the Holy Ghost on the Day of Pentecost, and to the continual marvel of His ever quickening and renewing Presence.

S. Send down on Thy servants—why the word is Pontifices—pontiffs.

A. The word used to cover all priests, the Bishop being distinguished as *Pontifex Maximus*, so that it is translated by Bishops and Curates.

S. I don't quite see why the term curate is right here?

A. Because Curate properly means one who has the cure or care of souls. The title is meant to take in all parish priests.

S. I remember in French, the parish priest is always *le Curé*, and his assistant is *le Vicaire*.

A. Exactly so, and originally English Vicars were merely those who took the place of the Rector, especially when the rectory was held by an abbey. The American Prayer-Book has turned Curates into 'other clergy,' and it has also altered the wording of 'workest great marvels' into 'from whom cometh every great and perfect gift.' Bishop Cosins had proposed somewhat of the same wording, to gratify the Puritans, but he was overruled.

S. I am glad of it! 'The healthful spirit of Thy grace.' *Salus* means health as well as salvation, does it not?

A. Or rather it meant health first of all; you know we still use the adjective *salutary*. The terms for our religious life had to be formed, figuratively as it were, from the languages that had grown up before the Gospel, and thus the words meaning the health and saving of the body came to be applied to the soul, and healing and salvation were the same. Indeed in English, the old native words were long used in the religious sense, as they are here, though later custom has made in general, health apply to the body, and salvation to the soul.

S. And this agrees all the better with the 132nd Psalm, 'Thou shalt deck her priests with health.'

A. Salvation, the effect of the righteousness prayed for in the earlier half of the Psalm.

S. And that—in order that—they may truly please Thee, pour upon them the continual dew of Thy blessing. That is very beautiful.

A. I think the allusion is to the 133rd Psalm, where the anointing of the Great High Priest descends on all His members.

S. 'Like as the dew of Hermon that fell upon the hill of Sion, for there the Lord promised His blessing, and life for evermore.'

A. And again, Is. xviii., 4, 'Like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest.'

S.

' The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,  
It steals in silence down,  
But where it lights, the favoured place  
By richest fruits is known.'

A. Or again,

‘ The glittering grass with dew stars bright,  
Is all astir with twinkling light,  
What pity that such fair array  
In one brief hour should melt away.

But God hath given those drops a power  
To quench the heat and cheer the flower,  
All the day long their grace shall bide,  
And fresh return at evening tide.’

S. And one more.

‘ Thus day by day our youth renew,  
And freshly feed with quickening dew.’

Yes, that is the continual dew of His blessing indeed.

A. Observe, too, this freshening dew of grace is prayed for, and promised, not to the clergy alone, but to all their congregations, their gathered flocks, their charge, as the heading used to be.

S. Then there came in the Occasional Prayers and Thanksgivings.

A. We will leave them for the present and complete the form of Matins.

S. With the Prayer of St. Chrysostom and the Grace. Is it really written by the great St. John Chrysostom, the Golden Mouth, the preacher at Antioch after the sedition, and the Patriarch of Antioch, who was persecuted so cruelly by the Empress?

A. I am afraid it is only so called because it came from the Liturgy of Constantinople, which bears his name. It occurs first, however, in the Liturgy of Cæsarea, which is named after St. Basil, and seems to have been adopted from thence at Constantinople. It is not used in the Roman Church at all, but was taken directly from the original Greek, and placed at the end of the Litany, when that was arranged in 1544, so that it is a special link with the Eastern Churches. In them, however, it was a prayer in the Communion Service.

S. Was it only in the end of the Litany?

A. In the Scottish Prayer-Book it was placed as a conclusion to Matins and Evensong, and its perfect appropriateness made itself felt, so that at the Restoration it was printed in the same place in the English book.

S. It is most fit indeed. Like a great Amen, as I have heard it called.

A. Yes, and it seems to give us the means of recalling what our inattentions and wanderings may have missed. There are some points to note in it too.

S. Its being directly addressed to our Lord Himself, and pleading His promise to the two or three. Matt. xviii., 19-20.

A. A special comfort to the few who gather at daily prayers.

S. Then, with one accord, that is, altogether, and our common supplications, meaning those we all share in.



A. And how fitly are we led to ask that our petitions may be fulfilled as our Lord God sees to be most expedient—fittest for us. If we commit our way unto the Lord, and while offering up prayer for the wishes of our hearts, still say, 'Thy will be done,' then we can without such reservation ask for the two best things of all, in this world knowledge of His truth, and in the world to come life everlasting.

S. Yes, that Greek prayer is a very precious one.

A. The final blessing too came from the East. There was a blessing given at the end of Matins as in all other services; but this especial form, where the priest makes himself one with the congregation by the use of the first person plural, resembles that in the Liturgy of St. James at Jerusalem, as well as those of Antioch, Cæsarea, and Constantinople.

S. I thought it came from the last chapter of the second Epistle to the Corinthians, to where the reference is given; for communion and fellowship are the same.

A. Assuredly; but you see St. Paul gives the blessing—be with *you*. In our form the minister asks it, as one among the brethren, partly, I think, because these prayers may be led by a deacon—not exclusively by a priest.

S. I see. And so it is constantly used in family prayers.

A. Most fitly. And you see it has that essential point in a true blessing, that it is in the name of the Holy Trinity. Even the High Priest's blessing, taught to him before the full revelation, gave the threefold invocation (Numbers vi., 24, 25, 26), and this Christian benediction more fully draws out the special blessings we crave from the Three in One and One in Three.

## OUR EVENING OUTLOOK.

## IV.

## THE MORNING AND EVENING STARS.

‘ Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken.  
 Worlds His mighty voice obeyed :  
 Laws which never shall be broken  
 For their guidance He hath made.’

HAVE you ever watched a sunset, for a little while after the sun had sunk to rest? And have you not noticed that while you were looking at the fading colours, a bright particular star had appeared close to the place whence the sun had vanished? None ever saw that star appear,—we are looking for it—and lo! it is there.

‘ Who ever saw the earliest rose  
 First open her sweet breast?  
 Or when the summer sun goes down,  
 The first soft star in evening’s crown  
 Light up her gleaming crest?’

We are accustomed to call this ‘the Evening Star.’ Those of us who are up before the sun have similarly seen the Morning Star, which old hymns compare to St. John the Baptist, whose light must decrease as his Lord’s increased.

And yet these are not fixed stars, but planets. It is a great interest to children to pick out planets by their steady light, from the twinkling stars. But, sad to say, many children grow up, without taking in—probably because they have never been taught—that the planets alone change places with regard to other stars. And there are those who have not realised that the real great difference is that stars are suns, shining by their own light; planets being worlds, more or less like ours, shining by reflected light. We must remember that though the only planets we can see are those that travel round our own sun, yet no doubt each star has its own planet family. Indeed, when we find how dim are some of the so-called ‘companions’ to bright stars, and notice how bright a light Jupiter gives, beyond what we can suppose he reflects, we are led to the question whether all suns may not be young worlds, whether Jupiter, and possibly other planets, are not old worn-out suns.

When any planet, as seen from the earth, is a little to the west of the sun, and so rises first, we call it a morning star. When it is a little to the east, and sets later, it is an evening star. Thus any planet may in turn be an evening or morning star, and there may be

more than one at a time. It is a beautiful idea that at the Creation all the planets were together in a group as morning stars, and are referred to in Job: 'Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth . . . when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.' But whereas most of the planets may appear in any part of the heavens that is not far from the Zodiac (or sun's path), the two inferior planets, Mercury and Venus, are never seen except as morning or evening stars. Even Venus can never be visible for more than three hours after sunset, and rarely that. Mercury is seen as a tiny star, close to the sun, and so lost in his beams as to appear to twinkle—hence he was called 'the Twinkler.' Many persons have never seen Mercury with the naked eye. Copernicus never saw him at all; the vapours on the horizon, close to which he must necessarily be looked for, are most unfavourable in many latitudes.

Venus is far the brightest of all the planets, and on a fine night is like a little moon—indeed, her light is ten times as bright as any moonbeam, therefore, as she has about twice as bright sunlight to reflect, it follows she must have five times the reflecting power that the moon has. Probably her light is reflected from sunlit clouds, which form an excellent reflecting surface. We must not suppose that we see her best when she shows her full disc, for being in opposition, she is five and a half times less in diameter, than when in conjunction. But when she is at her largest and nearest, she is only a crescent, therefore we get our brightest light from her at neither time. She is at her brightest when a quarter illuminated. She will be capitally placed for observation in January, 1886, and may, in favourable weather, be seen by daylight. Indeed this was possible during the June of this year. Æneas is said to have thus seen the planet on his voyage, which perhaps is the foundation of the story of the appearance of his goddess-mother in the Æneid. In the year 1797, Buonaparte found a crowd watching the planet in broad daylight, and was quite jealous that their attention was for the moment diverted from himself—happily some one suggested it shone in honour of his conquests, or he might have shed tears, like Alexander, at the thought of a world that was not subject to him.

Among the ancients, Mercury and Venus had each two names, one as morning, and the other as evening star. When they saw Mercury shining in the dim twilight so favourable to thieves, they called him Mercury; and they considered the special talents of thieves were inspired by a divinity, whom they also called Mercury, and it is doubtful which was named first, the star or the god. Mercury also made men eloquent, and on this account the men of Lystra called St. Paul, Mercurius. But when the planet reached the sun, and passing before him, was lost in his beams for a few days, and then appeared on the other side as a morning star, those old astronomers, not recognising him, gave him the name of Apollo, the God of the Sun. For the

same reasons, Venus was Hesperus, or Vesper, as an evening star, and Lucifer, the Light-bearer, when she was a morning star. When it was known to be the same planet, she was dedicated to Venus.

For 'Venus loves the whispers  
Of plighted youth and maid,  
In April's ivory moonlight,  
Beneath the chestnut shade.'

This planet was a special favourite with those who adored the host of Heaven; and the worship of Ashtoreth was an instance of it. She was represented wearing a crescent, and was called the 'two-horned goddess,' so it is nearly certain the ancients knew of her crescent form, which good observers can see in the clear Eastern air to this day.

Of the four earth-like planets, the earth is rather the largest, and Mercury a good deal the smallest, his diameter not being half that of the earth. Venus is nearly the same size as the earth. Even the telescope does not reveal much to us of these planets, on account of their proximity to the sun, and Venus is especially hard to measure on account of her extreme brightness. It is believed that her axis is very much inclined to the plane of her orbit, which, as we shall see, influences her seasons considerably.

Mercury and Venus have days about the same length as ours—Mercury's being five minutes longer, and Venus' rather more than half-an-hour shorter; but Mercury's year is a very short one, not quite eighty-eight of our days, so that he has four years to one of ours. But though eighty-eight days is the period of one revolution of Mercury in its orbit, its apparent, or, as it is called, *synodical* period, with regard to the earth, is about 116 days. For its own proper motion is rendered complex by the fact that we are also travelling on at the same time—the effect is very curious, and makes the *apparent* path of Mercury a succession of looped curves among the fixed stars, thus:—First, we see the planet make a rapid progressive journey in a large curve from west to east, occupying nearly two months, then it seems stationary for a few days. Secondly, it retrogrades slowly in a smaller curve, moving apparently from east to west among the stars for nearly two months more. It is rather hard to understand this apparent path without a drawing. But take a ball of knitting cotton and unwind it, let it lie near the edge of a small round table, taking care to make three loops in one revolution, and you have Mercury's apparent path around the heavens for a year. If you continue this series make the first of the three curves for the next year lie slightly before the first of the preceding year and so on. If this were done three or four times for three or four years in different coloured wool for each round, you would see how very complex is the apparent annual path of Mercury, and you would also easily see how at the end of the retrograde curve he crosses his former track, and once more bounds on rapidly among the stars. *Mutatis mutandis*, much the same

may be said of the *apparent* annual paths of all the planets. The *real* annual path of Mercury is as simple as the earth's and is an ellipse. It is easy to remember that Mercury's orbit is the most elliptical of all the planets (except some of the minor ones) and Venus' the most nearly circular of all. Of course these planets are the only two which can appear as crescents, being the only two which can pass between us and the sun. Venus' year is 224 of our days, and thirteen of her years just equal eight of ours.

Is there any life in the planets? Do any living creatures people them? and are there any rational beings among them? What would we not give for that knowledge, and yet it is highly improbable that we shall ever know—

‘ God has His mysteries of grace,  
Ways that we cannot tell.’

and He has also His mysteries of nature. Yet surely the clouds of Venus must water vegetable life of some kind, which in turn can hardly be imagined not to support some forms of animal existence. Let us imagine what life in Venus would be like, if a party of us could travel to a place there on the same latitude as London. We can breathe comfortably, for Venus has a very pleasant atmosphere, but look up between the clouds and see that glorious sun, twice the size he seemed here, pouring down double the light and heat we got on earth. But wait a bit, and owing to the much greater slope of the axis, our London is turned so much from the sun as to experience a winter with perpetual night, like earth's arctic regions. Secondly, after a few rapid spring days comes a summer with the sun overhead at noon though setting at night, as in our tropics, only twice as hot. Thirdly, the sun passing further north (as he never can in England), circles round the Pole as in an Arctic summer, without setting. Lastly, comes a third summer, when the sun, returning from the north, is again overhead, before it passes south, leaving the north to the cold dark winter, which must be sorely needed after three summers in one year!

Mr. Proctor, in his *Expanse of Heaven*, remarks: ‘If there is a London on Venus, the Londoners must be of singularly strong constitutions. It is thought a trying change for the ordinary Londoner to visit the hotter regions of the tropical zone; and it is an even more trying change for him to penetrate within the Arctic regions. But to have a summer twice as hot as our hottest torrid weather, a cold as extreme as our Arctic winters, succeeding each other at intervals of four months, would certainly kill in a year or two the hardiest specimens of the hardiest races of mankind.’

We may perhaps find a retreat for part of the summers on the top of the magnificent mountain-ranges. Schröter reckons some at twenty-seven miles high, but we must receive this with caution. As the atmosphere of Venus extends to a great height, no doubt we

could breathe there. Climbing the mountains would not be quite such a feat as Alpine climbing, for we should be much lighter there, and able to jump higher, and perhaps should bound easily up the great boulders. The reason of this is, that as Venus is not as dense as the earth, gravity is not as strong. If an earthly grocer had been of our company, and if he set up shop with his tea and sugar in half-pound packets, weighed on earth, supposing the Venus weights were made to *feel* as heavy as ours, he must add two ounces more to each packet to make it weight there—rather an expensive process for him!

We have all heard a good deal of late years about transits of Venus. One took place December 9th, 1874, and another December 6th, 1882. It was more than a century since there had been a transit, and there will not be another till A.D. 2004. A transit of Venus simply means that in passing between us and the sun, she is sometimes seen to pass over the sun's face, in a direct line between us and him. There would, of course, be a transit every time she does so, i.e., every 584 days if she travelled in the same plane as ourselves. But as her orbit is tilted with regard to ours she is nearly always above or below our path. Two children playing at ball between a looker-on and a lamp, may throw it a hundred times without its exactly crossing between him and the lamp. It passes too high or too low for a transit. Only once in about a century and a quarter there comes a pair of transits, the reason of the *pair* being that as thirteen annual revolutions of Venus and five of her synodical periods (i.e., periods when she passes between the earth and sun), are about equal to eight of our years, therefore in eight years all the positions are the same with a slight difference, which is just enough to prevent a third transit after eight years more, and also now and then to prevent even a second transit in the century.

Transits of Mercury are more frequent than those of Venus, but being of less use we hear less about them. For transits of Venus are one of the very best means we know for calculating the true distance of the sun, and as they occur so seldom, a great deal of trouble is taken to observe them. A transit only lasts from six to eight hours altogether, so that it can only be seen where the sun is visible during that time. The transit of 1874 was invisible at Greenwich, for it happened before our sunrise; that of 1882 was partly visible, but the sun set on that early winter day with Venus still on his disc, weather having hindered English observations very much.

But so important is it to observe it from places as far distant as possible from each other, that ships are fitted out and sent to whichever pole is having summer, to distant seas and islands, provided with the best instruments, the most perfect chronometers, and above all, with photographers to take likenesses of the sun, with little black Venus travelling across his disc. The French say, that in England we photograph the sun whenever we see him, lest we should forget what he is like; but in a transit everyone recognises the necessity.

I have now before me a photograph, taken at Cape Town, of the Transit of 1874, where as the sun rose on the 9th of December, the planet was seen, about to leave the sun's face. A flat white circle, and a black dot, that is all! Yet thousands of pounds are freely spent by Governments and private persons; dangers are faced, and inconveniences cheerfully borne, that we may gain a little more accurate knowledge of the distances of the sun and planets. And it is well, for since truth is God's gift, all that helps us towards it is wise and good.

Most edifying are the histories of the patience of men of science since first the young Lancashire astronomer, Horrocks, in 1639, watched a transit of Venus. He could not observe it the whole time, for he went twice to church, as the day was Sunday. Then in 1761 there was an unfortunate French astronomer, Le Gentil, who started nearly a year before for Pondicherry; after many delays, from war and calms, he reached the coast just in time, but finding the English were in possession, the French frigate sailed off, with the unlucky astronomer; the transit happened while he was at sea, and could make no trustworthy calculations. Determined, however, that neither the perils of the sea, nor the chances of war, should hinder him in 1769, he went back and waited the eight years in Pondicherry. Poor patient Le Gentil! the day came, the sun was hidden by clouds, and as far as transits were concerned, all his perseverance was thrown away. Verily, 'the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.'

One word should be added on the mysterious satellite sometimes given to Venus. Mr. Houzeau has lately told us that such an object has altogether been recorded seven times, and that it has been seen twice this year; once apparently in transit across the planet. He suggests that this is not a satellite, but a tiny planet travelling in a similar orbit with Venus, and coming close to her about every fifth revolution of Venus. He proposes to name this phantom-like planet after the mysterious goddess Neith—the veiled deity of Sais.

Bog-Oak.

In 'Our Evening Outlook' for September, 1884, a small mistake occurs in the footnote, p. 271. Instead of 'orange and yellow,' it should be '*orange yellow*,' i.e., yellow inclining to orange.

Bog-Oak.

---



## CHARACTER.

## IV.

HERE it seems to me probable that some of the readers of these papers will turn round and say, 'There are surely many other things in goodness besides love, or anything that can be fairly called giving. There is courage, truth, self-restraint, conscientiousness, reverence, purity. Do you leave all these out of your definition of goodness?'

Certainly not. Just as the revelation of God as Perfect Law comes before the revelation of Him as Perfect Love, so human beings have to learn obedience to Law before they learn obedience to Love. Look at the ladder of Christian perfection which St. Peter gives us, which rises up to Love as its highest point; it does not begin with love, it rises to it: and the first step of all is Virtue. 'Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge self-restraint, and to self-restraint piety, and to piety love of the brethren, and to love of the brethren Love.'

Virtue—that is, as Professor Westcott remarks, 'something which may be rightly taken to describe the excellence of man as man. Heathen philosophers had drawn a noble ideal of what man ought to be. The Gospel—the Truth furnished the power by which the ideal could be wrought out by all. The first stage in the spiritual life is the fulfilment of the natural type of virtue.'

These qualities of which we have spoken, which do not seem to come into the region of giving, either to man or to God, seem to be well expressed by the term *virtue*. They can be and have been cultivated by people who have never realised the Gospel of Giving at all; and therefore they have at times been undervalued by those who have seen the beauty of the life of Giving, and have been neglected in consequence, much to the detriment of the beauty of the Christian character.

The ancient philosophers, who fully realised the importance of controlling the instincts of the animal nature which are harmful to others or to ourselves, and of raising ourselves to that condition in which we can acquire what is called self-respect, divided the quality of Virtue into four heads: Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance. If under Justice we include Truth, to which it is in many respects allied, and understand the spirit of Fairness as its best expression, we get here a group of what we may call the self-respecting virtues. We cannot fall short, obviously, of prudence, or of fairness, or of courage or of self-control, without losing our own self-respect:

unless, unfortunately, our standard has become perverted, and we think it pretty or interesting to seem silly, or cowardly, or prejudiced. These qualities are not so persistently dwelt upon in the teaching of the New Testament as the virtue of Giving, because they were already recognised as virtues, not only among Jews, but among heathen also: and as the Christian Revelation is that of the Gospel of Giving, it is natural that it should not dwell so much on what was acknowledged already as on the new moral truth it was given to reveal.

The fact that they are not so strongly dwelt upon as the others in the New Testament has caused Christian people sometimes to undervalue them; but experience shows us that they cannot be neglected without very great loss. A man perfectly possessed by the Spirit of Giving might not need them; but Virtue, in St. Peter's sense, is a training towards the Spirit of Giving, and until we are perfectly possessed by the Spirit of Giving (as who is upon this earth?) we cannot do without the discipline of obedience to Duty, which is Virtue. Virtue is like the pedestal on which the beautiful statue of the Divine likeness in man must be raised, and if it is set up without its pedestal it will lose half its beauty and the grandeur of its proportions. If a man possesses good sense, truth and fairness, courage, and self-restraint, and upon that base builds up the great Christian virtue of giving, there is no saying to what height he may not rise; while if he is untrue, or unwise, or unfair or cowardly or uncontrolled in words or deeds, all his attainment and appreciation of the spirit of sacrifice and devotion will not save him from committing terrible mistakes and doing grievous harm as well as good. On the other hand, if a man possesses Virtue and nothing else, he will still be a worthy and useful member of society, and leave the world better than he found it, though he may never attain to the conscious joy of the Divine Life.\*

It is perhaps partly because these virtues are recognised alike by Christians and non-Christians that many Christian people have been inclined to undervalue them. But if, as we believe, God is Goodness, all these virtues as well as the more distinctly Christian ones, come from Him, and we cannot grow like Him who is perfect Wisdom, perfect Justice, perfect Truth, without trying to cultivate in ourselves *everything* which we recognise as good. There is to some people a sense of chillness about these virtues; they seem to refer to ourselves more than to other people; but if we think of them rightly, we see that we are bound to cultivate them for the sake of others as much as of ourselves. Not only for the direct result which they produce upon those among whom we live and work, though this is an exceedingly important one; but also because they are necessary to worthiness of character; and if we have not some degree of worthiness of character, we have nothing worth giving, either to God or man. The Spirit of

\* Miss Edgeworth's educational works are most admirably adapted to show both the excellences and the limitations of the ideal of the self-respecting virtues.

Giving—the Divine impulse—impels us to give : but we want to have something within us *worth* giving ; some store of the Divine Life within our souls on which to draw for the good of others ; and this worthiness we cannot attain unless we have ‘added to our faith virtue.’

In saying this there is no contradiction to the words of so many of our Collects, which tell us again and again that ‘we are not able of ourselves to help ourselves,’ for these virtues are God’s gift to us in the first place—sparks from the Divine light in the emptiness of our souls, and His also is the grace by which our will is moulded to cultivate them in ourselves. All goodness is from Him ; yet still we must keep before our eyes that moral worthiness, or virtue, is an essential part of goodness, and that we must not overlook its necessity, even though there may be other and more attractive forms of goodness which seem to bring us more directly into conscious communication with God.

The cultivation of what we here speak of as Virtue means bringing our souls under discipline, and for this cause it is most necessary that it should be the first thing we aim at in the training of children. Whatever else we may arrive at in later life, it is essential that we should learn to make ourselves speak, act and think in a manner that is not easy to us by nature, simply because it is right. In the virtues of Giving the emotions are more vividly stirred ; we cannot give from our hearts, either to God or man, without feeling, at least at times, a glow of warmth or a hush of peace ; but in the cultivation of Prudence, Justice, Courage, and Self-restraint, there is no emotional reward. We have to learn to ‘follow Right in the scorn of recompense.’ And if we do not learn this young, we repent it all our lives. If we watch people in whose training these virtues have been neglected for others in which the emotions act more perceptibly, we often find a want of moral stamina. Sometimes, especially in the case of girls and women, who do not have the necessity for these virtues impressed upon them as boys and men have by the exigencies of life, it is not uncommon to find a devotional and self-sacrificing nature, which yet treats good sense with contempt, glories in prejudice, and frankly avows its own cowardice as an innocent and rather interesting failing. Naturally the goodness of such a person is weak and one-sided, and not of a nature to inspire respect ; and the result too often is, that people who see the distinctively Christian virtues thus cultivated, and those which are not distinctively Christian neglected, take this as the teaching of Christianity, and turn away from it to that of non-Christians, either of ancient or modern times, as more manly and worthy in its effect on the life of its professors.

Virtue, then, is the necessary foundation for the superstructure of the spirit of Giving ; and though it is the first thing to be ‘added to our faith,’ it is not by any means so easy of cultivation that we can say at any period of our lives that we have acquired it, and may dismiss

it from our minds. Think what the attitude of mind is that it requires (remembering, as we said before, that we are discussing *qualities*) not actions, being, not doing—which must exist in our souls apart from any special opportunity of exercising them, though of course it is only the opportunities of exercise which can prove to ourselves and to others how far we have attained them.

Take for instance, Truth and Justice. In our present sense, these do not mean simply truth in word and action, or abstinence from taking unfair advantages; but the quality of soul which strives to see facts as they are, and to divest ourselves of all bias in favour of ourselves and our own ideas, compared with those that are not our own: looking, as St. Paul says, not only on our own things, but also on the things of others.\* Who can say that he is perfectly fair in all his thoughts? and yet, if, as we believe, God is perfect Justice, how else can we try to grow like Him except by acquiring this virtue? And yet it is not unusual to find it overlooked in the practical aims of the Christian Life.

Then there is the quality which the Ancients called Prudence, which in its rudimentary stage we call Good Sense, but which, when joined with the virtues of Giving, becomes Wisdom. This needs the two qualities, both of which require cultivation, though some have them by nature more than others: Observation or Watchfulness, and Humility. We need observation, because unless we keep our eyes open to watch the complex arrangements of the characters and circumstances among which we are thrown, their effect on us and ours on them, and study the results, we shall never be able to act wisely without producing unnecessary irritation and disturbances. We need humility, because, if we estimate ourselves and our own importance at more than their proper value, we shall prevent ourselves from observing truly, just as we cannot see accurately through a piece of blurred glass. Yet how few of us look upon Good Sense, or even Wisdom, as a virtue which we must train ourselves to attain like any other virtue! and all the time it is one of the most familiar forms of our religious phraseology to speak of 'the Only Wise God.'

In speaking of Courage, it is a truism to say that we must not confuse animal courage with the courage of endurance, which can be attained by those who have no animal courage at all. But the courage that I think we ought to cultivate, as a *quality* apart from the occasion of its exercise, is not so much uncomplainingness, which perhaps comes more properly under another head, as gallantry of heart. We cannot say that we have courage equal to that shown in many well-known examples of pagan history, unless we have cultivated a disregard of possible consequences to ourselves, and have got into the habit of looking possibilities of pain, trouble, or death steadily in

\* The spirit which is open to see the claims of others upon us, whether we like them or not, comes under this head, thus comprising a large part of what we call *dutifulness*.

the face without feeling that the world and all its interests would come to an end if we were called upon to face them. Otherwise the softness and luxury of modern civilisation, and the susceptibility of the imagination and the nerves in the present day, have a strong tendency to make us cowards; and a spirit of cowardice means paralysis of usefulness, and much needless suffering, even if the spirit of sacrifice proves strong enough at some supreme moment to make us ashamed not to face the danger.

The last of these foundation qualities is Self-restraint,\* and here again we remember that we are not now talking of special *acts* of self-restraint, but of the spirit of self-restraint; the spirit which makes us keep ourselves in hand: which does not let us become too eager in pursuit of any object, however personally attractive it may be: which prevents us, in fact, from letting our emotions, whether of desire, fear, or anger, carry us beyond the control of our will and our reason. Self-restraint of action is necessitated by our place in the world as members of a civilised society: but we are apt to stop at restraint of outward acts and words, and to forget that if we are to *be* as well as to *do* we want the inward principle also, which makes us hold ourselves so well in hand when no temptation occurs, that no occurrence, however sudden, can sweep it away.

The qualities, then, which Virtue requires us to possess—taking the word in St. Peter's sense, as the foundation on which Christian graces are to be built,—are: Truth and Justice, including absolute fairness and freedom from bias in favour of ourselves, desire to see facts as accurately as possible, and response to rightful claims upon us: Prudence, including Watchfulness and Humility: Courage, including that attitude of soul which does not shrink from the contemplation of future possible pain or danger: and Self-restraint, not only of action or word under temptation, but of spirit when the temptation is not present. These qualities are not easy to attain, but we must keep them well before our eyes as objects to be aimed at, or we shall never rise to the full height which God has set before us as possible even in this life.

\* St. Peter places temperance as a separate quality in his ascending ladder of virtues: but probably he refers to the control of enthusiasm, since the ordinary quality of self-restraint is undoubtedly pre-supposed in what we understand by virtue.

## Spider Subjects.

---

### SPIDER ANSWERS.

ARACHNE is sorry to say that from some accident, the histories of *Margaret Plantagenet* were mislaid during her absence from home, so that she can only refer to her notes, and say that *J. M. B.* was best, *A Bee* very good, *Clover* rather confused. In the *Rainy Day*, the Spiders will be glad to meet their old friend Julia Mortimer as edited by *Money Spinner*, giving a wet day at the Lakes, while *Grasshopper* supplies a Wet Day at Home. *Muffin Man*, *Clover*, and *F. M. M.*, also answered. *Kitten* in verse.

---

### SPIDER QUESTION.

‘What is to be said in favour of a wet day indoors?’

I can imagine that, to many people, the good points of a wet day seem few and far between, almost reduced indeed to these two:—first, that it is a splendid opportunity for acquiring an equable temper; secondly, that it is frequently a good thing for the crops.

But, I must confess to being in what, I fancy, is a very small minority, the minority that can enjoy a rainy day, provided it does not interfere with picnics or tennis parties, and can indeed prefer it to the hot weather which makes the ‘*dolce far niente*’ more pleasant than it ought to be.

Now, I think that there can be not only much pleasure, but even much usefulness, in that dreary weather, when the little children count the rolling drops on the window-pane, and the puddles in the garden threaten to inundate the dining-room. And to begin with, this latter threat, is not without good results if it causes anxious house-keepers to pull up the dusty carpets and move the piano, behind which the spiders would otherwise have spun their cobwebs till the next spring cleaning.

Or, let us take for granted that our houses are all on a hill, that floods are unknown, even in the cellar. I am certain that, as much in these dry quarters as in damper ones, every inmate has many little duties which, being neither pressing nor agreeable, have been put off till there was plenty of spare time. And on the wet day the spare time comes. Those who map out their hours with the precision of a national school, leave free the space which is set apart for exercise; those who have merely a certain amount of daily work to do, finish it earlier than usual; those who are accustomed to idle away all their indoor moments, find that a whole day spent in this fashion would become intolerable.

So the desk which is full of unanswered letters is opened, the



drawer where both gloves of a pair can never be found, is arranged, the songs which are coming to pieces are pasted at the back, and the new doll has at last a better garment than folds of tissue paper.

But supposing the rain to continue, as it does sometimes in Scotland, and at those Welsh country seats where the tennis-ground seems never dry; supposing it to rain till there are no more letters to write, no more drawers to tidy, no more songs to mend, and no more dolls to dress? I do not see the least necessity for a gloomy face, even then. There is now an excellent opening for sliding out of the grooves in which we are all apt to become fixed by habit. We have no longer sufficient occupations to fill up the day, then let us widen our minds and interests by seeking fresh ones.

What these will be must of course depend upon every separate taste. Those of us who are conscious of a fair amount of brains, and take real pleasure in study, can easily find some path of knowledge either untrodden by us altogether, or but imperfectly explored.

The boy who has a scientific bent can commence the experiments of which he has often dreamed; the girl who is inventive can work out her new design, try her hand at modelling, or manufacture a doll's house for some village invalid. Those who have the tasteful hands, so often denied to quicker heads, can seek a thousand little ways of making their belongings more artistic, more in harmony with that sense of beauty which ought to flow from every cultured soul and make all around it fair.

But let us imagine the work of the day to be so truly work that no more exertion must be asked in the much needed recreation hour. Is there a word to be pleaded for the wet day then? Yes, I think there is. There are other relaxations quite as complete as either cricket, tennis, or a walk on the sea-cliffs. What we lose in the fresh air we gain in the change, jerking us suddenly out of the daily round that would soon become monotony. How we rejoiced in the wet days at school, when a veto was put on walks, despite all ulsters and umbrellas; when we sat round the fire telling stories, or moved the long tables for a dance or impromptu charade! I think the waltzes and the acting cleared the cobwebs from our brains quite as fully as the daily walk on the King's Road, or into the most uncountrified country.

And what should we do if the weather were always fine? How the accumulation of odd jobs would go on increasing at the rate of the National Debt! How some of us would plod on in a never-varying routine till we were wedded to our daily path like the 'wooden' horses of a riding-school! Besides, how should we value the sunshine and the fresh out-door breezes were they always to be had at will? We are an ungrateful set of people, hard in some things, as Ovid tells us, as the stones of Pyrrha and Deucalion; and we always seem to imagine such bounty as is never withheld from us to be indeed our right. And so I would say, finally, that the rainy day which keeps us prisoners at home, does us this good, that it leads us to look on the good things of the weather as gifts and not possessions; and grants us this pleasure, that it makes more bright by contrast the sunshine of the first unclouded morrow.

— GRASSHOPPER.



North Wales, August, 1884.

MY DEAR FLOSS,

Down comes the rain, alas, alas! 'tis good no doubt for roots and grass; but when it pours as if from pails, 'tis bad for wanderers in Wales. You see it makes me poetical—which is better than cross—but, as you are aware, I always did make the best of what could not be helped, and I am happy to say my boys follow my example—and improve upon it, for Fred is much too thoroughly his father's son to give in to such squabbling as we used to indulge in on occasion. Not that there is any great merit in abstaining when you have only an adoring little brother seven years younger than yourself to deal with (for Bert is absorbed in a book, which I won't allow on fine days); but still I feel sure Fred would look quite as shocked and surprised as his father did before him twenty-two years ago, if he could hear us all jangling in the good old way on a wet day. Dear me! I should like a good wet day squabble again! It's slightly tame to hear Fred and Charlie going on so amicably over their contrivances for fishing in the river. They have just announced they are quite glad of a wet day to give them time to perfect their invention. Old Fred seems equally glad of the opportunity of getting his letters written—and, to say nothing of *my* important correspondence having a chance. I must say I am not sorry he should have a rest from mountain-climbing. I don't approve of people coming in so done for that they go to sleep on the sofa, and can't eat any supper—though of course *he* says it was all the thunder in the air. I wish you were here. Can't you make Charlotte send Arthur? I am sure his patients would be glad to get rid of him, and it would do Fred twice the good if he had him to shake out of his groovy old ways. I wonder what you are about to-day. If you have this 'nice rain' I know how you are rejoicing in the opportunity of tidying drawers that are already so painfully tidy that a glance from a poor creature like me would disarrange them, or else of making a store of caps that will last mother till Christmas, or doing some long dull piece of work that you have been too busy districting, or gardening, or Charlotte-petting, or Baby-spoiling to touch for weeks. *You* don't know the delights of a novel on a wet day! Not you! Oh! if we could but rout you out as we used in old times, to come and have athletic sports or all-round battledore in the hall, what a world of good it would do you! Well, if I was a pattern wife, which I am not, I should take this opportunity of sewing on the buttons and darning the socks of the family. If I had a daughter, wouldn't I teach her (by precept) to turn wet days to account in that manner.

What a loss the public had when I left the old Essay Society! I feel it in me to write *such* an essay on wet days. How they bring out character and show which are the poor creatures at the mercy of circumstances who can only grumble and smoke (if they are 'he's') and grumble and dawdle (if they are 'she's'), and which rise above circumstances (like myself and my respected spouse), who find something to do even in a lodging when their picnic plans are knocked on the head; and what a good thing it is to have a thing like the weather, to show us how uncertain our plans are, and teach us to take the upsetting of them cheerfully. And then, how nice and cosy indoors feels when the rain is beating against the windows, and one can reflect either how much good it is doing—or how much harm—and we are

safe out of it, and—oh! dear me! loads of things if I could think of them. But I do believe it is stopping—and I have just discovered that *that* Fred, whom I believed to be deep in the business of Mortimer and Sons, has been using the wet day to malign his wife, and write a scandalous account to mother of heaps of things that never dreamt of happening. Do please guard against its becoming a family myth that I asked whether Dim Saeseneg was a mountain or a waterfall. I did no such thing—it was only that I did not catch what the woman said. Well, they are all clamouring to go and see the waterfalls after the rain, and I suppose I must go too, to keep them out of mischief. I meant to have told you ever so much about our doings, but my pen ran away. Don't believe a word of Fred's letter.

Your very affectionate sister,

JULIA MORTIMER.

MONEY SPINNER.

#### THE LIFE OF MARGARET PLANTAGENET, COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

MY DEAR A.,

I am sorry to say I can give you very little further information as to the life of Margaret Plantagenet, even though I have, as you say, access to a first-rate library; but none of the books into which I have dived give more than a cursory notice of her.

You are right in supposing her to have been the daughter of George Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward the Fourth, who married Isabel, daughter of the great Earl of Warwick.

Margaret must have been born in France, in the year 1469, for it was at Amboise that her parents lived during the first years of their married life, and her only brother, Edward, had been born during their stormy crossing to that country.

How long they remained in France I cannot find out; but probably they returned to England after the battle of Barnet, 1471.

Margaret's mother died in 1476, or 1477, and her father was put to death by his brother in 1478.

What became of their hapless orphans I cannot tell; but when their aunt, Anne of Warwick, became the Queen of Richard the Third, she lived a great deal at Warwick Castle, which of course then belonged to the young Earl Edward, Margaret's brother, and she is said to have treated him with great kindness, and all due honour, even inducing her husband to proclaim him his heir after the death of his own son, Prince Edward, 1484.

Though it is mere supposition on my part, I think it is most probable that Margaret was also living under the care of her aunt, and that at the death of the Queen she accompanied her brother to Sheriff Hutton, one of the chief baronial residences of the Earl of Warwick, where he was detained in custody as a state prisoner, and to which place was also sent Princess Elizabeth of York, afterwards Queen of Henry VII.

Most of this you will find in Miss Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England*; but she does not mention the date of Margaret's marriage with Sir Richard Polo, a Welsh gentleman, Knight of the Garter, and Lord Chamberlain to the Queen.

The acquaintance formed at Sheriff Hutton between Queen Eliza-

beth and Margaret, may have been the cause of her being attached to the Court, and subsequently contracting a marriage with Sir Richard Pole.

Owing to the insurrections caused by the pretensions of Perkin Warbeck and Lambert Simnel, Margaret's unfortunate brother, Edward, was removed to the Tower in 1485, and though apparently half an idiot from his long confinement, was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1499.

On the marriage of Prince Arthur with Catherine of Aragon, Sir Richard Pole and his wife were attached to their household, and went with them to Ludlow, where the Prince held his Court as Governor of Wales.

Catherine of Aragon seems to have become very devoted to Margaret, who continued in her household during her widowhood, and even after her second marriage with Henry VIII., who, in 1513, created Margaret Countess of Salisbury. In 1515 Princess Mary was born and was entrusted to her care. The nursery establishment of this little Princess was stationed at Ditton Park, Buckinghamshire, or at Hamworth, and the Countess of Salisbury was State Governess and head of the household.

In 1525 Mary, as Princess of Wales, was sent to Ludlow to hold a miniature Court, where she lived for eighteen months. According to most historians, an attachment seems to have sprung up between Mary and Reginald Pole, third son of Margaret, and the union is said to have been much wished for by Catherine, but Reginald having been educated for the Church, withdrew himself into the Carthusian convent, but neither took orders nor vows, but subsequently finding that Henry was angry with him for opposing his divorce, left England. After the divorce of Catherine, Lady Salisbury, who had been like a second mother to Mary, was still allowed to remain as her protectress, though she must have been troubled and anxious on account of the opposition of her sons to the King's divorce. After the birth of the Princess Elizabeth they returned to Beaulieu, and shortly after, upon the degradation of Mary from the rank of Princess, the whole household was dispersed in 1535, and even the Lady Salisbury dismissed. In 1538 the Earl of Montague, Margaret's eldest son, was attainted for treason and beheaded, and in the following year Margaret was herself also attainted, the charges against her being that Romish Bulls were found in her castle at Coudray, and that she maintained communication with her son Reginald through the parson at Warblington, and that she forbade her tenants to read the New Testament in English.

She was imprisoned in the Tower and deprived of all her personal property, being indebted to the kindness of Catherine, who provided her with warm clothing.

In 1541 Henry, believing her to be concerned in a fresh Catholic insurrection under Sir John Nevil, ordered her execution. On the scaffold she exhibited the brave spirit of the Plantagenets, of which race she was the last representative.

Shaking her grey locks at the executioner, she refused to lay her head on the block, saying that was for traitors of which she was none, and bidding him take it off as best he could. He pursued her with fruitless blows, till seizing her by her hair he dragged her to the block and put an end to her sufferings.

This is all the information I am able to give you about the sad and

stormy life of this unfortunate Princess, and I am afraid it will be of but little use to you in writing your Spider question.

Yours sincerely,  
'A BEE.'

---

### SPIDER QUESTIONS.

Women have been lately said not to understand what humour means?—Will the Spiders define Wit and Humour, with Specimens? Give an account of the Goddess Pallas Athene or Minerva.

---

### BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Vertumnus has received thirteen parcels, but from press of work must delay his remarks.

## Notices to Correspondents.

### ANSWERS.

*Judith*.—The best translation of *Sintram* was published by Burns in 1842. It was a small book, price probably 2s. 6d. Hare's translation has lately been republished by Seeley, with illustrations by Mr. Heywood Sumner, and is a handsome book, somewhat expensive, the poetry more literal, but much less graceful.

*Judith* asks the author of

'Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,  
In the strife of truth and falsehood for the good or evil side.'

\* \* \* \* \*  
And the choice goes by for ever, 'twixt that darkness and that light.'

*Priscilla*.—The origin of sending to Coventry is said to be this. Coventry was a garrison town, where the soldiers were such libertines that any woman seen speaking to one was socially boycotted. Consequently, being sent to Coventry implied to a soldier the loss of society.

R. F. L.

*Maud* would be much obliged to 'Vertumnus' if he could tell her the name of the red flower which grows in such profusion on the walls of Conway Castle. *Maud* saw the flower when passing Conway Castle in the train, in the month of August.

Probably *Valeriana Rubra*—Red valerian.—[ED.]

*Priscilla*.—

'When late I attempted your pity to move,  
Why seem'd you so deaf to my prayers?  
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,  
But why did you kick me down stairs?'

will be found in an old comedy in three acts, called 'The Panel,' in act 1, scene 1. Grocott, in his *Index of Quotations Ancient and Modern*, says it is by an anonymous author, but in Dicks' penny edition of the play and in two other Dictionaries of Quotations, the author is said to be J. P. Kemble.

C. A. B.

R. F. L. gives this origin, but adds that it is stolen from Bickerstaffe's 'It's Well it's no Worse.'

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For *Mission to Chinese Ladies*: Mrs. Davidson, Dallas, N. B., 5s. 3d.; 'No. 187 India's Women,' 1s.; Mrs. A. Leckey, 5s.; Collection after small drawing-room meeting at F. C. Manse, Dallas, N.B., 18s. 10d.; Dr. Dickson, 2s.; Miss Harper, 2s.; Anonymous, 1s.; Mrs. S. Beckett, 1s.; Mrs. Peckham, 1s.; Miss E. Beckett, 1s.; Miss A. Beckett, 1s.; Miss Kate B. Neelson, 2s.; Collecting Card 466, 2s. 6d.; Miss L. Ward, by Mrs. Greer, £1; Miss H. M. Greer, by Mrs. Greer, 10s.; Mrs. Nurman (by), 12s. 6d.; Mrs. Wildman, 1s. 4d.; Miss C. A. Muggridge, 3s.; Lady Beaujolais Dent (by), £2 5s.; Miss Collett, 5s.; Mr. M. U. Smith, 5s.

*Andrew's Home, Clewer*—by Bog Oak £1.

10s. from 'E. O.' for the *Pusey cots* in the *Ascot Convalescent Hospital* mentioned in the *Monthly Packet*.

*To the Editor of the Monthly Packet.*

MRS. EDITOR,

It may interest some of your readers to know that I have a copy of the 'Pia Desideria' of Father Hermann Hugo, S.J. My book bears date about 1685, and contains, among other prefaces, the privilege of Cæsar, i.e., the Emperor Leopold, and the license of the censor, and also a license from the General of the Jesuits, and was published at Antwerp by Lucas Potter. The print and engravings are in a good state of preservation on the whole, one picture alone being faded.

The book is divided into three parts, viz. :—

The groans of the penitent soul.

The vows of the holy soul.

The sighs of the loving soul.

The arrangement of each part is as follows :—A series of verses of Scripture, a set of elegiacs, written presumably by Hugo, and a series of quotations from different Fathers and Divines (the latter being entirely of the Romish Church), bearing on the text.

The book is deeply, I might say mystically devotional, but some of the plates almost move the reader to laughter.

I describe the following.

Part 1. The text illustrated is 'Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord, &c.' Here the Master is seated at a table or barrier, with a record before Him. He wears a long judge's wig, and holds a quill pen; before the barrier, the soul, a diminutive female figure, stands with her hands clasped and apparently bound as well. Justice, a tall figure, blindfolded, stands behind the soul with one hand raising the scales, with the other grasping the shoulder of the prisoner.

Part 2. 'Come O my beloved and let us walk forth into the fields, let us lodge together in the villages.' Here the Master, carrying a walking-stick, leads the soul, who wears the dress of a shepherdess, and a tall Flemish hat, through an old city gateway into the fields; in the distance a little village is seen among trees.

Part 3. 'Oh that I had wings like a dove, &c.' Here the soul, with a pair of large wings, is springing into the air, while, far above, the Master soars towards the sky, and, as He soars, encourages the timid soul to follow.

I need hardly say my book is in Latin, and not a translation.

Yours truly,

R. F. J.

P.S.—I have not the book before me this moment. I think the date is earlier, about 1650 or so.

# The Monthly Packet.

---

NOVEMBER, 1884.

---

## THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN, BY THE EDITOR.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### SECRET EXPEDITIONS.

‘THE Christmas Tree! Oh, mamma, *do* let it be the Christmas Tree. It is quite well. We’ve been to look at it.’

‘Christmas Trees have got so stale, Val,’ said Gillian.

‘Rot!’ put in Jasper.

‘Oh, please, please, mamma,’ implored Valetta, ‘please let it be the dear old Christmas Tree! You said I should choose because it will be my birthday.’

‘There is no need to whine, Val; you shall have your tree.’

‘I’m so glad!’ cried Mysie. ‘The dear old tree is best of all. I could never get tired of it, if I lived to be a hundred years old.’

‘Such are institutions,’ said their mother. ‘I never heard of a Christmas Tree till I was twice your age.’

‘Oh, mamma! how dreadful! What *did* you do?’

‘I suppose it is all very well for you kids,’ said Jasper, loftily, putting his hands in his pockets.

‘Perhaps something may be found interesting even to the high and mighty elders,’ observed Lady Merrifield.

‘Oh! What, mamma?’

Mamma, of course, only looked mysterious.

‘And,’ added Val, ‘mayn’t we all go on a secret expedition and buy things for it?’

‘We’ve all been saving up,’ added Mysie; ‘and everybody knows every single thing in all the shops at Silverfold.’

‘Besides,’ added Gillian, ‘the sconces will none of them hold, and almost all the golden globes get smashed in coming from Dublin, and



one of the birds has its head off, and another has lost its spun-glass tail, and another its legs.'

'A bird of paradise,' said Lady Merrifield, laughing; 'but wasn't there a tree at Malta decked with no apparatus at all?'

'Yes, but Alley and Phyl can do anything!'

'I think we must ask Aunt Jane——'

There was a howl. 'Oh, please, mamma, don't let Aunt Jane get all the things! We do so want to choose.'

'You impatient monsters! You haven't heard me out, and you don't deserve it.'

'Oh, mamma, I beg your pardon;' } cried the most impatient howl-  
'Oh, mamma, please,' } ers, dancing round her.  
'Oh, mamma, pray,' }

'What I was about to observe, before the interruption by the honourable members, was, that we might perhaps ask Aunt Jane and Aunt Ada to receive at luncheon a party of caterers for this same tree.'

'Oh! oh! oh!' 'How delicious!' 'Hooray!' 'That's what I call jolly fun!'

'And, mamma,' added Gillian, 'perhaps we might let Miss Hacket join. I know she wants to get up something for a G. F. S. class;' but mamma was attending to Primrose, and the brothers burst in.

'There goes Gill, spoiling it all!' exclaimed Wilfred.

'That's always the way,' said Jasper. 'Girls must puzzle everything up with some philanthropic Great Fuss Society dodge.'

'I am sure, Jasper,' said Gillian, 'I don't see why it should spoil anything to make other people happy. I thought we were told to make feasts not only for our own friends——'

'Gill's getting just like old Miss Hacket,' said Wilfred.

'Or sweet Constance,' put in Jasper. 'She'll be writing poems next.'

'Hush! hush! boys,' said Lady Merrifield. 'I do not mean to interfere with your pleasure, but I had rather our discussions were not entirely selfish. Suppose, Gillian, we walked down to Casement Cottages, and consulted Miss Hacket.'

This was done, in the company of all the little girls, for Miss Hacket's cats, doves, and gingerbread were highly popular; moreover, Dolores was glad of a chance sight of Constance.

'My dear,' said Lady Merrifield, as Gillian walked beside her, 'you must be satisfied with giving Miss Hacket the reversion of our tree, and you and Mysie can go and help her. It will not do to make these kind of works a nuisance to your brothers.'

'I did not think Jasper would have been so selfish as to object,' said Gillian, almost tearfully.

'Remember that boys have a very short time at home, and cannot be expected to care for these things like those who work in them,' said Lady Merrifield. 'It will not make them do so, to bore them,

and take away their sense of home and liberty. At the same time, they must not expect to have everything sacrificed to them, and so I shall make Jasper understand.'

'You won't scold him, mamma?'

'Can't you, any of you, trust me, Gill?'

'Oh! mamma! Only I didn't want him to think I wouldn't do everything he liked, except that I don't want him to be unkind about those poor girls.'

Miss Hacket was perfectly enraptured at the offer of the reversion of the Christmas Tree and its trappings. Valetta's birthday was on the 28th of December, and the tree was to be lighted on the ensuing evening for the G. F. S. Moreover, the party would go to Rockstone as soon as an appointment could be made with Miss Mohun, to make selections at a great German fancy shop, recently opened there, and in full glory; and the Hacket sisters were invited to join the party, starting at a quarter to eight, and returning at a few minutes after seven, the element of darkness at each end only adding to the charm in the eyes of the children, and Valetta, with a little leap, repeated that it would be a real secret expedition.

'Very secret indeed,' said her mother, 'considering how many it is known to——'

'Yes, but it is, mamma, for everybody has a secret from everybody.'

The words made Constance and Dolores look round with a start, from their colloquy under the shade of the window curtains, but no one was thinking of them. Just as the plans were settled, Constance came forward, saying, 'Lady Merrifield, may I have dear Dolores to spend the day with me? We neither of us wish to join your kind party to Rockstone, and we should so enjoy being together.'

'I had much rather stay,' added Dolores.

'Very well,' said Lady Merrifield, reflecting that her sisters would be grateful for the diminution of the party, and that it would be easier to keep the peace without Dolores.

The defection was hailed with joy by her cousins, though they were struck dumb at her extraordinary taste in not liking shopping.

Jasper did look rather small, when his mother assured him in private, he might have trusted her to see that he was not to be incommoded with Gillian's girls, and he only observed, in excuse for his murmurs, that it made a man mad to see his sisters always off after some charity fad or other.

'“Always” being a few hours once a week,' she said.

'Just when one wants her.'

'Look here, my boy,' she said, 'you don't want your sisters to be selfish, useless, fine ladies—never doing any one any good. If they take up good works, they can't drop them entirely to wait on you. Gillian does give up a great deal, and it would be kinder to forbear a little, and not treat all she does as an injury to yourself.'

‘I only meant to get a rise out of her.’

‘You are quite welcome to do that, provided it is done in good nature. Gill is quite sound stuff enough to be laughed at! But, I say, my Japs, I should prefer your letting Dolores alone; she has not learned to be laughed at yet, and has not come even to the stage for being taught to bear it.’

‘She looks fit to turn the cream sour,’ observed Jasper. ‘I say, mamma, you don’t want me to go on this shopping business, do you?’

‘Not by any means, sir.’

Happily, the chance of a day’s rabbit shooting presented itself at a warren some miles off, and Harry undertook the care of Wilfred, who gave his word of honour to obey implicitly and take no liberties with the guns. Fergus would gladly have gone with them, but he was still young enough to be sensible of the attractions of toy shops. Only Primrose had to be left to the nursery, and there was no need to waste pity on her, for on such an occasion Mrs. Halfpenny would relax her mood, and lay herself out to be agreeable, when she had exhausted her forebodings about her leddyship making herself ill for a week gaun rampaging about with all the bairns, as if she was no better than one herself.

‘I shall let Miss Mohun do most of the rampaging, Nurse, but if it is fine, will you take Miss Primrose into the town and let her choose her own cards. I have given her a florin, and if you make the most of that for her, she will be as happy as going with us.’

‘That I will, my leddy. Bairns is easy content when ye ken how to sort ’em.’

‘And, Nurse, I believe there will be a box from Sir Jasper at the station. It may come home in the waggonette that takes us. Will you and Macrae get it safe into the store-room, for I don’t want the children to see it too soon.’

There was nothing but satisfaction in the house on the morning of the expedition. The untimely candlelight breakfast was only a fresh element of delight, and so was the paling gas at the station, the round red sun peeping out through a yellow break between grey sky and greyer woods; the meeting Miss Hacket in her fur cloak, the taking of the tickets, the coughing of the train, the tumbling into one of the many empty carriages, the triumphant start,—all seemed as fresh and delicious as if the young people had never taken a journey before in all their lives. The fog in the valleys, the sleepy villages, the half-roused stations, all gave rise to exclamations, and nothing was regretted but that the windows would get clouded over.

Even the waiting at the junction had its charms, for it was enlivened by a supplementary breakfast on rolls and milk! and at a few minutes past eleven, the train was drawing up at Rockstone, and Aunt Jane, sealskins and all, was beckoning from the platform, hurrying after the carriage as it swept past, and holding out a hand to jump the party

from the door. There she was, ready to take them to the most charming and cheapest shops, where the coins burning in those firm pockets would go the farthest. Go in a cab? No, I thank you, it is far more delightful to walk. So mamma and Miss Hacket were stowed away in the despised vehicle, to make the purchases that nobody cared about, or which were to be unseen and unknown till the great day; while Aunt Jane undertook to guide the young people through the town, for her house was at the other end of it, securing the Christmas cards on the way, if nothing else. For, though all the cards and gifts to mamma, and a good many besides, were of domestic manufacture, some had to be purchased, and she knew, this wonderful woman, where to get cards of former seasons at reduced prices to suit their youthful finances.

Considerable patience was requisite before all the choices were made, and the balance cast between cards and presents, and Miss Mohun got her quartette past all the shop windows, to the seaside villa, shut in by tamarisks, which Aunt Adeline believed to be the only place that suited her health. Mamma and Miss Hacket had already arrived, and filled the little vestibule with parcels and boxes.

Then the early dinner! The aunts had anticipated their Christmas turkey for that goodly company to help them eat it, but afterwards there was only time for a mince pie all round; for more than half the work remained to be done by all except mamma, who would stay and rest with Aunt Ada, having finished all that could not be deputed.

However, first she had a conference in private with Aunt Jane, who undertook therein to come to Silverfold for Valetta's birthday, and add astonishment and mystery sufficient to satisfy such of the public as were weary of Christmas Trees. She added, however, 'You will think I am always at you, Lily, but did you know that Flinders is living at Darminster?'

'No; but it is five and twenty miles off, and he has never troubled us.'

'Don't be too secure. He is in connection with that low paper—the *Politician*—which methinks, is the place where those remarkable poems of Miss Constance's have appeared.'

'Is it not the way of poetry of that calibre to see the light in county papers?'

'This seems to me of a lower calibre than is likely to get in without private interest.'

'But to my certain knowledge the child has neither written to, nor heard of, the man all this time.'

'You don't know what goes on with her bosom friend.'

'I am certain Miss Hacket would connive at nothing underhand. Besides, I have never seen anything sly or deceitful in poor Dolores. She will not make friends with us, that is all, and that may be our fault.'

'I only say, look out, you unsuspecting dame!'

‘Now, Jenny, satisfy my curiosity as to how you know all this. I am sure I never showed you those effusions. We have had trouble enough about them, for the children cut them up in a way Dolores has never forgiven.’

‘Oh! Miss Hacket sent them to me, to ask if “Mollsey to her Babe” and “The Canary” might not be passed on to *Friendly Leaves*. And as to Flinders, when I went to the G. F. S. Conference at Darminster, I met the man full in the street, and, of course, I enquired afterwards how he came there. So there’s nothing preternatural about it.’

‘It is well you did not live two hundred years ago, or you would certainly have been burnt for a witch.’

‘See what a witch I shall make on the 28th! But I hear those unfortunate children dancing and prancing with impatience on the stairs. I must go, before they have driven Ada distracted.’

What would the two aunts have said, could they have seen Dolores and Constance, at that moment partaking of the most elaborate meal the Darminster refreshment room could supply, at a little round marble table, in company with Mr. Flinders! They had not been obliged to start nearly so early as the other party, as the journey was much shorter, and with no change of line, so they had quietly walked to the station by ten o’clock, arrived at Darminster at half past eleven, and have been met by the personage whom Dolores recognised as Uncle Alfred. Constance was a little disappointed not to see something more distinguished, and less flashy in style, but he was so polite and complimentary, and made such touching allusions to his misfortunes and his dear sister, that she soon began to think him exceedingly interesting, and pitied him greatly when he said he could not take them to his lodgings—they were not fit for his niece or her friend, who had done him a kindness for which he could never be sufficiently grateful, in affording him a glimpse of his dear sister’s child. It made Dolores wince, for she never could bear the mention of her mother, it was like touching a wound, and the old sensation of discomfort and dislike to her uncle’s company, began to grow over her again, now that she was not struggling against Mohun opposition to her meeting him. He lionised them about the town, but it was a foggy drizzly day, one of those when the fringe of sea coast often enjoys no finer weather than inland places; the streets were very sloppy, and Dolores and Constance did not do much beyond purchasing a few cards and some presents at a fancy shop, as they had agreed to do, to serve as an excuse for their expedition in case it could not be kept a secret, and most of the visit was made in the waiting-room at the station, or walking up and down the platform. As to the grand point, Mr. Flinders told Constance that her tale was talented and striking, full of great excellence; she might hope for success equal to Ouida’s—but that he had found it quite impossible to induce a publisher to accept a work by an unknown author, unless she advanced

something. He could guarantee the return, but she must entrust him with thirty pounds. Poor Constance! it was a fatal blow; she had not thirty pounds in the world; she doubted if she could raise the sum, even by her sister's help. Then Mr. Flinders sighed, and thought that if he represented the circumstances, the firm might be content with twenty—nay, even fifteen. Constance cheered up a little. She did think she could make up fifteen, after the 21st, when certain moneys became due, which she shared with her sister. She would be left very bare all the spring—but what was that to the return she was promised? Only Mr. Flinders impressed on her the necessity of secrecy—even from her sister—since, he said, if he were once known to have obtained such terms for a young authoress, he should be besieged for ever!

‘But, Uncle Alfred,’ said Dolores, ‘surely my father and mother, and all the other people I have known, did not pay to get their things published.’

‘My dear niece, you speak as one who has been with persons of high and established fame—the literary aristocracy, in fact. The doors once opened, Miss Hacket will, like them, make her own terms; but such doors, like many others, are only to be opened by a silver key.’

There were other particulars which he talked over with the authoress in a promenade on the platform, while Dolores was left in the waiting room; but afterwards he indulged his niece with a *tête-à-tête*, asking her father's address, and mourning over the length of time it would take to obtain an answer from Fiji. Mr. Mohun had promised to help him, solemnly and kindly promised, for the sake of her whom they had both loved so much, and here he was, cut off, and quite in extremity. Unfortunate as usual, through his determined enemies, a company in which he had shares had collapsed, he was penniless till his salary from the *Politician* became due in March. Meanwhile, he should be expelled from his lodging and brought to ruin, if he could not raise a few pounds—even one.

Dolores had nearly two pounds in her purse. Her father had left her amply provided, and she had not much opportunity of spending. She knew he had seen the gold when she was shopping, and when she had paid for the refreshments, which of course she had found she had to do. With some hesitation she said, ‘If thirty shillings would be of any good to you——’

‘My dear, generous child, your dear mother's own daughter! It will be the saving of me temporarily! But among all your wealthy relatives, surely, considering your father's promise, you could obtain some advance until he can be communicated with!’

‘If he is still in New Zealand, we could telegraph, and hear directly. He did not know how long he should be there, for the ship had something to be done to it.’

This did not suit Mr. Flinders. Such telegraphs were very expensive,



and it was too uncertain whether Mr. Mohun would be at Auckland. Surely, Lady Merrifield, whose husband was shaking the pagoda tree, would make an advance if she knew the circumstances.

‘I don’t think she would,’ said Dolores, ‘I don’t think they are very rich. There is only one horse and one little pony, and my cousins have such very tiny allowances.’

‘Haughty and poor! Stuck up and skimping. Yes, I understand. But I am not asking from her, only an advance, on your father’s promise, which he would be certain to repay. Yes, quite certain! It is only a matter of time. It would save me at the present moment from utter ruin and destruction that would have broken your dear mother’s heart. Oh! Mary, what I lost in you.’ Then, as perhaps he saw reflection on Dolores’s face, he added, ‘She is gone, the only person who took an interest in me, so it matters the less, and when you hear again of your unhappy uncle you will know what drove him——’

‘If it was only an advance—I have a cheque,’ began Dolores. ‘If seven pounds would do you any good——’

‘It would be salvation!’ he exclaimed.

‘Father left it with me,’ pursued Dolores, considering, ‘in case Professor Muhlwasser went on with his great book of coloured plates of microscopic marine zoophytes, and sent it in. I was to keep this and pay with it——’

‘Oh! Muhlwasser! you need not trouble about him. I saw his death in the paper a month ago.’

‘Then I really think I might send you the cheque, and write to my father why I did so.’

‘Ah! Dolly, I knew that your mother’s daughter could never desert me.’

More followed of the same kind, tending to make Dolores feel that she was doing a heroically generous thing, and stifling the lurking sense in her mind that she had no right to dispose of her father’s money without his consent. The December day began to close in, the gas was lighted, Constance was seen disconsolately peeping out at the waiting room door to see whether the private conference were over. They joined her again, and Mr. Flinders discoursed about the envy and jealousy of critics, and success being only attained by getting into a certain clique, till she began to look rather frightened; but reassured by the voluble list of names and papers to which he assured her of recommendations. Then he began to be complimentary, and she, to put on the silly tituppy kind of face and tone wherewith she had talked to the curates at the festival. Dolores began to find this very dull, and to feel neglected, perhaps also cross, and doubts came across her whether she might not get into a dreadful scrape about the money, which she certainly had no right to dispose of. She at last broke in with, ‘Uncle Alfred, are you quite sure Professor Muhlwasser is dead?’



‘Bless your heart, child, he’s as dead as Harry the Eighth,’ said Mr. Flinders in haste, ‘died at Berlin, of fatty degeneration of the heart! Well, as I was saying, Miss Constance——’

‘But, uncle, I was thinking——’

‘Hush!’ as a couple of ladies and a whole train of nurses and children invaded the waiting room, ‘it won’t do to talk of such little matters in public places, you know. Would you not like a cup of tea, Miss Constance. Will you allow me to be your cavalier?’

People were beginning to arrive in expectation of the coming train, and talk was not possible in the throng; at least, Mr. Flinders did not make it so. At last the train swept up, and he was hurrying to find places for the ladies, when there was a moment’s glimpse of a handsome moustached face at a smoking-carriage window. Dolores started, and had almost exclaimed, ‘Uncle Reginald;’ but before the words were out of her mouth, Mr. Flinders had drawn her on swiftly, among all the numbers of people getting out and getting in, hurled her into a distant carriage, handed Constance in after her, and muttering something about forgetting an appointment, he vanished, without any of the arrangements about foot warmers that he had promised.

‘Uncle Reginald!’ again exclaimed Dolores, ‘I am sure it was he!’

‘Oh dear! What an escape!’ answered Constance, breathless with surprise, and settling herself with disgust and difficulty next to a fat old farmer, as three or four more people entered and jammed them close together.

‘Who is he?’ she presently whispered.

‘Colonel Mohun. His regiment is at Galway. I know he talked of getting over this winter if he possibly could; but Aunt Lily went away before the post was come in.’

‘We shall have to take great care when we get out.’

Here the train started, and conversation in under tones became impossible, more especially as two of the farmers in the carriage were coming back from the Smithfield Cattle Show, and were discussing the prize oxen with all their might. It was very stuffy and close. Constance looked ineffably fastidious and uncomfortable, and Dolores gazed at the clouded window, and dull little lamp over head, put in to enliven the deepening twilight. This avoiding of Uncle Reginald brought more before her mind a sense of wrong-doing than anything that had gone before. She was fond of this uncle, who always made her father’s house his head-quarters when in London, and used to play with her when she was a small child, and always to take her to the Zoological Gardens, till she declared she was too old to care for such a childish show, and then he and her father both laughed at her so much that she would never have forgiven anybody else; and she found he enjoyed it for his own sake far more than she did. However, he always did take her out for walks and sights that were always amusing with him. Father, too, was quite bright and alive when he was in the house, and thus Dolores had nothing but pleasant associa-

tions connected with this uncle, and had heard of the chances of his coming like a ray of light, though without much hope, since the state of Ireland had prevented him from being able even to run over to take leave of her father. And now he was come, she must hide from him like a guilty thing! There was no spirit of opposition against him in her mind, and thus she could feel that she was doing something sad and strange. Moreover, she began to feel that her promise about the cheque had been a rash one, and the echo of her father's voice came back on her, saying, "Surely, Mary, you know better than to believe a word out of Flinders's mouth."

But then she thought of her mother's rare tears glistening in her eyes, and the answer, 'Poor Alfred! I cannot give him up. Everything has been against him.'

It was quite dark before Silverton was reached, at half-past five, with three quarters of an hour to spare before the other travellers were expected. Most of their fellow passengers had got out at previous stations, so that Constance was able to open the door and jump out so perilously before the train had quite stopped, that a porter caught her with a sharp word of reproof. She grasped Dolores' hand and scudded across the platform, giving the return tickets almost before the collector was ready. A cautious guard even exclaimed, 'What's those two young women up to?' but was answered at once, 'They're all right! That's nought but one of the old parson's daughters, as have been out with a return to Darm'ster.'

'A sweet heartin'?' demanded one of the bystanders, and there was a laugh.

Constance heard the tones and vulgar laugh, though not the words, and she was in such a panic as she hurried down the steps that she did not stop to look out for a cab. The place was small, and they were not very plentiful at any time, and she was mortally afraid, though she hardly knew why, of being overtaken and questioned by Colonel Mohun, who might know his niece, though he would not know her; but Dolores was tired, and had a headache, and did not at all like the walk in the dirt, and fog, and dark, after turning from the gaslit station.

'We were to have a cab, Constance.'

'We can't,' was the answer, still hurrying on. 'He would come out upon us.'

'He is much more likely to overtake us this way!' said Dolores, thinking of her uncle's long strides.

'Well, we can't turn back now!' said Constance, getting almost into a run, which lasted till they were past the paddock gate. Dolores, panting to keep up with her, had half a mind to turn up there and go straight home; but there might be any number of oxen in the way, and almost worse, she might meet Jasper and Wilfred, or if uncle Reginald overtook her, what would he think? .

The pair slackened their pace a little when they had satisfied themselves that the break in the dark hedge beside them was the gate. They heard wheels, and presently saw the lamps of a cab, bearing down, halt at the gate they had left behind, and turn in.

‘We should have been off first,’ said Dolores.

‘If we could have got a cab in time?’

‘One can always get cabs.’

‘Oh! no, not at all for certain.’

‘This is a nasty stupid out of the way place,’ said Dolores, wanting to say something cross.

‘It isn’t a vulgar place, full of traffic,’ returned Constance, equally cross.

‘Well, I never meant to walk home in this way! I’m sure my feet are wet. I wish I had waited and gone with Uncle Regie.’

‘Now, Dolly, what do you mean? You would not have it all betrayed?’

‘I’ve a great mind to tell Uncle Regie all about it?’

‘Now, Dolly! When you said so much about the Mohun pride and scorn of your, poor, dear uncle.’

‘Uncle Regie is not proud. And he would know what to do.’

‘But,’ cried Constance, in a fright, ‘you would never tell him! You promised that it should be a secret, and I should be in such a dreadful scrape with Lady Merrifield and Mary.’

‘Well! it was your doing, and you had all the pleasure of it, flourishing about the platform with him.’

‘How can you be so disagreeable, Dolores, when you know it was all on business. Though I do think he is the most interesting man I ever did see.’

‘Just because he flattered you.’

However, there is no need to tell how many cross and quarrelsome things the two tired friends said to each other. They were sitting on opposite sides of the fire, one very gloomy, and the other very pettish, when the wagonette stopped at the gate, to put out Miss Hacket and take up Dolores. Hands pulled her up the step, and a hubbub of merry voices received her in the dark.

‘Good girl, not to keep us waiting.’

‘Oh, Dolly, Dolly, Macrae says Uncle Regie’s come!’

‘Oh, Dolly, it has been such fun!’

‘Take care of my parcel!’

‘Ah, ha! you don’t know what is in there.’

‘Here’s something under my feet!’

‘Oh! take care! Tisn’t my—’

‘Hush, hush, Val—’

And so it went on till on the steps was seen in full light among the boys, Uncle Reginald, ready to lift every one out with a kiss.

‘Ha! Dolly, is that you?’ he said, as they came into the hall. ‘I saw such a likeness of you at one station, that I was as near as

possible jumping out to speak to her. She had on just that fur tippet !’

‘That comes of living in Ireland, Regie,’ said aunt Lily. ‘Once in a shop at Dublin, a lady darted up to me with “And it’s I that am glad to see you, me dear. And how’s me sweet little god-daughter? Oh! and it isn’t yourself. And aren’t you Mrs. Phelim O’Shaughnessy?”’ And under cover of this, Dolores retreated to her own room. She took of her things, and then looked at the cheque.

Professor Muhlwasser was a clever German, always at work on science, counting, in the most minute and accurate manner, such details as the rays in a sea anemone’s tentacles, or the eggs in a shrimp’s roe. He was engaged on a huge book, in numbers, of which Mr. Maurice Mohun had promised to take two copies—but whereas extravagancies upon peculiar hobbies are apt not to be tolerated in the family, and it was really uncertain whether the work would ever be completed, Mr. Mohun had preferred leaving a cheque for the payment in his little daughter’s hand, rather than entrust it to one of the brothers, who would have howled and growled at such a waste of good money on such a subject. Thus he had told Dolores to back the draft, get it changed, and send the amount by a postal order to Germany if the books and account should come, which he thought very doubtful.

And now the Professor was dead, Dolores looked at the cheque, and supposed she could do as she pleased with it. Mother helped uncle Alfred. Yes, but mother earned all she sent him herself! Perhaps he would not ask again. How much more he had talked to Constance than to herself. Dolly wished she had not seen him to get into this difficulty. She was tired, cold, and damp. Oh! if she had never gone, and not been half caught by uncle Regie!

*(To be continued.)*

---

## A LOT WITH A CROOK IN IT.

BY CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## ALICK'S NIGHT WATCH.

'But as for you ——

You on all hands you have the best of me.'

WHILE these strange events were agitating the minds of his family, Alick, by himself at Fordham, was utterly absorbed in the change in his own outlook. He had always been more or less unhappy about Annie Macdonald; he had never expected, had hardly hoped, to win her, and yet her existence had given sweetness to his life, and for more than four years she had been the pervading spirit of his universe. If he had never been hopeful, he had never been quite hopeless; he knew that she had not been entirely indifferent to him, and lately, since he had felt more satisfied with himself, and felt himself to be really coming up to the mark required of him, little as he saw his way to the chance of marrying, it had not seemed impossible to him. But now! If the love of pleasant hours had formerly tempted Alick to idleness and inefficiency, the weight of disappointment made exertion doubly distasteful to him.

How often during those four youthful years, when he ought to have been reading, or might have been actively amusing himself, had Alick dawdled along the meadow paths by that slow river side. How sweet he had found the sunny peace of the low-lying country. How blue had been the sky; how bright the water; how fair the wooded slopes. Alick knew each creek and course; every lock and bridge for miles along the river: had known them in his school days, even before Annie's time. The long straight lane between two high walls, with a strip of sky between, that led from the town to the river side, behind which were old brown houses buried in trees. He knew the little tavern where the boats were hired, with its scarlet geraniums and muslin curtains, and gaily painted boats. He knew how the boat could steal along over the smooth, easy, lowland stream, till the banks grew rough and sweet with river plants, and the green meadows stretched away till the willows gave place to elms, and the banks grew higher, till the old bridge came to view. Alick knew the whole population of the river banks, and he had wasted hours and hours over that country side, partly from love of the sweet places, and delight in idle, kindly observation and enjoyment; but most of

all for the chance of a golden-haired maiden coming across his path. Some half-a-dozen sweet meetings there had been ; some few golden days. And Alick, self-conscious, and, alas ! self-indulgent, had extracted pleasure from his own pleasure in these fair sights, and from his own love for the sunny-haired girl whom he called his Aslauga. Sunlit and shining as her image was, poor Annie in herself was but an earthly version of the heavenly lady love of Fouqué's knight ; but such as she was, she was Alick's light ahead, and now he was left in darkness.

He did not feel angry ; he did not think that he was very miserable, that is to say, much more miserable than he had often been before. The wintry weather made the country dreary ; there was nothing doing on the river. James Fordham, as befitted a friend, rushed over to condole with him, and, as also befitted a friend, took the opportunity of hoping that he would leave off ' loafing about ' *now*, and turn his mind vigorously to his profession, and forget a girl who had never cared a pin for him.

' Oh, yes, she did care—a pin,' said Alick, ' but a pin doesn't amount to much.'

It must not be understood that Alick, since his residence in Fordham, had had unlimited time at his disposal. Mr. Blandford was a vigorous parish priest, and taught him his future duties with unremitting energy, besides requiring from him a large amount of study. Alick had many suitable qualities, and work done for others was not so distasteful to him as work done for himself. He made himself useful and learnt his trade well, and the days of his first loss of Annie were varied by superintending a soup kitchen, and by getting up a school treat, to say nothing of his more regular work. The curate was absent on a holiday, and Alick was obliged to do as much as possible of his work. He did not do it quite as well as usual ; but most people know of such troubles as his, in a country neighbourhood, and Mr. Blandford had mercy on him.

But as Alick stumbled through his day's work, there was a kind of chill settling on his spirit. He was not a person to undergo a definite, passionate struggle ; many people would have been far more upset for the time by his trouble, but a feeling that nothing was worth while gained upon him ; he was ready to let everything slide. It was not in his line to seek forgetfulness by excitement, but a little comfort might be won by the absence of effort, and hours of smoking and idle reading slipped by much more easily than hours of work.

Neither pride nor principle came strongly just then to his aid ; but he had always entertained a sympathy for people who were not very fortunate. He had a fellow feeling for failure, and as his work brought him in contact with many failures and much misfortune, he was more roused by the desire to make people a little less unhappy than by anything else, and perhaps the sense of benevolence was soothing to his self-respect.

Alick had been set to learn the harder parts of parish visiting, under the curate's superintendence, in some of the back slums of Fordham, and in a street of lodging-houses beyond the power of the ordinary lady visitors. In these regions he had made some way, had routed himself out a class of lads, and had established relations with a young shopman, who was dying of consumption after a career by no means pleasant to look back upon. However low and dismal Alick felt, he hadn't the heart to disappoint George Greaves of the book and the chat which interested him, and enabled him to talk out some of his very crude notions of life in general, and one misty, chilly afternoon he presented himself, with 'Two Years Ago,' and as cheerful a greeting as he could muster. He was always very civil to the untidy landlady, and she presently told him that she had another sick man in the house, a 'Mr. Jones,' who had fallen ill immediately on his arrival, but had refused to see either doctor or district visitor. Now, however, he was so much worse, that she was growing frightened, and wished Mr. Leighton would step up. The lodger had paid a month in advance and seemed respectable.

'What is the matter with him?' asked Alick.

'Something of the rheumatic fever,' was the reply, as he was conducted up another flight of stairs, and rapidly introduced as 'a gentleman come to see you, sir.'

The room was half darkened, and the sick lodger was lying in bed, so that Alick could scarcely see him, as he said cheerfully—

'Good morning, I'm sorry to hear that you are very unwell.'

At the sound of his voice, the sick man started, pushed back the coverings, and exclaimed 'Who is it?'

'Mr. Leighton! I am engaged in helping Mr. Blandford, the Vicar.'

'You promised to leave me in peace if I hid myself out of your sight!' he cried; then, before Alick could answer, as he caught sight of him more plainly, 'Ah! I beg pardon, I am mistaking you for some one else.'

Alick looked at him, fancied the face was familiar, and remembering in a moment the story of the lost clerk of the Local Board, recognized him at once. He sent the landlady to fetch the doctor without asking the patient's leave, and paved the way to an explanation by asking how long the sick man had been ill.

'Not very long. I have a touch of rheumatic fever. I have had it before and know how to treat myself. There is no occasion to send for the doctor.'

'Well,' said Alick, 'it's as well to shake a thing off quickly, as to let it hang on for ever. Especially, Mr. Oakenshaw, as I suppose this illness is the reason why you have left your friends at Oxley in such uncertainty and inconvenience.'

Oakenshaw turned painfully round on his very untidy pillows, and looked at Alick, whose identity puzzled him, as he had not observed him especially on the ice.



‘You—know me,’ said he, with a sort of throb at his heart, as he wondered what the ‘knowing’ amounted to.

‘Why, yes,’ said Alick, ‘I saw you when your little girl fell into the water, and I heard of your disappearance. Now, I hope you will let me send a line to Mr. Crichton ; why haven’t you done so before?’

‘But that other—gentleman. There was a Mr. Leighton on the ice.’

‘That was my brother,’ returned Alick, pulling up the blind a little. ‘I am so glad I have found you out.’

‘But you must keep my secret. Indeed, I cannot make myself known in Oxley ; you do not know what you are saying. *Glad* that you have found me ! Give me your promise never to reveal my existence.’

‘Well,’ said Alick, ‘we won’t talk any more about it now. I’ve just sent to ask the doctor to look round. And don’t you think you’d be the better for some one to make you a little more comfortable?’

‘Give me your promise,’ reiterated Oakenshaw, and Alick, to quiet him, promised to say nothing till the next morning ; though he had no intention whatever of finally concealing his discovery, either from Arthur Spencer or Mr. Blandford.

He was not very clear as to the facts of the case, and was not disposed to think them creditable to the runaway ; but his present business was to look after his bodily condition, and the doctor, declaring him to be suffering from a sharp attack of rheumatic fever, and in much need of good nursing, Alick went off to look for the parish nurse, and, as she could not come till the next morning, proposed, with a view to getting into the confidence of the patient, to go and sit up with him. He might find out what was amiss at Oxley, and put matters in a better train. He found, however, that he had undertaken rather more than he had bargained for. He had no notion how to nurse any one so ill as Oakenshaw proved to be, and could only hope that he was better than nothing. Surely, he thought, he must manage very badly, for his presence seemed only to excite the poor fellow, even when quite off his head. Why in the world did he worry himself so about names, asking him over and over again what he was called, in the midst of rambling recollections of India. Alick made as little answer as he could ; he felt rather frightened and very helpless, and had nearly made up his mind to call the landlady when, in the midst of much incoherent groaning and muttering, one sentence fell clear on his ear.

‘*He knows I am Frank Osgood.*’

Alick was making up the fire. He turned round with the poker in his hand, and stood still, staring. The sound struck his ear like a blow, yet he hardly entered into it. What would come next?

‘I can’t have it known—Spencer always knew I was a gentleman—but old Osgood wouldn’t welcome me—even if James——’

Here his voice became indistinct again, as he cried out with the

pain he was suffering, and murmured something about Minnie and the ice.

Alick put down the poker and went quietly up to the bed, and looked at him. He looked, and though he recognised no special likeness, there was nothing in the air and features which made it seem impossible that this should be a 'near relation.'

Alick stood and looked till he felt his knees tremble, and the room swayed before his eyes. He stumbled back to his chair by the fire, and gasped for breath.

What had happened to him? What was the matter with him? Why did he feel ready to faint? He got better in a minute, and then he hid his face in his hands and tried to think. As he had never been in the habit of thinking about his peculiar circumstances, the discovery fell with almost more overwhelming force on him than it had done on Geoffrey. And though Alick had never speculated about Frank Osgood, he had always considered that he possibly owed a duty to him, and his childish prayer had not been disused nor uttered always without meaning. Alick found himself repeating it as a sort of connecting link. But how horrible it was, how dreadful! He grew so frightened that he dared not uncover his face; he dared not look at his near relation; and for some time he let the painful sounds pass him unheeded, till at last the idea came back to him that he must go and do what he could.

He got up and went over to the bed; but as he lifted the patient up, his hands trembled, and he could hardly keep back tears of excitement and distress.

'Is that better?' he tried to say.

'Yes—thank you—you're very good,' and at these words, spoken more rationally, an awful, incomprehensible feeling came over Alick, an agony, not quite all bitter. How he got through the next half-hour he could not tell; but at the end of it, when the patient was quieter, he found that he had recovered his senses, and could consider what he ought to do next.

He did not know the past history, even as well as Geoffrey did; he could not tell at all how far Frank Osgood would be endangered by a discovery. Arthur Spencer was away. Mr. Spencer Crichton was a magistrate, and perhaps could not keep such a secret. Besides, the business was not theirs any longer. If he told his father, if he told James Leighton, Alick felt as Geoffrey had done, that it was all up with them both, that they could never again be as they had been before.

He had no right to tell this family secret even to the Vicar—he could not in the least tell how any one might think it right to act. There was only one person on whom the blow would fall equally with himself, whose duty was the same, on whose fellow-feeling he could reckon.

It was Geoffrey's right to share the secret; it was Geoffrey's

duty to bear the burden. The thought of his fellow-sufferer did not bring much comfort to Alick, for Geoffrey had never been particularly kind to him. Still, he believed in his powers as superior to his own; and, on the whole, thought that he ought to receive his first confidence.

But how to keep the secret? In the daytime 'Mr. Jones' was quiet and rational, and not likely to call himself either Oakenshaw or Osgood; but another such night might betray his identity to the whole neighbourhood.

The late winter morning dawned, the house began to stir, the landlady came in with a cup of tea, and suggested that Mr. Leighton should go home to breakfast. Alick, being very desirous to avoid another altercation on the subject of revealing Oakenshaw's whereabouts to the Crichtons, slipped away while his patient was dozing.

It is impossible to say how far apart were the thoughts of the party gathered round the breakfast table at Sloane House, on the morning after Arthur's interview with Mr. Leighton, and after Alick's night watch at Frank Osgood's bedside.

Dulcie was expecting her father and mother, who were to spend a few days at Sloane House, and was full of the pleasure of helping to receive them there. Mr. Leighton had not yet told his wife of what had occurred, he had asked Arthur to come to his chambers that afternoon for another consultation, and had almost made up his mind to see Frank Osgood, before he did anything farther.

Geoffrey was so full of discomfort and worry, that he was glad to hurry off to his school work, hardly able to reply to the commands of May and Dulcie, to be back in time to receive Mr. and Mrs. Fordham.

As he hurried down the garden path, a telegram was put into his hand,

'Alick Leighton, Fordham, to Geoffrey Leighton,

'Sloane House, Chelsea.

'Say nothing to any one, but come and see me to-day without fail.'

Geoffrey was very much astonished. He was, he knew well, the last person to whom Alick was likely to turn in a difficulty. What could he want? Geoffrey's mind was not at ease, in spite of the content which he could not escape in Dulcie's presence. His conscience was uneasy, and his fears flew at once to the right quarter, though he told himself again and again that Alick's message could have nothing to do with *that*.

He hurried over his arrangements, and started in the foggy, dreary, January morning for Fordham. The fog grew lighter as he left London behind him, trees began to show clearer in the distance, the flat meadows on either side showed greener and fresher, till by the time he reached Fordham, the air was light and clear, the church spire shone out white and fair, and the river caught a sparkle of sunshine. Alick lodged in a cheerful little villa on the road to Oxley, and thither Geoffrey hastily took his way, and was admitted by

Alick himself, looking very grave and pale, and unable even for a moment to give a commonplace air to his greeting.

'What is the matter? Why have you sent for me?' said Geoffrey, as Alick took him into his sitting-room, and shut the door.

'I am very glad you have come so quickly,' said Alick.

He sat down, and looked up at Geoffrey, who stood leaning against the mantel-piece, and whose own pulses began to throb too fast to notice with what difficulty Alick spoke. He went on, very slowly, 'I am afraid I shall shock you—more than I have been shocked myself, but I felt that—that *I* must tell—*you*. I have found—Frank Osgood.'

'At last!' cried Geoffrey, and then there fell on them both absolute silence.

Alick could not utter another word, and Geoffrey's mind was in a storm of self-questioning and doubt. Besides, that name so familiar to the thoughts of both, had never yet been breathed between them. Never had either spoken to the other of the common sorrow, which yet divided them with an awful rivalry.

Unconsciously Geoffrey covered his face, and Alick, after one or two vain efforts, said, speaking directly to the worst fear.

'The circumstances are not—very terrible.'

'Tell me,' said Geoffrey.

'He is Oakenshaw—Arthur Spencer's clerk—who was lost. He is here—ill of rheumatic fever. I had to look after him, and in the night he was delirious, and called himself Frank Osgood. And so he is.'

'Did he know you?'

'Oh, yes! I told him my name, and he had seen us on the ice; then, as Geoffrey's further meaning struck him, 'no, no!'

'Did he know that you recognized him?'

'As Oakenshaw only. I—I *couldn't* tell him.'

Another pause, then Alick said,

'So I thought—whatever, whichever—anyhow, I thought I must tell you. No one else can know what it is. And when,—when father knows it, we shall never feel again——' Here Alick broke down utterly, with an anguish that he could not control.

He was far too wretched to notice how little surprise Geoffrey had shown, or to wonder at the fewness of his words; but his next speech was unexpected, sudden and sharp.

'All your life—what have you thought? What do you think about—ourselves?'

'I have no opinion,' said Alick, presently; 'but, of course, I know that you are the one who is worthy to be *their* son.'

'No, no!' said Geoffrey, with a sudden agony of self-reproach. He walked restlessly about the room, and at length said, speaking fast, as he always did when excited.

'Now, Alick, let us be reasonable. What good can any revelation do? It is *his* interest to be hidden. We can take care to look after

him. But why say a word to any one? He ought not to have come back. Why rake up this horrible story to distress them all at home—to make a misery for Dulcie, and to make life intolerable for you and me. All our friends know the story; think of the talk and the wonder. Get him out of the place; send him abroad again—I'll find the money.'

'But,' said Alick, 'don't you understand that he is very ill—perhaps dying? I don't know if our name frightened him; but he went off from Oxley in the night and caught this awful chill. There are some Sisters of Mercy in Fordham, you know, and I have got one of them to nurse him, for fear of the story getting about. He calls himself Jones.'

Geoffrey turned very pale as Alick spoke, but he pushed the agonizing thought away.

'Well, then, why disturb him? What's the use of saying a word? Keep out of his way, and how can he guess?'

'I don't think you could say that if you had seen him,' said Alick, slowly.

'What! Think of what you say. He may be prosecuted, given up to justice. He's a felon in the eyes of the law,' said Geoffrey, striking his hand on the table in his excitement.

'I think that was prevented,' said Alick. 'Anyhow, father will know how to manage about that. That was why I got Sister Lucy. Long ago mother told me that *if* he came back, you and I would have a duty to do, and must help each other to do it. She said, her love would help us.'

'I don't see your view,' said Geoffrey, passionately. 'What good can we do him?'

'He may repent,' said Alick; 'and his relations ought to forgive him before he dies. Besides, there is his daughter. Anyhow, he must see her again. And it is not the Spencers who are responsible for her, but the Osgoods and ourselves, anyhow,' repeated Alick.

'We might manage for her, somehow.'

'I can't do it,' repeated Alick. 'What would one think of oneself afterwards? If you saw him, you would feel differently. Besides, I couldn't keep the secret. I should let it out,' he added, simply. 'And it wouldn't be fair. We must tell father.'

'What is he like?' said Geoffrey, with a sudden change.

'Something like all of us. He looks as if he was a relation.'

Geoffrey shuddered. He could hardly yet realize that Alick was doing right, while he had done wrong—this idea was so unfamiliar to him. Nor did Alick look on it in that light. Where all was so confusing differing views were natural, and he could only hold to his own.

'There are the Osgoods,' said Geoffrey. 'It's their affair, too.'

'Yes; but we don't know how they would treat him.'

'If they need not know it,' said Geoffrey, with hesitation. All the

natural ascendancy of his force of will and far greater decision of character, was lost in the confusion of feeling which he had brought on himself. He could not make up his mind to confess to his treatment of Frank Osgood; he was afraid that Alick would find it out. All that he had endeavoured to avoid was coming upon him, and he could not hinder it.

‘What do you want to do?’ he said.

‘I thought,’ said Alick, ‘that we would go together at once and tell father, at his chambers. He will know what we can do, and what is right—by *him*.’

‘I don’t agree with you,’ said Geoffrey, looking away from him, out of the window. ‘Be we who we may, we owe this man *nothing*. What has he done for us? The Leightons have given us everything. You don’t reflect on the trouble his reappearance will give them. It is our affair; let us hush it up.’

‘I don’t think,’ said Alick, ‘that *that* was the view mamma took, when she taught us to pray for him.’

Somehow, the words stung Geoffrey, and he said, roughly, ‘Oh! if you think *you* have the best right to decide——’

‘I don’t know,’ said Alick, the hot tears coming into his eyes. It would have helped him so much if Geoffrey had been more sympathetic.

‘I did you a grievous wrong in saying that,’ said Geoffrey, suddenly. ‘But there is another point of view. We have discovered this man’s secret. Have we a right to reveal it? it may be to his great harm. Isn’t it a true kindness to leave him as he is?’

‘It’s not possible,’ said Alick, after a minute. ‘The Vicar is sure to find out that he is Oakenshaw, at any rate. Besides—anyhow—that little girl has a brother, and he has a son. No, no, Geoff! it is an awful burden, and we’ve got to bear it—a crook that nothing can make straight, and no one else can know the misery of it. If we go up by the three o’clock train,’ he added, ‘we shall catch father before he goes home.’

Geoffrey was silent. He could not coerce Alick into giving up his intention, and he knew that by his own haste and violence, he had let the matter go out of his own hands. His mind was in a whirl. Honestly, he thought that they would have been justified in acting for themselves, and in keeping the matter secret; and yet he knew that the present state of things was entirely owing to his own desire for secrecy. He looked away from Alick. All his life he had looked on him as a rival—not as a fellow-sufferer. He tried to say to himself that Alick’s tenderness of conscience was due to an instinct which he did not, *need* not share; while in his inmost heart was a conviction, which he tried to falsify in every act. Alick’s next words, uttered in very trembling tones, cut him to the quick.

‘We can’t trust ourselves, if we don’t do right by him while we may—there’s no saying what we might be tempted to.’



‘Why do you say that?’

‘I mean, I couldn’t trust myself,’ said Alick.

‘Well,’ said Geoffrey, ‘I’ll do as you wish.’

‘Then I must go and see how he is before we go. I suppose you wouldn’t—no! it would not be wise for you to come too.’

‘I *could* not!’ said Geoffrey. ‘Go; I’ll wait for you.’

Alick went. He was vaguely disappointed at Geoffrey’s behaviour—not for its want of sympathy, but because he had expected that his vigorous, decided nature would have taken the upper hand, and have given him more support. But when he recalled how utterly he himself had been knocked down by the first shock, he could not be surprised that it had suppressed and stupefied Geoffrey.

He dragged his weary and reluctant footsteps back to the lodging, where he heard that ‘Mr. Jones’ was still very ill, and, after much pain and restlessness, was now dozing.

Alick stood looking down at the patient, while Sister Lucy looked at him. She knew that Alick was a kind-hearted youth, but pure pity never printed such a look on any face.

‘Is he going to die?’ he said.

‘Well, Mr. Leighton, I think he is very ill; but there is hardly immediate danger.’

‘Has he told you anything?’

‘He has hardly been fully conscious. He has said nothing about himself.’

‘I must go to London for a few hours. If you would stay with him. And, Sister, you’ll try to keep him from dying—because——’

Alick broke off. ‘Because we cannot wish him to live,’ would have been the real ending to his sentence. He further produced ten shillings, and Alick’s money burnt such big holes in his pocket that he rather congratulated himself on having it handy, and gave it to Sister Lucy, saying, ‘Please get him anything he wants: I don’t think he can have much money.’

‘I will do everything I can for him—myself,’ said the sister, quietly.

‘Thank you,’ and Alick turned quickly away, thankful that the closed eyes had not opened upon him.

That was a strange journey, and neither had much to say to the other. Alick was exhausted by the effort he was making, and Geoffrey absorbed, not so much in the discovery, as in his own share in it. If he spoke of that, if the whole truth were told, it would involve much more than the mere fact. He knew, he was too much accustomed to act conscientiously not to know, that he was doing wrong and feeling wrong; but he chose what seemed a small error rather than the anguish of a full disclosure. He saw that Alick was looking at him, and, with a thrill, fancied that he was tracing the kindred look of which he had spoken. He had pictured this crisis to himself so often, pictured it with infinitely more of outward degradation and disgrace,



but sometimes he had imagined a final escape for himself. When face to face, it might be that Alick would be seen to be indubitably the son. That was a day-dream which had not recurred of late years. Never had Geoffrey pictured himself as taking up the burden, as acting the generous and heroic part. Contempt and resentment were the only feelings which the image of his exiled kinsman had ever inspired. As a boy he had often justified himself for the coldness of his feelings towards Alick, by the belief that jealousy was inevitable between them, and by the fact that Alick at least was not his brother.

From the day when he had thrown General Osgood's sovereign into the well, these feelings had reigned unchecked, and had governed him completely when the time for action came. They were never stronger than when he and Alick reached London, and drove together in a hansom to the Temple without exchanging a needless word. Alick grew paler and paler, and as the cab stopped he took hold of Geoffrey's hand and squeezed it hard, and Geoffrey's grasp returned almost a fierce pressure. He paid the cab, and led the way through the Temple Courts and up the narrow staircase, still without a word, till together they stood outside the father's door. Then they looked into each other's eyes, and each saw the reflection of his own misery. Alick put out his hand, but it shook visibly, and Geoffrey turned the handle instead.

*(To be continued.)*

---

## EXTRACTS FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF MARIE CUFAUDE.

EDITED BY F. C. LEFROY.

### CHAPTER III.

It was in May, 1527, that we left Castle Ludlow under the escort of Sir John Dudley, the Chamberlain of the Princess, and the Lady Bryan. When we reached London we took barge at the Tower wharf and so went down the river to Greenwich. There were crowds all along the banks to see and welcome back her Grace, and a right noisy and hearty welcome they gave her, and many were the remarks we heard on her growth and improved beauty. And they had a good look at her, inasmuch as she had commanded two or three cushions should be put on her seat, in order that the people might the better see her, when she saw what a multitude had gathered, and she smiled at me as she said, 'Thy grandmother would see that I have not forgotten her counsel.'

At Greenwich, the Lady Willoughby D'Eresby received us and led us to the suite of rooms set apart for the Princess, which their Highnesses had had prettily garnished for her, and had placed on her tables many new books and musical instruments. The chairs and couches were all newly covered with green velvet, and the hangings of her bed were of white satin trimmed with rich lace. My grandmother's words of warning had weighed heavily on her Grace's heart, and all this gracious care and show of kindness comforted her much.

See Moll,' she said, 'how good my father is to me.'

She had hardly time to notice these tokens of his love before she was summoned to his presence, I following her (as did the other ladies of her train) at the bidding of the Lady Willoughby, that I might make my reverences unto their Majesties, should they condescend to remember me. We entered the presence-chamber, the Princess walking first, and as soon as we came in sight of their Highnesses we all curtsied down to the ground thrice; before we reached the dais we stopped to repeat these reverences, from which the Princess was no more excused than were we her ladies, when the last was made we fell back on each side leaving her Grace alone. To her the King and Queen held out their hands, and she, with a last curtsey, knelt down to kiss them and to ask their blessing. During the time she had been at Ludlow, she had not only grown and improved in beauty, but also in the grace and dignity of her demeanour. Albeit not yet thirteen, she had already the composed and gracious deportment which

became her exalted birth. Their Highnesses kissed her on the cheek, the Queen more than once, and blest her, and then she, speaking unto his Grace, thanked him in a most sweet and dutiful manner, for his kindness in permitting her once again to have the great joy of seeing both him and her mother, she having long languished for the sight of their faces.

‘By my soul, Moll,’ the King replied, ‘thou hast so grown and withal beautified thyself, that I should be the veriest fool and most unnatural of fathers, were I to banish from our presence such a jewel as thou art become. Methinks, sweetheart,’ looking at her Highness, ‘we must need lock up this fair daughter of ours or we shall have all the Princes of Christendom fighting for her favour; see how prettily she blushes e’en at our admiration;’ but ere the Queen could answer, his eyes had left her face and sought that of Mistress Anne Boleyn, who was standing amongst the maids of honour, somewhat in front of the rest. ‘Thou should’st be a judge of fair faces, Mistress Anne,’ he continued, ‘from studying thine own; tell me didst thou ever see a brighter blossom, or one that gives a better promise of yet greater charms?’

This was the first time I had ever seen that most unhappy woman, who, in after years, attained her crown by the foulest wrong to the Queen, her sovereign—a wrong that through years of patient waiting she strove to accomplish to her own future destruction. As she stepped forward, however, that day, I thought I had never seen anything more beautiful. She was tall and finely shaped, and her rounded cheek was blooming as a rose, and it seemed the pinker from the clearness of her skin. Her smile was honey sweet, as was her voice. She wore a dress of blue velvet sprayed with silver, with hanging sleeves, her hair fell in long curls beneath a coif of golden gauze, and she had diamond stars upon her brodequins. She curtsied low and knelt before she spoke, ‘I must,’ she said in her silvery tone, ‘have a poor taste for beauty if I had nothing worthier than mine own homely visage to study. But in the persons of your Highnesses,’ and she glanced at the King, ‘we have such glorious examples that we have only to compare our most dear Princess with her noble parents to see to what a height of perfection she will surely reach.’

The King’s eyes were fastened on her face as she spoke, and her own sank beneath the intense gaze of his. ‘Prettily answered, on my word,’ he said, ‘but I fear me, fair Mistress, thou hast a flattering tongue.’ ‘We be so happy in this Court,’ she replied, ‘that if we speak but truly our poor thoughts it seemeth flattery, but if I have spoken with misbecoming freedom, may I be permitted to kiss the hand of the Lady Mary and so retire, for your Grace’s notice is beyond my deserts and may well move others to envy me.’

And again she glanced quickly upwards at his Highness as if to warn him. The look checked and displeased him, for he replied with emphasis: ‘Thou art as discreet as modest, Mistress; give her thine

hand, daughter, and I commend her unto thee as one well worthy thy esteem and love, and in whom thou wilt find, if I mistake not, a most faithful friend.' There was a moment's pause. The King, the Queen, Mistress Anne, the Lords and Ladies all seemed to be on the watch to see how her Grace would acquit herself. Her Highness looked at her with eyes full of tenderness and burning anxiety, mine uncle Reginald with his full of warning. But in an instant the Princess held out her hand with a certain gracious inclination, and with a smile that only one who knew her as I did, could have told that albeit on her lips came not from her heart, said 'It will give us much pleasure, Madam, to improve our acquaintance, and we doubt not, as ye have won such commendation from his Highness, that we shall love ye well, and that you will prove yourself a true and good friend unto us.'

Mistress Anne kissed the hand held out to her, and replied, 'At least I dare swear unto your Grace that that shall be mine heartiest endeavour, for well I wot I shall thereby best preserve the good opinion of his Highness, which truly I would rather die than forfeit.'

And rising, she made a most lowly reverence unto each, and then, stepping lightly backward, retired behind the ladies Willoughby and Rochford, as if she wished to escape out of sight and avoid every one's eye. The King's looks followed her even whilst the Princess again kissed his hand and thanked him and the Queen for the care they had taken to embellish her chamber, and the many fair presents she had found there.

I think it was to draw back his attention that her Highness asked after me, knowing that from his love of children, he would be sure to notice me. So I had to come forward and make my curtsies and remain kneeling on one knee, as Mistress Anne had done, as long as they pleased to question me. At last the King told me 'to jump up and run away.' But I had been too well taught at Castle Ludlow to take such a liberty, so I stept backwards, and then curtsied, and then took another step backwards and again curtsied, and was about to do it a third time, which would have brought me close to the edge of the dais, when he stopt me by calling out, 'Have a care, or thou wilt be Little Mishap with a vengeance, and fall down. Hast forgotten how to run?'

'Only how to run away from your Highness,' I said, with a last curtsy, and was going to explain that my grandmother had taught me better; but, pausing to order my words properly, the King cut me short with a loud laugh, and declared it was the daintiest and readiest retort he had ever heard from lips so young, and told the ladies they must look to their manners, or I should put them all to shame.

Methinks he wanted a laugh, the faces around him were so grave, and he made the most of my foolish little speech, which I fain would

have protested I meant not in the sense he was pleased to take it, but was too ashamed. After this they took the Princess Mary away with them, and she returned not until her supper was served, for ye must understand she had all meals in her own room, only attending those of their Highnesses when so commanded. Her Grace sat always at the head of the table, and beside her usually sat my grandmother, and on her right sat the ladies of her Court, and on her left the gentlemen. My place was next to my grandmother's, on account of my blood royal and near cousinship. This day Lady Willoughby took the place on the Princess's right side, and mine uncle, whom she had invited to sup with her, that on her left. No one might sit down at the table until she was seated, or without first making a deep bow or lowly reverence unto her. She came in looking very bright and happy, and wearing a fine pearl necklace that the King had just given her, with many assurances of his great love and favour. Her Latin and French had been much approved of, and by-and-by she was to show off her dancing by dancing a pavon \* before him. 'And truly cousin,' she said to the Cardinal, 'his Grace seemeth more even than heretofore to study to show the extraordinary goodness wherewith he hath ever regarded me, so that methinks instead of my long absence causing him to forget me, as I sometimes feared, I be sure he hath never loved me better than now.' 'And did he otherwise,' he answered, with a smile, 'he would be the only man in his dominions who could do so, seeing how womanly, and withal how fair, your Grace hath grown. The Queen's Highness also must needs see with pleasure how well her daughter hath employed the time of her retirement.'

'Truly I hope so,' she replied, almost laughing; 'but to tell you the very truth, his Grace seemeth not willing any one should speak unto me but himself. I could hardly slide in a word even edgewise unto her Highness, he was so jealous of my notice; and once or twice when she essayed to speak unto me, he stopt her methought somewhat shortly.'

'And he left not then your Grace alone with her?' he asked. 'No,' she replied, 'and moreover, when she arose and would have followed me out of his presence, he called her back as having somewhat to say unto her.' And then she paused as thinking, and presently added, 'Seeing how extraordinary his goodness unto me is, I must needs requite it with the greatest love and submission that any child may.'

'Amen!' quoth he, 'such tender words become your Grace, and show the innocency and the purity of your own heart; and sure I am, ye will never put anything before your duty to his Highness, unless it be your duty to one higher than he.'

'And who is to be your Grace's partner in the pavon this night?' Lady Willoughby asked.

\* Pavon, a sort of minuet danced with sliding steps, and many bows and curtsies.

‘I choose not for myself,’ she answered, somewhat proudly, ‘as well ye wot. I shall take whomsoever the King commands, and do my best.’

And when the pavon was danced, the partner his Grace chose for her was the Viscount Rochford, the brother of Mistress Anne Boleyn.

It was only truth the Princess spake when she said the King jealousied her loving even the Queen, her mother, as well as she did him. He sought to make her heart so his own that she should have no will but his, and that whatever he did should be right in her eyes. He lavished upon her for this end costly presents, loving words, and sweet flatteries, and showered rich gifts even on her ladies, that they might sing his praises in her ears. I came in for a golden girdle studded with garnets, and a string of fine pearls, and whilst he showed himself thus gracious unto her, he compelled the poor Queen to keep aloof more than she had ever done before. She dared not speak a word to enlighten the Princess, and perhaps she had a hope that her submission to his will, and the influence of her Grace, would so work on him that he would not permit himself to do ought which could injure her. And perhaps, albeit she had small cause to love him, she shrank from exposing the treachery and falsehood of the father to the eyes of his daughter. Many of those most faithful to her thought that his love for the Princess would set things straight, and so some for one cause, some for another—Mistress Anne Boleyn not less than others—all joined in lauding her unto him, and magnifying her beauty and learning and grace. Thus she found herself the object of every one’s praise and every one’s care; every eye followed her when she moved, and although perchance many looked without admiring, all had the art to look as if they did. And this sweet intoxication, that would have puffed up most damsels and made them swell with pride and arrogancy, only so moved the Princess as to make her seem more worthy of it, such was the excellency of her nature. She grew more gracious and debonnaire, her cheeks blushed, her eyes sparked; she bloomed out, as it were, beneath the warmth of love which surrounded her; she danced with a spirit and lightness she had never shown before, and had a sportiveness of manner, a readiness of retort, such as his Highness delighted in. She was ever most truly a fine musician, but even her music seemed sweeter and brighter, and she was often called on to perform. The King swore that her strains enchanted him, and as the Queen watched the loving looks he cast on his daughter, and saw how she responded with the humblest and most grateful duty and worship, her own face became less sad and careworn, and she was content that he should so swallow up the Princess as to shut her out of her share. Albeit there were those who knew that his Majesty’s purpose was unchanged, for one day he bade the Lady Mary invite Mistress Anne Boleyn to sup with her, which her Grace, thinking no evil, did willingly enough, though



she confided to me that she liked not the lady, saying that, 'like honey, she cloyed her.' Mistress Anne did not find much enjoyment in her supper, for Lady Willoughby had an air of listening to every word she said and disapproving thereof. And when she spoke to her, her own had a bitter savour, even when hid beneath a compliment.

Her Grace was, however, very kind, and at Mistress Anne's request, after supper, took her lute and played to her, inviting her to sit beside her as she did so. In the midst the door opened and the King came in. He was masked and fantastically dressed, and approaching the Princess he knelt before her and told her that passing by that way the dulcet sounds which had ravished his ears had constrained him to enter her presence unbidden, and he prayed her to excuse the bold rudeness of a poor stranger, and to suffer his company and continue her music. Certes, we all knew well enough who it was, but the Princess looked down at him demurely, and replied, 'She doubted whether it would consist with maiden modesty and discretion to allow so courteous and gallant a knight to remain in their bower, and, though loath to be ungracious, she must pray him to begone.'

Whereupon he sank at her feet, or rather at the feet of Mistress Anne, and speaking to the Princess, but looking for one instant at the other, he swore he was so overpowered and enchained by the charms of her beauty that he had no power either to stand or to fly. 'Then,' cried the Princess, with ready wit, 'It is we who must fly, come ladies, follow me quickly, ere his flattering tongue hath bewitched our hearts and hung fetters on our feet.' And with a merry laugh she pushed aside the hand wherewith he sought to detain her, exclaiming, 'No, no, nought but the King's commands shall stay me.'

'Thou hast me there, Moll,' he said, removing his mask, 'but sit you down,' and he kissed her as he bent over to compel her obedience. 'We came not as a marplot, and so, sweet Princess, take thy lute, and this fair lady,' speaking to Mistress Anne, 'shall sing us one of her songs, for she hath a rare voice.'

And so, indeed, she did, not one but several, for in truth she could sing finely, so that it was a treat to hear her; and her Grace, who loved music much, thanked her for her songs and much commended her performance, and Mistress Anne made her a deep curtsy, and said, 'Your Grace's praise is far more than my poor skill deserves, and makes me feel that I could be content to sing myself mute to pleasure so kind a mistress,' but methinks she should have said master, an' she had spoken the truth.

'Moll,' said the Princess to me, when she and I were in bed together, 'What dost think of Mistress Boleyn? I like her not, she doth not look one in the face when she be speaking.'

'I think she be vain and sly,' I answered, 'and that Lady Willoughby doth not love her; and cousin, though she pretendeth and albeit maketh many fine professions, I doubt whether she would be ever truly your faithful friend—she speaketh as she doth more to please



the King, and she looketh at him the while to mark how he taketh her words.'

And much I longed to say much more unto her, for it irked me to perceive how blinded she was. For I myself had not been many days at Court before I had learnt that the King was seeking to divorce the Queen, and I shrewdly suspected that Mistress Anne Boleyn had more to do with the matter than any uneasiness of his Highness's conscience as to his marriage. Uneasy, seeing what he had determined to do, no doubt his conscience was, wherefore he was for ever swearing that he desired no wife save her Grace, if he could but be sure that he might have her, and that could he choose again, she, before all women, should be his choice, such rare perfections he knew her to possess. But I looked on my ring and remembered my grandmother's admonition, and opened not my mind fully unto the Princess, albeit I could not speak of Mistress Boleyn without hinting at what I had picked up.

But at last Cardinal Wolsey broke the matter unto her by the King's command. She received his Eminence alone, and I knew only what passed because she afterwards told me. He spake no word of any second wife, nor of the desire of his Highness for an heir male, nor yet of the uneasiness of the royal conscience. 'It was,' he said, 'the King of France who had cast some doubts on her Grace's birth, and His Majesty, in his tender love for her, and his gracious care for the welfare of the state, disregarding his own comfort, and from no fickleness of heart or desire of change, had resolved to seek the opinion of his Holiness as to the validity of his marriage, and submit to his decision whatever it might be, albeit he desired nothing so much as that it should be confirmed.' And the Cardinal assured her she need have no fears, reminding her that the marriage had not been contracted without a dispensation from Rome, and that the whole object of the investigation was to place her claims beyond dispute, which would certainly be the result; and, nothing doubting, he induced her to send her thanks unto his Highness for his unexampled goodness in taking such fatherly care of her honour and welfare, and that, as in duty bound, she would submit herself wholly to whatever should please him; which message so contented him, that he sent her a gold embroidered robe.

We had been, I should think, a fortnight at Greenwich, when my grandmother rejoined us there; but the palace at Richmond, which was preparing for the Princess, not being quite ready, we remained on a little longer. She soon saw that her Grace was still ignorant of the truth, for I overheard her say one day unto the Lady Willoughby, 'I perceive by her joyous looks and happy laugh that her Highness hath as yet said nothing unto her to make her uneasy and prepare her for what is coming.'

'No,' Lady Willoughby replied, 'and it is the Queen's wish that her innocent happiness should not be destroyed until the last

moment.' The last moment was, however, closer at hand than they thought.

At this time the King gave more than one splendid entertainment to the French Ambassador, and he commanded the Princess to act a masque with her ladies before the Court. He was himself extremely fond of these entertainments, partly because he could therein lay aside the king and play the gallant were he so disposed, and indulge in freedoms from which he was at other times compelled to abstain.

Our masque was to be performed in the gardens, and one lovely summer's evening, the King and Queen and all the Court assembled on one of the open spaces of turf well set about with trees and shrubs and thickets and beds of flowers. Seats under a silken canopy of crimson and gold were prepared for their Highnesses, and benches were placed behind on either side for such as were entitled or permitted to sit in their presence, and rich carpets were laid at their feet, upon which not a few of the young gallants would prostrate themselves. As I peeped out from the shrubs in which we were lying hidden, I marvelled at the splendour of the jewels and the richness of the dresses which every one wore—the King seemed so to blaze with gold mingled with ruby red, that one could hardly have looked on him without being dazzled, had it not been for the broad blue ribbon of the Garter across his ample breast. Albeit past his youth and somewhat stout, yet was he so handsome and so portly with so royal a carriage, that he was truly still King of his company as he had ever been reckoned. Near him was the Duke of Suffolk, scarcely less gorgeous, and Cardinal Wolsey in his scarlet robes, and Sir Thomas More, the Lord Chancellor, whom his Highness so loved at that moment, that as they walked together he would throw his arm about his neck; and ye may be sure that mine uncles were there, both my Lord Montague and Reginald, of whom the last was as goodly and well-favoured as any man present. Then there was the Queen of France, as like unto his Majesty as any woman could be, with a kingdom's worth of diamonds around her throat and about her waist, which I promise you was no trifle, and a double string of large pearls.

She had a marvellous white skin, and somewhat ruddy hair. I had seen her often before, and she had given me many handsome gifts. That silver casket that ye know so well, wherein I keep my most precious relics, was one. Close to the Queen stood her ladies, a bevy of fair maidens pranked out in all the colours of the rainbow, and amongst them was Mistress Anne Boleyn in a robe of gay green satin, whereupon were brodered as many flowers as deck the woods in May; and truly the only shadow to be seen in all that gallant show was to be found in the sad, pale, worn face of the good Queen. And methought she looked all the more faded and withered from the load of glittering jewels she wore and the silver brocade of her dress. Ah, me! if they could have peeped into the future they would have seen a

darker shadow than even her sorrow standing not far from many ; but little they dreamt that day how close the sharp edge of the axe was to some who seemed the most secure. Least of all did she think, who, with her light steps and sweet smiles was making her way to the throne, how closely behind it stood the block.

Our masque was chiefly dancing, and what little speaking there was was in Latin. As soon as the music struck up a band of young savages sprang out of the shrubbery wherein they had been hiding, and began dancing singly and in pairs in the open space before the King. They were fantastically dressed with knots of ribbon on their garters, and their hose and sleeves of different colours, as also their shoes, to set forth that they were a party of merry bachelors, *unpaired* as yet, but eager to remedy that their sad condition. Amongst these masques were the young Lord Grey, son of the Marquis of Dorset, and the sons of Lord Morley, Lord Hussey, Lord Sandys, Lord Latimer, and many others of the nobles about the Court. There were some also of less degree ; and among them Master William Cufaude, who was getting his training in the household of my Lord Sandys. He was as well grown and handsome a youth as any there ; and yet methought he wanted somewhat of the grace and carriage of the rest, albeit he proved himself as fleet of foot and as expert a dancer as any present. After ‘caracoling,’ as this free and graceful dancing was called, which consisted in springing steps and sudden turns, with sometimes an uplifting of one arm or the other for a few minutes, the Lord Grey dropped on one knee before the King, and explained that, being unable to procure wives in their own country, and having heard that a Queen of marvellous beauty, attended by a band of lovely maidens, lived in that forest, they had come thither to catch them if they could, and carry them off as their brides. As he finished his speech, distant music is heard, whereupon he and his merry men dance away out of sight and hide themselves behind the shrubs, waiting for us to appear. Then we perform our dance, which was much like theirs—the Princess leading the brawl,\* and at the end they rush out and entirely surround us. Then hand clasped to hand, we dance round the Princess, and they dance round us, and at last we break our ring and try to escape by darting under the arms of the savages. I made mine escape between young Nevil, my Lord Latimer’s son, and Master Cufaude, meaning that young Nevil should catch me ; but all I could do Master Cufaude—being the longer of limb of the two—took the lead, and ere I could return unto the ring, had caught mine hand, whereupon he claimed the right of taking off my mask and kissing my cheek, and so became my partner for the rest of the evening ; whereat I pouted not a little, and looked at him with scornful eyes, and told him I should have been fitter mated with his betters.

\* Brawl, ‘from the French’ *braule*, any dance in which the performers take hands and twist in and out of each other.

‘Thou art discourteous, fair one,’ he replied; ‘thy gallant hath lost the race, and in this matter hath not proved himself my better. Though I be but a poor esquire, I trow ye must just put up with me as the rules of the dance demand.’ ‘I know I must,’ I answered, haughtily; ‘and I trust thou wilt do thy best, and not bring discredit upon me.’ ‘That will I not, I will be sworn,’ he answered; ‘for I can step out now as well as any here. There is the Lord Grey kneeling to the Princess and kissing her hand. I will kneel and kiss thine hand, an’ thou wilt give it me.’

And kneeling as he spoke, I could not forbear smiling, and laying it in his. ‘Thou owest me that smile,’ he said, ‘to atone for thy former frowns, but I thank thee for it.’ ‘Truly thou art a most courteous savage,’ I replied; ‘but we must fall into our places.’ The last figure at the masque was the prettiest; Lord Grey and the Princess stood before the King and Queen holding a light arch of flowers, and we, two-and-two, came slowly dancing forwards; and as each couple passed beneath the arch they knelt to their Highnesses, and then, with a profound bow and curtsy, danced backwards, the ladies to the right and the gentlemen to the left, so that *they* all stood behind the Lord Grey and *we* behind the Princess. Then we trooped away, bowing and curtsying behind the shrubberies from which we had issued.

When our masque was ended, the Princess was called unto their Highnesses, and as she rose to obey, she bade her ‘merry maids,’ as she called us, ‘amuse themselves as they listed,’ so we strayed about the gardens in twos and threes at our own pleasure. Master Cufaude kept close to me; neither could I dismiss him, as I fain would have done, and by and by we met young Nevil, who must needs attend me also, and the two lads came well-nigh unto sparring. To speak the truth, I was not one whit displeased to find how jealous the one was of the other. Yet, seeing it was a deadly crime to brawl and fight in any of the royal parks or gardens, I had to pretend to high displeasure, and threaten to leave them both (albeit looking the while at my pearl ring and smiling to think how little it would matter to either if I did) unless they comported themselves with more decorum.

All the Court seemed wandering about, and we met many parties of gay dames and nobles sauntering along, or saw them sitting together on some of the many benches set out in the gardens. Presently we came to a glade where a band of music was playing, and here we found the Queen of France and French Ambassador dancing with the Marchioness of Exeter, and mine uncle Lord Montague, while many of the Court gathered about them were looking on, and therefore we stayed also, albeit their Highnesses were not there, neither was the Princess or Mistress Boleyn. The Queen was a fine dancer, and loved it much. When they had danced as long as they pleased, she called on me to come forward; so while they rested I danced a

pavon, first with young Nevil and then with Master Cufaude, who timed his steps wondrous well with the music, but danced stiffly with much solemnity, looking all the while—so close set were his lips and so grave, not to say stern, was his face—as if the labour of moving his feet aright and bowing his head low enough was truly unto him one of the labours of Hercules: whereat the Queen of France broke into a merry laugh, and swore she had never seen any one before dance so well with so dolorous a countenance. ‘Canst thou not smile a bit, Master Cufaude?’ she asked.

‘May it please your Grace,’ he said with a deep bow, ‘it is the weight of the oath I have taken unto my fair partner not to discredit her that maketh my face so solemn. I be bound to do my best and take heed unto my steps lest I should incur her frowns.’ And thereupon he looked at me with a certain mischievous sparkle in his eyes, as knowing that he had said out of malice what I should not like. Whereat I frowned on him with all my might and marvelled at his boldness, which however I could not but admire. But I would not nevertheless be persuaded into any more walking with him, but when our dance was over remained standing beside the Queen. I was still with her when we were joined by my grandmother.

‘I have been looking for thee, Moll,’ she said, ‘and am glad to find thee in such good company. Dost thou know where the Princess Mary be?’ ‘No, madam,’ I answered, coming forward, and curtsying as good manners required. ‘I left her with their Highnesses may be an hour ago.’ ‘An hour,’ she exclaimed, ‘thou hast been too well amused thyself I take it to note the time. It be nearly two hours since thy masque was ended. The dew be falling fast, thou must seek her and pray her to return into the house.’ Whereupon I curtsied again unto her and to the Queen, and was moving away when Master Cufaude stepped forward to follow me, and we both paused and looked at my grandmother. ‘So thou wouldst fain attend her, Master Savage,’ she said, smiling; ‘well, thou mayst, provided thou hindereth her not, and taketh thy leave as soon as she findeth the Princess. Be quick, child, and send me word by thy young squire as soon as thou hast found her.’ Of course we went first unto the place where we had acted and where I had left her, but she was not there. The royal seats were empty, albeit many of the Court were sitting about, so I went up to my Lady Lisle, and with a deep reverence, and praying her to pardon my forwardness in speaking, I asked if she could tell me where the Princess might be.

‘Why,’ she exclaimed, ‘is she not with her Highness or the Countess? Her Highness,’ Lady Willoughby said, ‘retired to the house attended by Father Vives half an hour ago, fearing the damp chill of the evening and her Grace was not with her.’ ‘Perchance she is with the King’s Highness,’ I said, ‘but I know not where he be.’ But no one answered me, they only looked on each other and smiled. At last one of the maids of honour said, with a lift of her eyebrow, ‘I saw

Mistress Boleyn and my Lord Rochford walking towards the labyrinth. But I think not ye will find the Lady Mary there.'

Whereat my Lord Grey, who was lounging with sundry others on the carpets, replied, 'I know not that; at least, the last time I saw her Grace, a quarter of an hour ago, she was walking towards it with Master Reginald Pole.' 'Then,' I said, with a little hesitation, 'it is there that I must seek her,' and I looked at Lady Willoughby for advice.

'She had better wait here,' Lady Lisle remarked with emphasis. But Lady Willoughby replied after an instant's silence, 'She be but a child, she may safely go, and it's high time that a stop—' And then she checked herself and added, 'I would say that it is high time the Princess should return. Yes,' speaking to me, 'go to the labyrinth, and keep thine eyes in thine head, and look well around before thou enterest any of the paths.'

'One would think that there were a lion in the labyrinth,' Master Cufaude said, as we walked towards it. 'But my sword hath a fine sharp edge.' 'It would not be of much use,' I answered, 'and if thou drawest it, would only bring down an axe on thine own neck. I wish we may meet her Grace before we get there.'

The labyrinth was not a large one; it was cut in a thick coppice, and so artfully were the paths twisted and branched and turned about, that if one heeded not, one would always be coming back to the same spot. There were many benches placed in recesses made by cutting away the brushwood, and a large arbour in the centre, handsomely fitted up with cushions and with an inlaid floor. The flickering lights and shade made the place very pleasant of a summer's day, and the Princess and I had often played there, hiding from one another, or seeing which could reach this arbour first, so I well knew how to find it and took my way thither at once. The paths were narrow, and I kept a little in front of Master Cufaude, taking good heed at every turn, as Lady Willoughby had bidden me; and well it was I did, for suddenly, as I came to a spot where many ways crossed, and was looking down the one I thought to take, I saw protruding beyond the recess where they were sitting, a lady's foot and part of her dress, and by its colour and the diamond buckle of the brodequins, I knew it was Mistress Boleyn, and I saw enough of him who was beside her to recognise the King. I felt my face flush scarlet, for young as I was I well understood that for any lady, unless 'twere the Queen's Highness or some other royal personage, to sit thus cheek by jowl beside his Grace was the greatest indecorum. Without a word I turned, and seizing Master Cufaude's hand, I ran with him the way we had come as fast as I could. He had been behind me and had seen nought, and so in a minute or two he pulled me up and asked what it was had so scared me. 'It was the King,' I said, 'and the Princess was not with him. We must go some other way,' and I chose the turns which would lead us out of the labyrinth.



As we left it we saw, moving very slowly side by side, some way in front of us, the Lady Mary and mine uncle, and thereupon I took my leave of mine escort, and thanking him for his attendance, held out my hand unto him with my parting curtsy, and bade him return to the Countess.

‘I will kiss thine hand, sweetheart,’ he said, ‘and be therewith content, as thou hast offered it, albeit I have a right to something better; I fear it may be long ere I find myself again in such fair company. Trust me, I will return unto the Countess with all speed if thou wilt show me the shortest route.’

I pointed out the path unto him, and stood a moment to see that he turned the right way. He looked back and saw me standing, and lifted his cap and made me another low bow, to which I responded by a wave of mine hand.

As soon as I had seen him safely off I ran towards the Princess, and as I drew nearer I perceived, to my great surprise, that she was leaning on mine Uncle Reginald’s arm. They turned round when I called, and I saw that something very grievous must have happened, for her eyes were all red and inflamed with weeping, and still full of tears, and his had in them so rueful a look, that albeit dry, I know not but what they were sadder than hers; she hardly seemed able to walk, and clung to his arm even when they stopt. Something of the truth I divined, but not the full sharpness of the blow which had been dealt the Princess. I thought that which I had seen she had seen also, but, alas! she had heard words which stabbed her to the heart.

They, she and mine uncle, were threading the labyrinth when they well-nigh ran against the King, walking with Mistress Boleyn; and mine uncle, fearing the displeasure of his Grace, drew her quickly out of sight into one of the recesses, where they stood waiting until it was safe to move, but by a most unhappy mischance the path his Highness had taken doubled back, and thus brought him so closely behind the spot where they were standing, that albeit the thick shrubs hid them from sight, it shut not out the sound of their voices, and the Princess heard Mistress Anne say, in that mellifluous tone she could always use when she chose, ‘And if the waiting irks your Highness it is with you to shorten it.’ And the King’s answer was equally distinct, although they were moving on. ‘But for the Queen,’ he said, with an impatient oath, speaking all the louder because he was angered, ‘I would make it short enough I promise thee. It is that cursed woman’s obstinacy that worketh such delay, her sickly careworn old face is hateful unto me.’ With a cry which they noticed not, if so be they heard, the Princess swooned away. And mine uncle, fearing his Grace’s return, took her up in his arms and carried her unto one of the benches, which being in an open part he doubted not would be safe. There was also more air, and as he laid her down she recovered her senses, and burst into the most pitiful weeping. He knelt beside her and took her hand tenderly in his,



and strove to comfort her; but what balsam could he find to assuage the smart of such a wound? The speaker was her father, and the cursed woman was her mother; it was her own legitimacy that hung on the issue. Again he assured her that his Holiness would never consent to the dissolution of the marriage, and that she *was* the Princess Mary and *heir* to the Crown, and must ever so remain. But her grief was not for herself, her cry was, 'Mother! mother! oh, my poor mother!' And then she wrung her hands together and exclaimed, 'And I have been no comfort unto her, I have thought of nought but his Highness and making myself agreeable unto him, and have given him all my love since I have been here.'

'For God's sake, my most dear cousin,' he said, seeing that her tears were streaming down her cheeks. 'Try and restrain your grief, this is no place where ye may safely indulge your sorrow.'

But she hardly heeded him, and gasped out the words, 'Her sickly careworn old face! ah, me! it is too true—too true.'

'Think not of those cruel words,' he implored, 'the King's temper was chafed; your Grace well wotteth that anger can make us all speak that which we should not; judge him not by that which he surely spake in wrath. In his heart he knoweth and esteemeth the virtue and excellence of the Queen. He has had other fancies for other women, and they have passed, and her Highness's patience and goodness hath triumphed. The Duke of Richmond is your Grace's brother as well ye wot. It is a strange and shameful consolation to offer unto one so young and pure, but it is to the King's fickleness to which we must look to help us in this sore strait. Your tears wound my very soul.'

'I have been blind, cousin,' she said, with a trembling lip; 'and ye all in your kindness have aided my blindness; but mine eyes are open now. As thou sayest, this is no place wherein to indulge my sorrow. I will return into the house and into my chamber for a short space; I have a dagger in mine heart that I know not how to pluck out. I think it will be ever there, but I must learn to bear the pain and hide it, and look and speak and smile as I did yesterday. Perchance I shall live to hear myself called "a cursed child."'

'Nay, Madam,' he replied, 'I think not that even the arts of that evil woman could so change his Highness' nature. Ye have most truly ever been his delight.'

She arose, and walked towards the house, but finding herself much shaken by her tears, lent on his arm, that she might steady her trembling knees.

When I joined them, she put her other arm around my neck.

When we all met at supper, albeit very pale, she strove to be as gracious and pleasant as was her wont. After supper, the tables were set, and she played a game or two of cards, until it was time to retire. I was very tired, and dropped asleep almost as soon as I was in bed; but in the night I was awakened by the sound of her sobs, and after

listening some instants to her bitter weeping, I ventured to touch her gently, but she pushed away mine hand almost roughly, only I would not be repulsed. 'Cousin,' I cried; 'my dear cousin, let me comfort you,' and I threw mine arms around her, and laying my cheek on hers, wept with her with all mine heart.

'Moll,' she said, presently, 'I can bear that thou shouldst cry with me, but thou must not ask me what I am crying about. I cannot speak unto thee of my sorrow.' 'But,' I replied, in a whisper, 'I also saw the King and Mistress Boleyn in the labyrinth. Oh, Lady Mary, push me not away, I could not help it. They were sitting together on a bench some way off, and I went away, and they did not see me.'

She suffered me to put mine arm round her again, and she kissed me. 'Doubtless,' she said, 'it is the common jest and talk of all the Court. How long hast thou heard it spoken of?'

'No one would speak of it before your Grace's cousin,' I said. 'But I can see by their looks how they watch Mistress Anne's behaviour.'

By and by I dropped asleep again, but the Princess lay awake all night, and the next day she seemed so ill the Countess would not suffer her to rise, but sent to the Queen. And Dr. Butts came to see her, and made her keep her bed some days, which verily was a great comfort unto her, for his Highness was content to hear thrice a day how she was, and came not. And her Highness sat beside her hour after hour, and mother and daughter opened their hearts to each other. I was allowed to wait on the Princess, and whenever I went into her chamber I found the Queen's Grace sitting close beside her bed, and Lady Mary leaning her head on her shoulder, and her arms about her neck.

*(To be continued.)*

---

## AN ITALIAN MARQUIS.

BY LINDA VILLARL.

## I.

THE cries of the new-born infant rang through the gloomy rooms of the Monghidoro Palace, on the Piazza Madonna degli Aldobrandini.

Was it protesting against its entry into a world where it was not wanted? Well it might! Never was babe more unwelcome!

A boy, too! Could anything be so vexatious! Was not the Marchesino Carlo already ten years of age, and a robust and spirited lad well fitted to continue the noble line of the Monghidori, and to cut a fine figure in the world?

'If it were only a little girl!' sighed the mother, turning her face to the yellow brocade curtains shrouding her bed. She had made sure it would be a little girl, and had already occupied herself in planning its future. It was to be her pet and plaything while small, and brilliantly married at the earliest possible age. Married, if possible, to some wealthy banker or parvenu who would require no portion with a noble bride. She hoped, nay, took it for granted, that the child would inherit her own beauty; but even, if like so many daughters of the Monghidoro race, it should prove unfortunately, hopelessly plain, why then it could be packed off to the convent, where several noble relations passed comfortable lives under the rule of a noble grand-aunt with a still longer nose than those of her nieces.

So the poor lady felt quite outraged by the advent of this male child. What did she want with a second boy, for whom no provision could be made!

Downstairs in the chilly muniment room, to which he had fled with his vexation, the Marquis was receiving dolefully enough the ironical congratulations of his brother, Don Venanzio, the Cathedral Canon. This prosperous ecclesiastic, whose only weakness was dainty living, always felt that Providence had erred in postponing his birth to that of a brother whose riotous youth had drained the family purse and burdened what was left of the family estates with a heavy load of debt. Had he been Marquis instead, those fat lands in Mugello and Scarperia would still have been intact and unmortgaged!

Nevertheless, he was always on good terms with his brother, and now made graceful, long-winded compliments on the size and strength of his new nephew.

‘What do I care for his being a fine healthy child? Better if he were a sickly brat!’ at last exclaimed the Marquis, with irrepressible irritation, as he delicately introduced a pinch of snuff into his long, despondent nose. ‘Such an unexpected blow! Really, after ten years, the Marchioness might’ . . . A sneeze gave time for reflection. ‘He will have to be a monk,’ he went on gloomily, ‘I can do nothing for him. My revenues barely suffice for one child. And our Carlo is a lad of sprit and evidently takes after me.’

The Canon accommodated his shoulders to the angles of a straight-backed leathern chair and crossing his shapely calves, said with a slight smile:

‘You had forgotten the hand of Providence, my dear Ugo! I understand your vexation, with a position at Court to keep up and Carlo’s future to think of. But if the latter resembles you as much as you fancy, he will be tolerably free from the cares of property by the time he is half your age.’

The Marquis winced.

‘Especially,’ continued the Canon, still smiling, ‘if he also selects a portionless bride.’

The Marquis winced again. His narrow forehead puckered with annoyance; his bushy eyebrows were drawn close together. Of no youthful folly had he so heartily repented as of his weakness in marrying a lady with no dower, save a beautiful face and a name as ancient as his own. But though skilful enough with the sword, he was no match for his brother in cutting speech, and always avoided quarrelling with him. What would be the good of it! The ecclesiastic’s influence was often useful at a pinch. So he vented his irritation by closing his snuff-box with a vicious snap, and after gazing for a moment at the portrait of its donor, the reigning Grand Duke, on the lid, blandly enquired how the Canon was progressing with his great treatise on the Divinities of Ancient Rome.

The Canon’s eyes twinkled with malicious amusement as he replied:—

‘Slowly, at snail’s pace. The duties of my position leave scanty leisure for learned research. I am still engaged on the Minor Deities. By the way, that boy of yours upstairs must be highly favoured by the God Vaticanus, to judge by the strength of his cries. They are audible even down here.’

‘Oh! confound the brat!’ shouted the poor Marquis, starting from his chair. ‘Don’t, don’t remind me of his existence!’ and walking to one of the barred windows, he gazed despondently at the wall of the Medici Chapel, which raised its dark bulk exactly opposite the Monghidoro Palace.

There was a sound of scuffling; a sudden rush of feet in the passago outside. Then the door burst open, and the heavy leathern curtain was swept aside by the precipitous entrance of a handsome little boy armed with a toy whip. A very naughty boy, apparently, with

flashing eyes and face distorted with anger. Stumbling past the Canon, to the hurt of that gentleman's tenderest corn, he rushed towards the Marquis, crying at the top of his voice:—

‘It's not true, is it papa, about the baby upstairs? That nasty old witch Checca says he will be a marquis like me. I've beaten her well with my new whip. Answer me quick, papa!’

The Marquis was gazing affectionately at the furious child planted so squarely before him. The gloom vanished from his face, and his long nose almost touched his chin as his lips parted in a fatherly smile.

‘Never heed Checca's nonsense, my boy,’ he said gently, ‘you will be Marquis of Monghidoro, Count of Pietra Mala, and head of the house at my death.’ He stroked the child's hair with his bony, white fingers. ‘Don Cirillo might have told you that. Go back to your lessons, now, but first pay your respects to your uncle.’

The child turned away with a look of triumph, and after obediently kissing the Canon's hand, would have darted from the room. But his uncle held him fast by the ear.

‘So you don't love your little brother?’ he asked blandly, his keen eyes fixed on the child's face.

Carlo wriggled. His uncle was making his poor little ear pay for the injured corn. He did not love his uncle, but was somewhat afraid of him.

‘I didn't want a little brother; I was promised a little sister,’ he muttered sullenly.

‘Nevertheless, it is your duty to love him, and cherish him, and give him half of all that you possess,’ said the priest, with mock solemnity.

The boy said nothing, but defiance was written on every line of his haughty little face.

‘He will be as noble as yourself, remember,’ pursued the Canon, ‘he will be a learned priest, perhaps a bishop, and will give you wise counsel whenever you need it.’

Carlo's eyes travelled interrogatively from his uncle's face to his father's; but his ear was still in harsh custody, so he made no reply.

‘Now be off, child, and ask Don Cirillo to punish you for striking poor Checca.’

The boy rushed quickly away, rubbing his ear, but stopped in the doorway, where the mild, incapable face of his preceptor, Don Cirillo, was to be seen peering between the curtains, and shouted boldly—

‘My brother may be a priest, and eat the best dinners in Florence, as mamma says you do; I don't care for that. But he shan't be marquis, and I won't give him half my money or any of my toys. There!—’

There was another scuffle, then tutor and pupil disappeared.

The Marquis tittered, but the Canon looked grave.

‘A promising lad, truly,’ exclaimed the latter, with sarcastic

emphasis. 'I must speak to Don Cirillo.' And he left the room with slow and dignified steps.

His elder brother shrugged his shoulders, began pacing up and down, and looked more depressed than before.

'Certainly the brat must be dedicated to the Church,' he murmured, with three solemn nods of the head towards the parchment-bound folios recording the deeds of his race.

Thus the little Saverio's fate was settled from the first hour of his birth. And he continued his vocal protests against it.

Never was there so unmanageable and volcanic an infant!

When taken to be christened in San Giovanni, even the heavy embroidered cloth that covered him as he lay on his nurse's arm, could not stifle his day-old voice, and when in the course of the ceremony his tightly swaddled form was propped up on the edge of the font, it was necessary to hold him with a firm grasp to prevent him from toppling over into the water.

The officiating priest gave a sigh of relief when this raging Monghidoro had been duly converted into a Christian. Don Venanzio remarked that his nephew meant to make a noise in the world as one of the Church Militant; the babe's father wagged his long nose and mournfully cast up his eyes to the dim mosaics overhead; while little Carlo looked on with ill-restrained impatience, wondering why so much fuss should be made about this tiresome little brother who would never be Marquis of Monghidoro.

But in a few days, calm was restored to the gloomy house in the shadow of San Lorenzo. A strapping young peasant woman, with a matronly bust and dangling gold earrings, had borne off the future ecclesiastic to her mountain home near Pietra Mala, and his existence was almost forgotten, excepting by his mother, who sometimes gave him a tender thought while sipping her chocolate or having her hair powdered.

'If he were only a little girl,' she would sigh, and then would console herself by thinking of the uselessness of growing fond of a child destined to the priesthood. So she continued to concentrate her maternal love on her spirited, wilful firstborn; and was satisfied to learn at regular intervals that the little Saverio thrived, had cut his first tooth, could run alone, was beginning to talk and was a strong healthy boy.

Lucky for him that he was; the bleak uplands swept by every wind that blew, and where the snow lay thick for several months of the year, would soon have disposed of a younger son with a less firm grasp of life. Had the Marchese ever taken the trouble to visit her husband's estate at Pietra Mala, she would scarcely have recognized a Monghidoro in the unwashed, barefooted urchin who passed his days rolling about in the farmyard with a smaller child, or sleeping comfortably in the stable curled up beside a white goat. But she never thought of going there. Why exile herself to those wilds,

where even her faithful Cicisbeo might have hesitated to accompany her, when duty as well as pleasure summoned her to attend her sovereign at the Baths of Lucca. There she was still one of the beauties of the Court, life was a whirl of gaiety; and dancing and cards went on through the summer nights until the sun broke in at the windows of the palace on the hill or of the Casino down by the river. So Saverio shared the lot of the village children around him, and as his foster-brother was weakly and he strong, the white goat was more of a mother to him than his official nurse. She was busy with her pigs and poultry, her sheep and oxen, and there was no need to stint her own babe of his natural food in favour of a nursling with an insatiable appetite. One, too, whose parents were tardy with the usual gifts expected by a Balia, and only sent her a monthly wage for their child's maintenance.

But Saverio flourished on neglect; his sturdy little legs could climb as well as those of the white goat, and he showed such valour in defending his young foster-brother from the assaults of bigger boys, that he was nicknamed *Il Capretto*, the Kid, and credited with the malice as well as the strength of the horned animal on whose milk he had been reared.

Not far from *Pietra Mala*, on a steep hillside known as the *Fire Mountain*, flames issue from a plot of bare earth at the edge of the cornfields. Nothing extinguishes these perpetual fires; and their flames rise higher in pouring rain and when snow lies thick outside the charmed circle. By night they serve as a beacon to wayfarers on the mountain, and on calm summer days they run along the ground and spurt a foot or so in the air, like quivering flowers of orange flame.

Now and then travellers turned aside from the high road to Florence in order to visit this natural curiosity, and these were gala days for the ragged children of *Pietra Mala*. They would crowd round the strangers, shouting, begging, turning somersaults and offering to show the way to the *Fuochi*. Saverio always took part in the fun. He turned head over heels faster than all the rest, and his bright blue eyes and merry, spirited little face often earned him a handful of copper coins. But he never cared to keep the money for himself, though prompt to repel with blows and kicks all attempts to wrest it from him by force. He liked to give it to his foster-brother who was too weak to turn somersaults, or to win a caress from his nurse by pouring it into her lap.

One day, when he was nearly seven years old and as tall and much broader than his elder brother had been at ten, he contrived to distance all competitors and secure the post of guide to a gentleman in a grand private carriage. And the gentleman having no mind to be escorted by a swarm of beggar boys, dispersed them by a shower of small coin and threatening flourishes of his cane, and strode down the path with Saverio trotting by his side.



The child's heart throbbed with pride and satisfaction: he was ready to worship this stranger who had confided himself to his care. The gentleman often stayed to gather flowers and weeds, or to chip the rocks with a little hammer, and whenever he chanced to notice his companion, there were the boy's bright eyes fixed upon him with reverent attention. The gentleman first felt amused, then interested. This half-naked child with such lithe, muscular limbs had the carriage of a prince, and his short stubble of fair hair crowned a thoughtful, intelligent face of a type seldom to be seen among mountaineers. A face, too, that was strangely familiar, that he had somewhere seen framed on canvas, though where, he could not remember. He began to talk to the child, and Saverio's answers, though in rustic speech, were as intelligent as his face. He knew the names of all the mountains round about, was skilled in weather signs, and had a great deal to say of sheep and oxen and pigs. The gentleman was astonished to find how quickly the rough walk came to an end and brought him to the fires. Soon it was Saverio's turn to ask questions, for the stranger told him all sorts of wonderful things about the flames, and astonished his baby ears by informing him that they came from dead plants underground.

Thereupon the child's eyes flashed with delight; he capered and clapped his hands.

'I thought they were flames of Hell; every one says so in Pietra Mala. I was so sorry for the poor burning souls. I have come sometimes to listen for their cries, but I've never heard any.'

The gentleman laughed. 'You would have been finely scared if you had!' he said.

Saverio stared. 'Why scared,' he replied, simply. 'If I had heard what the poor souls wanted I would have prayed the Virgin to help them.'

'That's a brave boy!' exclaimed the stranger, with an approving smile.

'You are quite sure Hell isn't underneath then?' enquired the little lad with lingering incredulity.

'Quite sure!' And then the gentleman tried to convey some elementary scraps of science to this eager, untutored little mind.

Presently, scratching the earth with his stick, he amused himself by writing his name in letters of fire, as the flames rose up at his touch. Saverio watched him with admiring eyes, and presently he too took a stick and moved it this way and that.

'You can't write yet, of course?' said the stranger, with an amused glance.

'What is writing?' asked the child.

'Tell me your name, if you know it?'

'People call me Il Capretto.'

'Well, now I know it, but if you could write, you might have told me your name without opening your lips, and if you wrote it on

paper with pencil or ink you could tell people at Bologna, at Florence, at the other end of the world that you were called Il Capretto.'

Saverio's eyes shone. 'I should like to write!' he exclaimed.

'And what is your father's name?' pursued his amused interlocutor.

'Monghidoro,' was the unexpected reply.

'Per Bacco! then it is your name also?'

'Yes. Sa—ve—rio Monghidoro!' said the little lad, as if repeating a lesson.

The gentleman's face showed the liveliest astonishment. Well it might, for his own name was Saverio Monghidoro. He was the Marquis's cousin and had positively stood sponsor to the little ragamuffin by his side. This, then, was the child whose birth had been so unwelcome six or seven years before to his embarrassed kinsman! No mention of his godchild having reached him during his years of foreign travel, he had taken for granted that it had died in its infancy. Now he remembered that it was the portrait of a boy ancestor on the walls of the Monghidoro palace whose blue eyes and expressive features had reappeared in this poor little castaway. It did not take him long to elicit from the child an account of his mode of life, and how parents and brother were alike unknown to him.

There was a fine commotion in the hill-side farm when little Saverio appeared hand in hand with a fine gentleman, who forthwith gave the Balia a severe reproof for allowing the Marchesino to run about unwashed and in rags. And after tenderly kissing the child and presenting him with two broad gold pieces (in lieu of the expected coppers) Count Saverio drove thoughtfully down to Florence to remind his noble cousin that this little godchild was too old to be left longer out at nurse.

## II.

COUNT SAVERIO'S interference was unwelcome—interference generally is—and it came at an unlucky moment. The Marquis's purse was emptier than ever, and his eldest son, now aged seventeen, was showing an inherited taste for amusements of an expensive sort.

Already the Marchesino held a commission in the Grand Ducal army and looked uncommonly handsome in his uniform. Mounted on a pretty grey Arab (which had cost six months' revenue from the Pietra Mala estate) he was to be seen every day at the Cascine cantering in and out among the throng of carriages, and receiving the smiles of their fair occupants. He was a great favourite with fashionable ladies old enough to appreciate the charm of youth; and his father and mother adored him and were ready to make any sacrifice for his advancement.

Accordingly, to give little Saverio an expensive education was out of the question. But the Count's remonstrances served to remind the Marquis that it was time the child learnt his A. B. C., so the little boy was transferred to the care of the parish priest, and exchanged his nurse's farm for the little grey house on the hill by the church. At first he was wretched. He had lost his freedom, his goat, and his foster-brother. His stiff new clothes were a constraint to his limbs, shoes and stockings tired his feet; and wrinkled Sora Modesta, with her sour face and harsh voice, was a bad substitute for his hearty, impetuous foster-mother, who, if she cuffed him one moment kissed him the next.

And the little whitewashed chamber in which he slept alone was at first an abode of terror to the child, for it was next to the belfry, and his bed shook with the vibrations of the clanging bell that startled him from his sleep. His slumbers had been sweeter in the stable with the white goat, or on the sack of maize leaves shared with his nurse's child. Fortunately for him the priest, Don Giacomo, was a kindly man, and did not try to civilize him too hastily; and although the joy of scrambling for *soldi* round the coaches and carriages that halted in the village was at once and for ever forbidden, the child was not altogether weaned from his old companions. After a time lessons began, and Don Giacomo soon grew proud of his little pupil. For Saverio learnt to read with what seemed a magical quickness to one accustomed to struggle with rustic wits, and showed a perfect enthusiasm for pots and hangers. The child's ardour had been fired by Count Saverio's definition of the wonders achieved by the pen. He wanted to be able to write to the kinsman who had spoken so sweetly and given him the bright gold pieces which his Balia had so gladly stowed away in her mattress.

Count Saverio little knew the warm love he had excited in that grateful child-heart! And before the close of the year a stiff little scrawl was written and sent to Florence, but by that time the cousin was far away in a foreign land, and it never reached his hands.

Don Giacomo's store of learning was limited, yet, strange to say, he did not make up by severity for lack of knowledge. As time wore on he was hopelessly unable to answer his pupil's questions, and if Saverio mastered the intricacies of the Latin grammar, it was rather by his own efforts than by the assistance of his easy-going pedagogue. But although the latter knew little Latin and less Greek, he possessed one accomplishment most unusual to his class. He was a fair naturalist, with a special taste for entomology, and priest and boy spent many summer hours scouring hills and pastures in chase of rare specimens. So Saverio received a better and healthier training than in any college or seminary to which, by rights, he should have been sent; and if he knew little of the humanistic lore of schoolmen, grew versed in the nobler lessons of humanity.

His bright blue eyes, so observant of the structure of plants and

insects, and of the movements of clouds, dwelt no less keenly on the sorrows and hardships of the human beings around him. These poor labouring folk were all his dear friends; his heart throbbed with pity at the continual sight of suffering he was powerless to assuage. The tragedy of these obscure lives oppressed his tender young soul as they never oppressed the obtuser sense of the priest. Benevolence notwithstanding, the latter took everything as a matter of course, without troubling himself about causes or remedies. It was enough for him to minister as he best could to the spiritual and bodily needs of his parishioners; and, duty done, he cheerfully returned to his butterflies and flowers.

But Saverio would often rush away from some wretched hovel visited by sickness and starvation, panting for wealth and power to give happiness to his fellow-men.

He knew by this time that the broad uplands, the vales, and pastures, and oakwoods, from the foot of red-flanked Monte Beni to the farther side of the Fire Mountain, were all owned by his parent the Marquis Monghidoro. At regular intervals an intendant came to settle accounts with the tenants and carry off cartloads of grain and hay, stately white oxen, and flocks of sheep. How was it that his father gave so little in return? Why did he leave barns and cottages in a ruinous state, and show no care for the well-being of those who cultivated his soil? This all seemed very strange and cruel to the boy, although he never murmured against the neglect shown to himself. For, trained to believe himself set apart from earthly ties, this neglect seemed a thing of course. He was content to know that he was to be consecrated to God's service, and, like Don Giacomo, pass his life in one of these wind-swept hamlets. But when things went well in his little world, particularly in the jocund days of early spring, when the warm sun melted the winter snows, brisk winds drove away the mists, and the earth throbbed with the promise of the year, Saverio was as happy as a fairy prince. He would climb the limestone crags of the Sasso di Castro, or his beloved Monte Beni, whence the wonderful sea could be seen, away beyond the dwindling circle of hills, and would sing and shout in pure joy of existence. His happiest thoughts came to him on the mountain-top; there he seemed so near to the great Allfather in whose bosom the poor toilers upon earth would one day rest and rejoice. Sometimes, seized by an ecstasy of adoration, he would fall on his knees, and, in the spirit of the pagan Plato, of whom he knew nothing, vow to live a life of virtue and die a virtuous death.

Now and then, however, as was only natural to a growing youth, Saverio was assailed by strange cravings for the unknown. Then his brow became clouded, his blue eyes lost their fire, and a morbid restlessness replaced his usual serenity. He saw the perpetual changes of nature, saw trees sprout and bud, blossom and give fruit ere their leaves fell. Why should no change ever come to him?

He longed to visit the great cities down in the plains, the strange lands beyond the sea of which he read in his books. Sometimes he confided these longings to Don Giacomo; but the good priest would merely shrug his gaunt shoulders and remark with an indulgent smile, that human life was everywhere the same; that in great congregations of men he would find just the same passions and pains as in scattered mountain hamlets; that there was nothing new, nothing worth seeing in the world. And he would bid the boy be of good cheer, to fear God, pray to the saints, and save his soul by cheerful fulfilment of the duties nearest to his hand. Counsel easy to give and hard to take; only marking the gulf of years between the old man's content and the youth's impatience. The one naturally prized life for its own sake, the other for the sake of its possibilities. Saverio always listened submissively, and strove to reconcile dreams with realities. But he grew thin and pale in wrestling with the tumult within him. Meanwhile echoes of war and strife occasionally reached Pietra Mala, and news-sheets were read with increasing excitement. Te Deums were sung in the little grey church when it was known that the usurping conqueror, who had dared to lay hands on the Lord's Anointed, Pope Pius VII., was fallen from his throne and held captive on a lonely rock. Surely now, thought Saverio, peace and happiness would reign in the world, hunger and poverty cease to be. Ever since he could remember, he had heard the man of wrath who reigned in France, charged with causing the woes of Italy. Now, therefore, all would be well. Yet the harvest was exceptionally bad that year, the Monghidoro peasantry more ground down than before. Why could he not go out into the world to do battle for poor Pietra Mala, and win it a share of the general prosperity that must of course be flooding the land?

### III.

BEFORE Saverio had completed his sixteenth year, there came a change, a wonderful change, which entirely altered his fate. There was death in the Monghidoro palace, despair in the hearts of stricken parents. The pampered darling, the Marchesino Carlo was dead. Dead in the prime of his youth, and by his own act. He had long been on bad terms with his commanding officer, a vulgar fellow who positively expected titled subalterns to know their work as well as the rank and file. The fiery Marchesino could ill brook the humiliation of obeying the rule of a plebeian, and being called to account one day for some breach of discipline, the blood of the Monghidoro rebelled. His sword flashed from its sheath, and the next instant was plunged in the Colonel's body. Then, frenzied by passion, or remorse, the unhappy youth leapt from the window and fell dead on the Florence stones.

Then at last the second son was remembered. Fetched post-haste

from the little grey house at Pietra Mala, Saverio entered his father's palace just as torch-bearers, soldiers and penitents stood arrayed before its doors to accompany his brother to the grave. The manner of poor Carlo's death had been hushed up, thanks to court favour. There had been a duel; he had died in attempting to escape, and he was to be buried with military honours.

Bewildered and awe-struck, the neglected son first looked upon his parents by the light of the wax candles about his brother's bier. With his weather-tanned face and rustic garb, he made a strange figure in the stately crowd of relations and ecclesiastics assembled in the family chapel. Without daring to approach the weeping couple pointed out to him by the maggiordomo, he instinctively bent over the corpse, pressed a trembling kiss on the marble brow of the brother he had never known, and sank on his knees in a passion of tears. When he arose his father's arms were about him; but neither then, nor for many days could the Marchioness bear to look upon him who was to fill her Carlo's place.

Soon there was a stir and movement in the crowd, and Saverio, with a golden cord in his hand, presently found himself out in the night air with the flare of torches in his eyes, strains of mournful music in his ears.

\* \* \* \* \*

For some time the poor boy moved about his gloomy home like a disembodied spirit. He felt lost in this new world, was barely conscious of his own identity. Don Venanzio, the portly canon, now a portlier bishop, was kinder than his parents, and tried to act as his pilot in these strange waters. But Saverio looked in vain for the gentle kinsman who had given him the two gold pieces. Count Saverio had long been gathered to his ancestors. And now the village-reared priestling was subjected to a painful ordeal. He had to be polished, to be instructed in court usages, and to unlearn all the maxims that had hitherto guided his life. No more mountain rambles, nor intercourse with common folk, nor solitary musings under the stars! An endless procession of tutors and tailors came and went for his benefit. He was taught French, was taught deportment, was taught to dance, to fence, and to ride; and of all the accomplishments thus forced upon him, the last alone found any favour in his eyes. For on horseback he could escape the streets and pavements, forget ceremonials, and breathe the free air of the hills round Florence. He would have ridden up to Pietra Mala to see dear Don Giacomo and his childhood's friends, but that was expressly forbidden, and Saverio's early training made him very amenable to parental authority. And he would have been easily reconciled to town life, nay even to the restrictions imposed by his new dignity, had he basked in the warmth of parental love. But both father and mother were too crushed by the loss of their darling scapegrace to appreciate the merits of this dreaming, studious, submissive son. He was their sole heir, and the



future Marquis, but they had little love to give him, and chilled by rebuffs his timid attempts to gain their affection. They were shocked and amazed to find that this peasant-reared noble had none of the feelings of his class, and that all his sympathies were with the people. How could they make a courtier of a youth who one day found courage to charge his father with neglect of duty towards the peasantry of his estates?

What chance was there of this degenerate Monghidoro ever shedding new lustre on their name? Had he not replied to his mother's suggestion of the advisability of retrieving the family fortunes by winning the favour of his sovereign, with the blunt remark that it would be more honourable to diminish the household, sell horses and carriages, and retire to the old castle in Mugello, or even to the farm at Pietra Mala! The poor lady nearly fainted on hearing this atrocious proposition, and she mourned with increased bitterness the untimely end of her brilliant Carlo, who had possessed every sentiment proper to his rank.

Certainly the dead man's shoes were no easy fit for Saverio. He was an odd mixture of shyness and independence, gentleness and pride, knowledge and ignorance. Half peasant, half mystic, neither his manners nor his bearing fulfilled the requirements of Florentine saloons. He was none the less a social failure for having studied many of life's problems on the crags of Monte Beni. And at times, when roused to anger, there was a strain of ferocity in him, which some people thought to be derived from his nurse's assistant, the white goat.

Plainly the sole way to utilise this unornamental Monghidoro was to sell his name to the highest bidder. So a family council was called, and it was resolved to arrange a matrimonial alliance suited to regild the family escutcheon. With the aid of Bishop Venanzio a fitting bride was soon found; but it needed all that astute prelate's powers of persuasion to convince Saverio that he was not morally bound to celibacy. However, that objection once disposed of, he was ready to submit to his parents' decision. He was formally presented to the chosen lady, exchanged a few stammering words with her in the presence of a roomful of relations, and then notaries and milliners were set to work on the wedding preparations.

All went smoothly until the moment came for the signing of the contract. But when that document was read over to him, and Saverio heard the customary stipulation that he was to take his wife for a daily drive to the Cascine, his face changed and he broke out in open and decided revolt. With an impetuosity in startling contrast with his usual submission, he declared his willingness to accept all the other conditions set forth: to provide his wife with an opera box and to allow her every privilege of her rank, but refused to escort her to the crowded Cascine. No! Not for the fairest bride in Italy would he be subjected to that torture!



There was fury and consternation in the Monghidoro halls, still greater fury and consternation in the palace across the Arno, where candles were already lighted, guests arriving, and the bride dressing for the important ceremony of *La Scritta*.

Fashionable Florence was in an uproar. A 19th century version of the old Buondelmonti and Donati feud seemed on the point of breaking out. No similar scandal had ever before stained the records of the Monghidoro clan. The bride's family cried aloud for vengeance. But persuasion and menace alike failed to bring the astonished culprit to a sense of his guilt, and in the midst of the storm he quietly took flight. Time passed, no trace of him could be found, and parental anger soon merged in despair.

At last, after many months, his hiding-place was discovered. He had taken refuge in Lombardy with a brother of his old preceptor, Don Giacomo, with whom he had always maintained a close correspondence. He was forgiven, and on learning that his destined wife was safely married to another man (who had no objection to daily drives in the Cascine), was easily persuaded to return to his home.

And now the family began to smile upon him, for by reaction, perhaps, after the hardships suffered in concealment, he took his place among the golden youth of Florence, and plunged into all sorts of fashionable follies. He seemed to have inherited his brother's violence of temper, and one night, at cards, quarrelled with and challenged a noted swordsman. The affrighted Marquis flew to the Pitti and besought his Sovereign's interference. Accordingly, the Grand Duke prohibited the duel, and placed both parties under arrest in their own dwellings.

The Marchesino Saverio fretted and fumed, but had to submit to the decree. A month's imprisonment within the gloomy walls of the family mansion was no light punishment to one reared in the mountains.

#### IV.

THAT winter the upper floor of the palace chanced to be occupied by a Scotch artist and his family. They were gentlefolks: had come to Florence provided with unexceptionable references and letters of introduction to the Marquis, and the rent they paid was a welcome addition to that nobleman's narrow means.

What more natural than that Saverio should employ some of his enforced leisure in visiting these friendly foreigners? They were sociable people, and made their host's son heartily welcome. Their drawing-room, with its blazing fire, its flowers, books and sketches, was a pleasant exchange for the sombre, chilly saloons downstairs, where, save on gala nights, the Marquis shuffled about wrapped in a fur cloak, shaking his nose over the bad times in general and his son's iniquities in particular, and the Marchioness sat yawning on a high sofa with a *scaldino* on her lap, languidly gossiping with her

confessor or with the veteran cavalier who for thirty years had carried her fan and waited on her steps.

The Scotch artist was an intelligent man, with an eager interest in all things Italian; his wife was cordial and kindly, and of the two bright, sweet-voiced, laughing daughters one was decidedly charming. In their genial atmosphere the prisoner's impatient moodiness speedily passed away. This was his first experience of simple, unconstrained intercourse with young people of the other sex. His old aspirations returned to him as he answered his host's inquiries on the condition of the Tuscan peasantry, or sat by the piano listening to the younger daughter's Scotch songs. He had never been so happy in his life; the days passed with lightning speed, and by the time he was a free man his heart was captive. He was passionately, vehemently in love with the younger daughter, pretty Miss Margaret, and she had let him see that his love was returned.

As he never did things by halves, he immediately informed his father that he had chosen a bride for himself.

Again the palace echoed with sounds of wrath. There was really no peace with this terrible Saverio! One scrape followed another!

'He was born to disgrace us!' raved the Marchioness, tearing her hair. The Marquis raved also, in fact, every Monghidoro above ground cried Anathema; and the shades of their ancestors were invoked to avert the degradation of alliance with heretic and untitled aliens. But the young Marquis braved the storm with resolute calm, and respectfully stated that if prevented from marrying his Margaret, the Monghidoro line would end with himself. The Scotch family removed to another street, and Miss Margaret justified her lover's constancy by vowing that she would wait fifty years for him.

In the midst of the discord and discussion the old Marquis—long ailing—fell ill and died. Saverio became lord of his own fate as well as chief of the house, and six months afterwards, was a happy bridegroom. His Margaret wanted neither diamonds, nor opera box, nor drives in the Cascine. She had a lofty ideal of life's duties, strong enthusiasm united to practical energy and sense. Her refining influence softened the rough edges of Saverio's nature, expanded his powers, and helped him to translate into realities his vague dreams of reform and philanthropy. They passed their honeymoon at Pietra Mala, and the old castle in Mugello, went about among their people, studied details of administration and called unjust agents to account. The wife's Scotch thrift proved a precious dowry, and enabled her husband to clear his estates sooner than the piled up gold of a luxury-loving bride.

They made their town abode in the upper floor of the gloomy palace, leaving the Dowager Marchioness in full possession of the *piano nobile*, and the first heavy expense they indulged in was the building of comfortable cottages and schools for their labouring folk. Steadily and undismayed they pursued their reforms, though their

course was by no means strewn with roses. And, like many other reformers before and since, our philanthropic couple encountered the fiercest opposition from those for whose benefit they worked. For the ignorant peasants were slow to understand that their lord's innovations were not new devices of oppression, and were stirred to fury by the improvements made in their primitive agriculture. Saverio and his wife literally risked their lives in the cause. Once a shower of bullets crashed through their bedroom windows in the old castle at Barberino, and riddled the curtains a few inches above their heads. Another time they were fired at as they passed through one of their own woods. One of their narrowest escapes happened in this wise. They were driving from Florence to one of their estates when the fancy took them to take a short cut on foot across the hills. Accordingly the maid and valet left with the carriage continued the journey comfortably ensconced in their master's seats. A few minutes later shots were fired from behind a hedge, both servants were wounded and one of the horses killed.

But undaunted by this Irish warfare, Marquis and Marchioness never swerved from their righteous purpose. Their lands became the best managed in Tuscany, their peasants the most thriving and grateful. Their married life was a perfect union, all the closer perhaps because no children claimed a share of their love. And although their childlessness was a sorrow keenly felt, it was bravely borne. If home interests were thereby narrowed it allowed wider scope for their altruistic energies. They were father and mother to the children of their poor, and at the call of patriotism, Margaret cheerfully watched her lord go forth to fight for Italy in 1859.

The Marquis survived his valiant helpmate for many years, and consecrated his grief by devotion to works begun at her instance. His model school of agriculture and the orphanage dedicated to his wife's memory, are both flourishing institutions, and carried on in strict accordance with their founder's intentions.

But Saverio was never the same man after this bereavement. His public labours remained unabated, but his private life was sad and solitary to the end. Whenever he allowed himself a brief holiday from parliamentary duties and philanthropic cares, he would fly to his country house at Pietra Mala. He used to say it was the only place where he could rest. Perhaps because it was rich in memories of past happiness; for there all his wife's old servants lived at ease, and the horse she had ridden, now freed from saddle and bridle for evermore, passed tranquil years in meadow and stable. On every visit to his old haunts, until a few months before his decease, he never failed to make the ascent of Monte Beni, the red-flanked mountain whereon he had dreamed his boyish dreams, and vowed to live a virtuous life and die a virtuous death.

His modest soul counted back-slidings rather than achievements, but surely in Heaven's eye he had nobly fulfilled his vow.

## CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

## CAMEO CCXIV.

1629—1637.

## MONEY WITHOUT PARLIAMENT.

THE death of George Villiers did indeed remove the object of the nation's hatred, but it could not but leave a strong feeling on the part of King Charles, that the persecution begun in Parliament had been the real cause of the murder of the man he best loved; and that the Commons never met without attacking the Church and Crown, and hindering him from fulfilling his engagements to foreign powers, and thus bringing their nation into contempt. It was their wrangling that had left, first his sister and then the Rochellois, unaided, and yet they talked of their devotion to the Protestant cause.

On their side, the leading party held that they had every reason to believe that their grants of treasure would be squandered and misapplied, and that they were bound to avail themselves of the opportunity of asserting their rights, and obtaining security against exaction. Also, they were bent on putting down the Catholic spirit, which they viewed as Arminianism and Popery.

They had, however, lost two allies, Sir Thomas Wentworth and Sir John Saville. These gentlemen seem to have felt that the resistance was becoming disloyalty, and to have been disgusted by the virulence of 'the country party' as it was called. They had been reconciled with the Court, and each had received a peerage. The cry was that they had been bought over, more especially as Viscount Wentworth shortly became Lord President of the North; but his character throughout contradicts this theory, and makes it plain, that though he was ready to stand up to the uttermost for the lawful rights of Englishmen, he did not choose to see the Crown deprived of what he held as its privileges. Always a thorough churchman, he was also the staunchest supporter of Charles against the aggressions of the Commons. For aggressions they certainly might be called, in the sense that there was only the faintest precedent for any such claims, and the rights adduced were rather those of manhood, intelligence and education, than any that could be proved to have belonged to the freeholders and burgesses of England or their knights of the shire as such. It was said that Pym, in his anger at what he held to be desertion, said to Wentworth, 'You are going to leave us, but we will never leave you while your head is on your shoulders.'

The King had no intimate friend and adviser to take Buckingham's place; Bishop Laud had perhaps the most influence with him, but chiefly as concerned the Church, and the State only through it. The Earls of Carlisle, Dorset and Holland were ornamental members of the Court, though they sat in the Council. Lord Coventry was Lord Chancellor, Sir Richard Weston was created Earl of Portland and was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir John Cooke and Sir Dudley Carleton were Secretaries of State. Kings were still expected to be their own Prime Ministers, and always were so in fact, except when favouritism or helplessness placed some other person in the foremost place of influence.

When Parliament met again in 1629, and the King requested them to pass the grant of tonnage and poundage for life, they chose rather to consider the complaint of a merchant from whom it had been illegally collected. Also they announced that the business of kings of earth must give place to the business of the King of heaven. This meant that they were about to make a fresh attack on Dr. Montagu, who had recently been made Bishop of Chichester. When confirmed according to custom, in Bow Church, a bookseller named Jones had protested against him, and the Commons would fain have made out that this invalidated his election, but the case was argued by counsel and the law proved to be against them. They had a committee of religion, of which Mr. Pym was the chairman. It was said of him that he had so little religion of his own, that he had the more time for looking after other people's. Complaints were made that not one Papist had been hanged for becoming a priest! Also that Arminianism, the spawn of Popery, as it was called, was predominant. Pym proposed a conference with the Lords on these heads, and a petition was drawn up that a solemn fast day might be held on behalf of the lamentable state of the Reformed Churches abroad.

The King replied that in his opinion fighting would serve the Protestants abroad better than fasting, and again pressed for the grant of tonnage and poundage, but in vain. The Commons were resolved to attend to nothing till they had suppressed the tokens of a Catholic spirit which they hated so bitterly. In 1571, an edition of the 'Thirty-nine Articles' had appeared, in which the Puritan spirit had led to the omission of the words that the Church hath authority in controversies of faith. These had been restored, to the displeasure of the Puritans, and still more to their anger, the King had set forth a declaration, forbidding the Article on Justification by Faith to be explained otherwise than in its literal and grammatical sense.

This declaration was hotly denounced by Sir John Eliot as enslaving men's consciences. It never occurred to him that he was enslaving the consciences of those whom he termed Arminians. Other members indulged in invectives against the recent appointments of men of strong Church principles. For the first time the member for Hunt-

ingdon, Oliver Cromwell, stood up and spoke against such promotions. Complaints were drawn up against Bishops Laud, Neile, Montagu and Mainwaring, and it was demanded that the book published by the latter should be burnt.

The King had put himself in the wrong by suppressing the edition of the Petition of Right in the form in which it had stood at last, and printing it with the evasive answer he had made at first, and had been forced to abandon. This proceeding did him much harm, and raised a distrust of his good faith, which envenomed the further discussions. The refusal to grant the supplies until the complaints of the injured had been heard was reiterated, and the attacks on the Bishops continued. Sir John Eliot was in the midst of a speech, strongly denouncing the whole system of government, when he was interrupted by the Speaker, Sir John Finch, who delivered a message from the King that the House was to adjourn for a week. Several members, holding that the House alone had the power to settle its adjournments, declared this to be a vexatious interference, and Eliot went on with the business in hand, and called on the Speaker to read a paper. The Speaker said he could not do so, the House being adjourned, and thereupon tried to rise from his chair, but Denzil Hollis and Mr. Valentine actually held him down in his chair, while other members locked the doors of the House and flung the keys on the table. Hollis swore they would sit as long as they pleased, but several gentlemen rushed to the assistance of the Speaker. He was hotly abused by many, and shed abundance of tears, but he staunchly refused to sanction the proceedings of the House. The King sent the Serjeant-at-Arms to take away the mace, but the doors being locked there was no getting in, and the Commons drew up their protest before separating, adjourning themselves till the 10th of March.

But on that day Charles repaired to the House of Lords, and dissolved the Parliament, without, as usual, sending for the Commons. He observed, in his speech on this 'unpleasing occasion,' as he termed it, that he knew he had many good and dutiful subjects, but that there were some vipers amongst them who had cast this mist before their eyes.

At the same time Charles caused those whom he considered as the chief vipers to be summoned before the Privy Council. These were Eliot, Hollis, Selden, Valentine, Corbin, Hobart, Hayman, Long, and Stroud, the members who had been most active in holding the Speaker in his chair, and persevering in the proceedings after the royal message had been received. They refused to answer out of the House for the things they had said in it, and were thereupon committed to the Tower, the King intending to proceed against them in the Star Chamber. The Judges were privately consulted, but did not take so decided a view of the illegality of their proceedings as was expected.

Meantime, the prisoners sued for their writs of *habeas corpus*, and were brought before the Court of King's Bench. The counsel for the



Crown, Heath, the Attorney-General, declared that they were detained under the King's warrant for stirring up sedition. He was answered by an appeal to the Petition of Right, and he fell back on the old power of the Crown, of imprisoning at will, as an indefeasible right, which could not be interfered with by the petition, that being only a confirmation of the ancient privileges of the subjects; and he adduced old authorities to prove that bail could not be given for prisoners committed under the Royal Seal.

The judges, however, sent to the Lord Keeper to intimate that by law the prisoners might be bailed, but in the meantime they had been transferred to other prisons, so that the writ of *habeas corpus* had to be sued out afresh to other jailers; and the whole matter was put off till after the vacation.

At Michaelmas, after thirty weeks' imprisonment, they were required not only to find bail, but sureties for their future good conduct, and this they utterly refused to do. Then came the charge against Eliot for seditious language, and Hollis and Valentine for the tumult in the House. They declared that they were not answerable to any other Court for what was done in the House, and refused to put in any other plea. Whereupon Mr. Justice Jones sentenced them to be imprisoned during the King's pleasure, Eliot to pay £2000, Hollis £1000, Valentine, £500, Long, who had sat in Parliament after being made sheriff, was also fined 2000 marks, and imprisoned.

Eliot was a man of great piety and a highly cultivated mind, who acted throughout from a sense of duty, regardless of personal consequences. The letters to his family, written in declining health, while he wasted away in prison, and no petitions in his favour were listened to, have excited general pity and indignation at the fate of such a patriot; but it is to be remembered on behalf of the other side, that he had led on what Charles could not but regard as seditious attacks on the power of the Crown, which the King held himself bound to preserve; that his persistent attacks on Buckingham had resulted in Felton's assassination, and that the Petition of Right itself seemed to Charles and his lawyers an encroachment extorted by force. Once granted, it ought not to have been eluded, and Charles would have done well to have freely accepted the reasonable demands of the people in State matters; but he had been bred up in traditions that absolutism was the privilege and duty of a king. He saw it enjoyed by all his fellow sovereigns. Even Gustavus Adolphus held himself only responsible to his Maker, and the endeavours of Parliament to control the royal will, and secure concessions which they called ancient rights, seemed to Charles seditious clamours, which he had every right to silence and elude.

And there lay his snare—that he tried to elude, where direct opposition had failed.

It was during the time that the prosecution of the members was pending, that the heir to the throne was born, on the 29th of May,



1630. He was baptized as Charles, and throve apace, but his mother's description of him during his first year, in her letters to her old favourite, Madame de St. George, is most comical: 'He is so ugly that I am ashamed of him, but his size and fatness supply the want of beauty. I wish you could see the gentleman, for he has no ordinary mien. He is so serious in all he does, that I cannot help deeming him far wiser than myself.'

Disputes between Charles and Henrietta had long ago ceased, and they were a most affectionate pair: indeed, the Puritans looked with disfavour on their union, being entirely persuaded that there was a deeply laid scheme for re-establishing the Roman Church.

A Scottish physician named Leighton, living in London, put forth a book named *Sion's Plea*, in which he denounced the Queen as a Canaanitish woman, a daughter of Heth, and an idolatress; rejoiced in the murder of Buckingham, praised Felton, and called the Bishops ravens and magpies that preyed on the State. He was brought before the Star Chamber and sentenced to be whipped, to have his nose slit and his ears cropped, the usual punishment for libel. He escaped to Bedford, but was captured and underwent his punishment.

Puritanism was exceedingly strong in London, and the endeavours made by Laud, as diocesan, to restore due reverence to Divine worship, and to bring praise and prayer to their due place rather than sermons, seemed to them part of the supposed Romanist conspiracy, and perfectly infuriated them. Kneeling, bowing at the Holy Name and Doxology, were freshly enjoined, and this caused a great outcry; and when Laud consecrated two churches, St. Catherine Cree and St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, with a service compiled by Bishop Andrewes from the old Pontifical, the same, in fact, as is in constant use at present, the whole party were greatly offended. They actually supposed the words from the opening Psalm, the 24th, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in,' to be intended to apply to the entrance of the Bishop in procession.

A devotional book of Dr. Cosin also raised a fierce storm. The ladies of Queen Henrietta's Court, struck with the regularity with which their Roman Catholic coadjutors observed their hours of prayer, wished for something to assist them in systematic devotion, and Dr. Cosin drew up a beautiful manual adapted to the canonical hours, and based on each of the six petitions of the Lord's Prayer. It is difficult to conceive how irreverent, shocking, and formal this appeared to the Puritans. 'The cozening devotions of Dr. Cosin,' as they termed the book, was genuinely held by sincerely good and earnest men to be full of fatal error, by its very regularity.

In 1630 the Earl of Pembroke, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, died, and in spite of the efforts of the Calvinistic party, Laud was elected in his stead. Already, as President of St. John's, he had been a great benefactor to the University, having enriched the library with an immense number of manuscripts in Greek, Hebrew, and other

Eastern languages, and he proceeded to enlarge the buildings of the old library to receive them. His vigour and liberality were everywhere felt. He was adding to and rebuilding St. John's, his own college; he caused St. Mary's, the University Church, to be repaired and a porch added to it; set up a Greek press at Oxford and in London, and made his hand felt in enforcing the observance of all the college statutes, which were almost forgotten or neglected. As Bishop of London he raised contributions for the restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral, which had been utterly neglected ever since the time of Bishop Bancroft. Inigo Jones was his architect, and raised buildings of a character more Byzantine than anything else, called Palladian, from the Italian Palladio, with a peculiar original beauty of their own, though neither exactly Greek nor exactly Gothic, and bearing the impress of a great man. The King bore the whole expense of the grand portico of St. Paul's, and was also building the magnificent palace of Whitehall, planned by Inigo Jones, and begun in the time of James I. The ceilings of the banqueting house were painted by the great Fleming, Rubens; and altogether, Whitehall, with its seven courts and splendid symmetry, was one of the most magnificent palaces ever inhabited by royalty.

Rubens was a knight and man of family, and through him propositions for peace with Spain were first made. Charles was already at peace with France. He could hardly undertake a foreign war, for he was resolved to avoid calling another Parliament except as a last resource. And the endeavour to carry on Government without parliamentary grants led to expedients which intensified all the discontents of the country party, and did much to justify the determined spirit of resistance which was biding its time.

Queen Elizabeth had had considerable private property of the Crown to fall back upon, but a large portion of this had been squandered on favourites by James I.; and Charles had besides to maintain his sister and all her children out of it; nor had he Elizabeth's utter callousness to the sufferings of her soldiers and sailors. Thus money had to be raised in every possible way. The tonnage and poundage continued to be levied, and rates on merchandise were raised.

Also, whereas royal property, such as the forests and other open ground, had been gradually clipped and nibbled by settlers at the borders, all such encroachments were diligently examined into, and compensation for the past unpaid rent was demanded. All gentlemen of a certain amount of property were, by ancient custom, supposed to come and receive knighthood from the Sovereign, and to pay a certain fee, and baronets' heirs on their father's death, had also to be admitted regularly into the order of knighthood. The custom had, however, fallen into desuetude, and many squires grudged the expense of an empty title. These had neglected the former summons of the heralds to come to receive the accolade at the coronation, and they now were called upon, not only to come and be knighted, but to pay a fine for

their previous neglect. There was much murmuring at this, and though a considerable sum was obtained, it was at the cost of much unpopularity.

The monopolies which had been dropped were revived, not for the benefit of courtiers; but bestowed on companies of merchants or tradesmen who paid largely for them.

Considerable sums were also gained from owners of houses built in disregard of the late King's repeated proclamations against enlarging London, which statesmen viewed as a nest of pestilence. The owners of all these new houses were summoned before Commissioners, and forced either to demolish them or pay three years' rent as a fine to the Treasury. All these expedients certainly raised money, but they were felt to be shifts for doing in a wrong way what might be done in a right way, and they gave a sore sense of grievance and oppression.

There were many livings in England whose advowsons had been held by monasteries, and these had fallen into the hands of the persons to whom the religious houses had been granted; and there were also many rectories which had always been in the hands of laymen. A society of Puritan gentlemen and merchants made a subscription to buy up all such lay impropriations as might be for sale, so as to be able to present to them clergy of their own way of thinking, or even to non-conformists. They contrived to avoid making actual presentations, so as to keep their nominees in the condition of curates, whom they displaced, when the sermons were not according to their views, or if too much obedience were shown to the injunctions of the Bishops of higher opinions. The Bishops complained, and the Attorney-General, Noy, succeeded in proving that the entire corporation was illegal, having been formed without charter from the Crown, and having, besides, not made genuine appointments to benefices. All the funds were therefore forfeited to the Crown, to be employed for the good of the Church. Very likely they were, but it would have been well if they had been publicly accounted for.

Fines imposed by the Star Chamber were also a fertile source of income; though in point of fact, the sum actually levied was generally very much less than that named in the sentence. The most famous of these prosecutions was that of William Prynne. He was an Oxford scholar, and a barrister-at-law, thirty-three years of age, very learned, and a violent and furious Calvinist. He had already gone into controversy on Bishop Cosin's devotions, which he had scurrilously abused, and the amusements of the Court and people appeared to him perfectly horrible.

The age was a coarse one, and evil was no doubt joined with many of the diversions both of the populace and nobility; the Queen was a frivolous woman, and there was much levity among her gay young attendants; but to Prynne's mind wickedness was inherent in everything that gave brightness to life, and he published a book of 1000 pages, called *Histrio Mastrix*, or, the Scourge of Players, which

abused everything that was not Puritan in the most unmeasured terms.

The chase, maypoles, bonfires, Christmas feasts, decking houses with ivy, dancing, music, every sort of sport came under his lash, as well as the masques and stage plays which he attacked; nay, he described church music as 'not to be a noise of men, but rather a bleating of brute beasts. Choristers bellow the tenor as it were oxen, bark a counterpoint as a kennel of dogs, roar out a treble like a sort of bulls, grunt out a bass as it were a number of hogs.' He adduced texts of Scripture, seventy-one fathers and Christians, before 1200, 150 after, and forty heathen philosophers, all jumbled up in the wildest confusion, to prove the iniquity of the drama, of singing, sacred and secular, of dancing, of repetitions in prayer, and of Bishops.

Now Charles and Henrietta had been bred up to masques. He had been a Cupid at six or seven years old, and *la petite Madame's* dancing had been the admiration of the French Court. She was actually rehearsing for a pastoral when the Bishop of London first mentioned the book to the King, who was much displeased.

The lawyers of the Inns of Court showed their disapproval by performing a masque before the King and Queen at Whitehall, by way of celebrating the birth of a second prince. The Council decided that such railing against pastimes sanctioned and even practised by royalty, was an offence against Majesty. Prynne was sent to the Tower, and Dr. Heylin was called on to make a report of the book for the Star Chamber.

He culled many such choice morsels as have been here quoted, which moved the whole Council not so much to laughter as to indignation, the Earl of Dorset being particularly hot in the matter. It was he who gave sentence, a fine of £10,000, which, like other such fines, was only demanded in part, and that the author be branded SS. on the forehead, slit in the nose, and his ears cropped. It was a horrible and barbarous sentence; but it was a mitigation of what it would have been in Elizabeth's time, when the treasonable libeller would have lost his right hand. The fashion is to accuse Laud of special enmity to Prynne, as if he had hunted him down, and invented the punishment for his special benefit and Leighton's: whereas he simply was a member of the Privy Council, and the law took its natural course. Prynne was yet to suffer further, and not one present there, could have guessed that only fifteen years later, there would come forth, 'Mr. William Prynne, his defence of Stage Plays!'

The Attorney-General, Noy, discovered another mode of supplying the needs of the Treasury.

From Alfred's time, the ports and internal places, had been called on to provide the King with ships, and there was no doubt of the need, for the French and Dutch did much harm in the fisheries, and the Moorish pirates marauded up to the coasts of Ireland. Writs were therefore issued to the sheriffs of the counties, calling on them

to provide the sums at which the shires were assessed, for the support of the navy; and thus £218,500 was yearly raised and faithfully spent upon the navy, which consisted of sixty ships in excellent order. The opinion of the Judges was asked whether the tax could be legally levied for the protection of the country when it was not actually at war, and their opinion was in favour of his Majesty being the judge whether there were danger or not. However, a Buckinghamshire gentleman, John Hampden, a grave and thoughtful man, held, that to submit to this tax was to give up the whole question that no supplies could be granted save by the consent of the people given through the House of Commons. He was rated for twenty shillings, and he refused to pay, demurring to the proceedings in the Court of Exchequer, in 1637. After twelve days of argument, seven Judges were against Hampden, five for him, and the right of levying ship-money was held to be established; but in point of fact the nation felt itself circumvented, and nourished up the strongest resentment, to be poured forth whenever there should be an opportunity afforded by the King's further necessities.

*(To be continued.)*

---

## OUR EVENING OUTLOOK.

## V.

## THE EARTH AS A PLANET.

‘ Then when the Earth was first pois’d in mid space,  
 Then when the Planets first sped on their race,  
 Then when was ended the six days’ employ,  
 Then all the Sons of God shouted for joy !’

SCIENCE, like charity, ‘ begins at home.’ If the discovery which has led to railroads, steamers, and steam works generally, was learnt at a fireside, when ‘ Polly put the kettle on ;’ and if an apple falling in an orchard, enabled Newton to prove and work out, the already suspected Law of Gravity, so in all other things, we argue from the known to the unknown. If, therefore, we investigate carefully the only planet which lies within our reach, we may—*mutatis mutandis*—apply our knowledge, so as to understand the state of all other planets.

As seen from four times the moon’s distance, she would look about the same size as the moon, only brighter ; as seen from Venus, she must appear about as large as that planet, and not quite as bright.

The ancients thought the earth was flat, of no particular shape, with a flat sea beyond it. Even those Hindoos who did not quite believe the tortoise and elephant theory, thought till lately, and some perhaps think still, that the earth is an octagonal plane, with eight mountains at the angles, seven continents and seven seas. One sea is of ghee, another of liquid sugar ! Speaking of this, Southey says :—

‘ This World that in the centre,  
 Within its salt-sea girdle lies confined,  
 Yea, the Seven Earths, that each with its own ocean,  
 Ring clasping ring, compose the mighty round.’

Very early, however, some of the Greek astronomers suspected the earth’s figure to be a sphere, and long before telescopes were invented, it was known to be so. Most likely this was known from observing that the earth’s shadow in a lunar eclipse is always circular ; and nothing but a sphere can cast a circular shadow in every position, as you can make children observe by trying with objects vaguely called “ round,” as a ring, wheel, cylinder, watch, reel of cotton. We now know the earth is a sphere, because for the last 300 years ships have sailed round it ; and because the horizon, when not interrupted by irregularity of surface, is everywhere circular ; the higher we go, to a



mountain top or up in a balloon, the further do we see over the bulge of the earth, but though larger, the horizon is still circular; and this could not happen if the earth were flat, or any shape but a more or less perfect sphere. There is a man, who calls himself "Parallax," and who still undertakes to prove the earth is flat. He made an experiment on the Bedford Level, and said he had found the earth's surface there, and the water level perfectly flat for a mile, whereas, according to mathematicians, it ought to rise eight inches in that distance, for the curve of the earth. If this were true, it would have been an excellent argument for the flatness of the earth; but as it is not true of the Bedford Level, any more than of the rest of the world, it only shows how easily people deceive themselves, if not others.

The earth is not a perfect sphere, being slightly flattened at the poles, much less than an orange (the Polar axis is  $26\frac{1}{2}$  miles less than the equatorial diameter). This form is called an oblate spheroid; when the polar axis is elongated it is a prolate spheroid. The exact curve of the earth has been found by actual measurement. Short distances, of from 40 to 100 miles have been measured, running due north and south. This is called measuring an arc of the meridian; and as mathematicians can calculate a whole curve from a part, the curve of the Northern Hemisphere was soon found. Then a French astronomer, La Caille, measured an arc at the Cape of Good Hope. But valuable though his work was, to every one's surprise he found the curve did not correspond to that of the Northern Hemisphere, so for some time it was feared that the poor old earth was unsymmetrical. However, about forty years ago, Sir Thomas Maclear, our Astronomer-Royal at the Cape, measured again and proved it symmetrical.

The earth's circumference at the Equator is 24,900 miles, its diameter is 7926 miles. It is necessary to impress the difference between these two words on children, and to point out that the circumference of any circle is rather more than three times its diameter. A good illustration is the story of the girl who, being told to order a wedding cake four and a half feet in circumference, preferred to say diameter, and there arrived a monstrous cake about fourteen feet round; and as it was a solid object, of course there was not merely three times as much cake as was ordered, but certainly ten times as much, and possibly a great deal more!

The earth's size is of great importance to us; considering our weight and strength, we could not inhabit an earth whose size differed greatly from this world's. An earth the weight of this, but half as large, would cause us to be four times our present weight. Or if twice its present size, we should be unsteady, and float off into the air occasionally. The surface of the earth is of much lighter material than the interior. This is proved by the difference between the ticking of a pendulum in a mine a mile deep, and that at the earth's surface. At a mile deep, if the earth's density were equal, it would tick slower, as it would be attracted by a smaller globe as it



were, for all the globe which lies beyond a mile deep, attracts the pendulum equally all round, and so does not affect it. But actually the pendulum is found to tick faster, which proves the earth is a good deal more solid towards the centre.

Like Mercury and Venus, the earth has an atmosphere. 'And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.' Think what a weight of waters is upheld by the strong elastic air we breathe, when one night's rain can turn a quiet shallow stream into a roaring torrent. If all the men on earth combined to pump up into the air the amount of one year's rain, they would be 200,000 years about it; and what a noise they would make! Yet the atmosphere does this silently and surely. And it does other work at the same time. Where would our fires be but for the air. Not one flame could ever burn, and no smoke could rise. We shall presently find this state of things existing in the moon. In teaching beginners, we should show the reason why smoke and steam rise, instead of falling to the ground like other things. It is simply because the air has a certain *weight*, and smoke and steam are lighter—a discovery of modern times. They rise, as a cork does in water, for the same reason. The ancients did not know this, but it is believed to be alluded to in the words of Job: 'God maketh a weight for the winds, and He weigheth the waters by measure, when He made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning and thunder.'

But one of the greatest uses of this mighty expanse is, that it retains and stores up the sun's light and heat. It is by the refraction of the atmosphere that the sun's rays are diffused everywhere, so that we have not utter blackness where the rays are not direct, as we see in the moon. And well for us is it that the thrifty air hoards the warmth for us. Astronomers tell us of 'the intense cold of space.' The sun's rays do not warm it at all; but the atmosphere wraps us round to the height of perhaps eighty miles. As soon as the rays reach it they are not lost, but caught and kept. The whole warmth of our nights is what the air keeps for us; and it tempers the sun's direct rays, which would otherwise scorch us.

Another instance of a design in Creation is the distribution of land and water on the globe's surface. We might think it a trifle to submerge half a continent, or we might wish, in these days of emigration, for an additional continent somewhere in the Atlantic. Much more water surface would cause so much more evaporation, that there would be a corresponding increase of swamps; while a greater balance of land would diminish the rain, and fruitful lands would become deserts. If the continent of Atlantis ever existed, other lands—perhaps the African deserts—were submerged.

Next to a physical description of any planet, its movements should be described, and as this is usually a dull subject to unmathematical minds, it will be as well to enter on it more fully with regard to the

earth, and only allude to anything remarkable in the other planets. The earth has nine chief movements, but we will not do anything so formidable as to describe all these. We need here only mention that motion through space which she shares with all the Solar System, and, passing over till we come to the moon, her motion round the common centre of gravity of earth and moon, we will proceed to those by which our time is measured—1st, the annual revolution round the sun; 2ndly, her diurnal rotation on her axis.

When first lights appeared in the firmament, we are told that God set them 'for signs and for seasons, and for days and years.' Days and years, then, are the only measures of time that are much used in Astronomy, all others being merely more or less convenient fractions of these.

The year is measured by our revolution round the sun. We all know there are twelve constellations, forming a circle round the heavens, exactly in the zodiac, or sun's apparent annual path. From the time when the sun exactly covers any star in a sign, till he covers that star again, is one year. The civil year begins on the 1st of January; but man's arrangement is the only reason for this, it might just as well begin at any other time:

'Nor but by word of man,  
Or measure rude by man imposed,  
Is known when day or year hath closed,  
Summer or Winter's span.'

Many nations, our own included, used to begin the year at the Vernal Equinox,—March 21st. We only altered this 130 years ago, so, in old histories, e.g., 'Clarendon's History of the Great Rebellion,' events in the first three months of the year are reckoned into the year before. Thus, the Proclamation of William and Mary took place early in 1689 new style, but 1688 old style.

A day is measured by one rotation of the earth on her axis. Owing to the inclination of the axis we have unequal lengths of light and darkness, except on two days in the year, so that we cannot measure days from sunrise to sunrise. There are two ways of measuring the true length of a day. One is from noon to noon at any given place. From the moment when the sun is on the meridian, till he is on it again, is a solar day. All places due north and south have noonday at the same time; all places east and west of each other have different noondays; every degree of longitude we go west gets the sun four minutes later; every degree east four minutes sooner.

Children now growing up cannot remember when true time was kept all over England, and so Devonshire was later than Greenwich time, and Norfolk earlier. For now at one o'clock, true *Greenwich* time is sent by telegram all over the kingdom; but it is right to explain that this is only by Act of Parliament, chiefly for the convenience of railways. So when the one o'clock gun is fired at Plymouth it wants

a quarter to one by the sun there, and twenty minutes to one at Falmouth, and so on.

The second way of measuring a day is by the stars. From the time when any star is on the meridian of a place, till it crosses the meridian again, is a sidereal day. But as the earth has meantime not only turned on her axis, but also travelled a day's journey in her orbit, she is opposite the same star about four minutes sooner each day. A sidereal day is therefore four minutes short of a solar day.

One curious consequence of the earth's rotation is as follows. The circumference of the earth at the equator being larger than any circles further north or south, any point on the equator is carried round in the daily rotation at a faster rate than elsewhere. A proof of this is noticed in firing at long ranges. In this hemisphere, if a ball be fired due south, *i.e.* towards the equator, as the target is nearer the equator, its velocity of rotation is greater than that at the firing point, and the ball will therefore fall slightly west of the target, being left behind by the revolving earth. If fired due north, as the ball's rotation velocity is greater at starting, it will fall east of the target, or gain slightly on the rotation rate there, and at long distances this must be allowed for. The reverse is the case in the southern hemisphere. In firing east or west the ball's direction is not affected.

With regard to all other time measures, it will be seen they are fractions or else multiplications of days and years. Thus *weeks* are only seven whole days, or nearly the 52nd of a year; also they nearly correspond with one of the moon's quarters, and so are more convenient than the *decades* wherewith the French at the Revolution tried to wipe out the sacred number. *Months* were once measured by the moon, or by the twelve signs of the zodiac. Our present months are absolutely arbitrary, and might just as well begin and end at any other time. *Hours* are but the 24th part of a day, and have nothing to mark them, except the fact that the sun has passed through fifteen of the 360 degrees of the sphere, and this, too, is a measure made by man. Minutes are the 60th, and seconds the 3600th part of an hour.

The seasons are entirely due to the slope of our Poles already noticed. Any planet that is upright to the plane of its orbit has no such variety; every place would have one fixed rate of heat or cold, with no change. It is, however, only in our part of the temperate zone that we have four seasons of somewhat equal length; in sub-tropical lands spring and autumn are very short. In the tropics every place has the sun overhead on two days in the year, at unequal distances of time apart, and therefore has two summers; on the equator these days are the equinoxes. Near the poles, again, the winters are the longest season by far. But very lovely must be the short summers, when the sunset colours have not faded in the north-west, ere the north-east flushes with sunrise. 'One day telleth another, and one night certifieth another.'

But, on the whole, our four seasons are the most pleasant, as one lovely thing after another comes and goes :

‘ For every flower and every bird,  
And all things living, in a word,  
Are valued most, and wished to stay  
When on the point of going away.’

And these very changes, beautiful as they are, make us long for the Land where ‘changingness hath passed away.’

‘ They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure, yea, all of them shall wax old as a garment ; as a vesture shalt Thou change them and they shall be changed ; but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end.’

BOG-OAK.

---

## CHARACTER.

## V.

WE now come to the superstructure that is to be built upon the pedestal of Virtue—the Spirit of Giving, towards man and towards God. We will take the Spirit of Giving towards man first, on St. John's principle that 'He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen.'

And first of all let us try thoroughly to realise how high this ideal lifts us. The virtues which we considered in the last chapter are all of them attainable in this life: they are not easy of attainment, but still they can be so far attained that we can all of us recall or imagine people who have attained them. It is possible to be absolutely just, absolutely dutiful, absolutely brave, absolutely sensible, absolutely self-restrained. But it is not possible for any one, whose ideal is possession by the Spirit of Giving, to feel that he or any one else has given to man or to God all the gifts that were possible to him. God is Love—the fountain of the Spirit of Giving—and He gives without limit of His Spirit: but our receptive powers are limited by our capacity of suppressing self, and when the Spirit of Giving is bestowed upon us, *what* we give depends on what we have to give. In point of goodness, there may be little to choose between the Dairyman's Daughter and Charles Kingsley, in point of what they had to give there would be much. If we make it our ideal that the world should be as much the better for us as our powers, capabilities, and possibilities will allow, there is simply no halting-place where we can stand still and say, 'I have succeeded.' God is infinite, and the infiniteness of His Divinity communicates itself to our view when we take the attainment of the Spirit of Giving, and the task which it involves, as the ideal of our lives.

Let us think first what the Spirit of Giving is as a positive quality, and next what qualities in us neutralise it and prevent it from acting.

It seems hardly necessary to repeat once more that it is not the *act* of giving, but the *spirit* of Giving that we are now considering. This seems to require three qualities: readiness to give without thought of ourselves and our own feelings, sympathy in order to feel with those we want to help, and watchfulness to see what their needs are and where we can help them. These three qualities, perhaps might strike us as not very rare or difficult, and there are few people who have not experienced them as temporary impulses; but the

point in them is that they are not to be temporary impulses, but qualities in our character, attitudes of mind which are to exist when we are not stirred by pity or compassion for any special case of suffering, as much as when we are, so that we may always be ready to find out when anything in us can help any need, however hidden, in others.

Circumstances are such that it is rare for those who live in their own family circle to be able actually to help the outside needs of more than a few; but if people live in the *attitude* of giving, cultivating sympathy and watchfulness to the utmost of their power, they will gradually become conscious of the *hidden* needs of those with whom they come in contact, and what they have to give will be put to the best use in helping those needs in the best way.

These three qualities seem to be bound up and intertwined in the Spirit of Giving, so that they cannot be effectual unless in combination with one another. For instance, sympathy, disjoined from the watchfulness and observation which helpfulness requires, is sometimes positively harmful. If sympathy is so given as to encourage self-pity or prejudice in the person who has to be helped, it does more harm than good; but at the same time it is a very severe mental effort to be at once tender and bracing. However, it is an effort which must be made, if the Likeness of God is to be our aim, for in no other way can we be like Him whose love and pity has in it no element of weakness. Those who give sympathy and help best are those who live most, while doing so, in a mental atmosphere of constant prayer.

In speaking of the Spirit of Giving, however, we must beware of thinking that only spiritual and moral help are the objects which to it are worth giving. These are, of course, the highest; but there are many cups of cold water which it is in the power of every one to bestow, each of which fills some need in the world and increases its gladness and sweetness. Besides the help which adds to the sum of physical comfort, or freedom from discomfort, and all the range of help in knowledge and art, and in social needs and duties, that help is by no means to be despised which brings order into disorder, fun into dulness, and enlarges the narrow and circumscribed limits of the horizon of other people by showing them wider objects of interest. It is in reference to such giving as this that we realise that it is one of our strongest duties to make the most of ourselves, spiritually, intellectually, and even physically, that we may have the more, as S. Paul said, to give to him that needeth. The only thing that is absolutely needful is to keep in our minds a true balance of the relative importance of the several needs we meet, and of their claims on our help, so that we may not give, on the one hand, all our time and interest to cases beyond the range of our daily life, or on the other hand, shut ourselves into the circle of our family interests, and forget all that lies outside.

There are three groups of qualities opposed to the Spirit of Giving, and it may make our ideas clearer if we look at them separately.

The first are those which in some way, concealed or open, involve the attitude of *grasping*, getting—the animal nature. In civilised society the ruder forms of grasping are out of the question; and the attitude of grasping with regard to wealth or other tangible possessions, though unfortunately, far from being rendered impossible by civilisation, is so evidently in opposition to the attitude of giving that it is not worth while to discuss the fact.

But there are other forms of grasping which do not strike us, at first sight, as incompatible with the spirit of giving. Take, for example, over-eagerness about some plan, some pleasure, which comes very near to our hearts. Here we need the training of self-restraint, if we are not to let the spirit of grasping into our hearts, to foil and paralyse the spirit of giving, as it assuredly will. Take, again, anxiety about position or precedence, or anxiety for fame, praise, consideration, or even appreciation. All these are forms of grasping, and are in conflict with the spirit of giving, hindering it just so far as the will suffers them to obtain empire over the mind. But, perhaps, the most subtle form of grasping, is that which creeps in side by side with the fullest form of giving, and poisons it: the grasping spirit which under the form of exactingness or jealousy makes love a pain instead of a joy, both to the giver and receiver. It often presents itself under the form of a sense of justice. If we have given so much, have we not a right to require a return? Still oftener, perhaps, it comes to us as an inarticulate sense of loss. We feel that something is wrong, but cannot, or perhaps will not, analyse our feelings so far as to trace back our depression to its right cause, that the person we love has in some degree disappointed us in the return he makes for our love. Perhaps he has not treated us with sufficient consideration, in which case our grasping takes the form of exactingness; or perhaps he has been more occupied with some one else, in which case it becomes jealousy. In either case there is but one cure—to leave off grasping, and to *give*. If with our will we put our souls into the attitude in which God sends into us the Spirit of Giving, we can beat down the spirit of grasping, and with it our love again ceases to be pain, and becomes joy, as all true Giving is.

The next group of qualities opposed to the spirit of giving are not so much those of grasping, as those which occupy themselves with self—the passive, not the active form of selfishness. All self-absorption is opposed to the Spirit of Giving, even when, as sometimes occurs, the self-absorption is of a religious nature. It is difficult sometimes to make people who are of an introspective nature see this: their own faults, their own virtues, their own circumstances, and too often their own wrongs, and the effect upon their character, are so intensely interesting to them that they have no energy left for observation of other people, their characters and their needs.



Under this head comes the outward effect which has its root in self-love, self-assertion, either in words or thoughts, according to the breeding of the person in question. Mr. Pumblechook and Gwendolen Harleth have much in common, in spite of their external differences. And, according to the tendency of the self-asserting person to look for support of his own opinion of himself to others, or to be content with his own, we find self-assertion passing into either vanity or conceit. Either leads us far away from the Spirit of Giving, and begins to die down for want of nutriment when the Spirit of Giving begins to make other people more interesting to us than ourselves.

The third group of qualities opposed to the Spirit of Giving may be classed under the head of Temper. The Foundation virtue of Self-restraint teaches us to control, in our words and our deeds, the outside impulses of temper, and it is curious to see how many people seem to take for granted that this is all that can be possibly required of them, and that the *feeling* of anger or irritation produced by stupidity or unkindness on the part of another, is not a thing which any one can expect them to control. But it is possible to restrain all outward impulses of temper, and yet to have within our souls that which paralyses the Spirit of Giving—hardness, or bitterness, or sullenness, or irritation,—perhaps only towards one person or in regard to one subject, but still a distinct bar to the full surrender of our hearts to Love. In no case, perhaps, so much as in Temper, is it so possible to be successful in Doing, without succeeding in Being: and this without any consciousness on our own part that it is so. Sometimes we are perfectly unaware for years that we are harbouring any ill-feeling in our hearts towards any one, till suddenly we hear of some trouble or vexation overtaking some one we have reason to dislike, and then a vindictive throb that passes through our mind brings up the remembrance of past affronts, past jealousies—perhaps even past wrongs on our own side—and shows us how little, after all, we are possessed by the Spirit of Giving. There is nothing for us then but to pray with greater earnestness the petition of King Robert's Hymn:

‘Lava quod est sordidum,  
Riga quod est aridum,  
Sana quod est sævium:  
Flecte quod est rigidum,  
Fove quod est frigidum,  
Rege quod est devium.’

The Spirit of Giving never yet failed to possess the heart which prayed for it—not always at once, but in time; and if we honestly try to cast out the qualities in us which militate against it, it is only a question of time as to how long it will be before the demon of vindictiveness is cast out. One great practical help is never to let ourselves speak in detraction of any one we personally dislike: we shall be sure to try unconsciously to justify our words against him by our

thoughts, and our thoughts again by our words, and so the difficulty is made permanent when it might have been passing.

Irritability is so much more a physical than a spiritual condition, that it might seem not properly to come into this subject: but if it is not restrained by the will, it is as absolute a hindrance to the Spirit of Giving as vindictiveness or any other form of temper. It is the duty of every rational person, however, to try to find out the cause of his irritability and to put a stop to it by physical or mental treatment as far as possible. It is generally a sign of overwork, or of some other physical or mental cause which has produced over-excitement of the nerves, and can generally be treated by physical means so far as to be brought under the proper control of the will. This is one of the cases where it is distinctly our duty to get ourselves into a physical condition in which we can give as much help as possible to other people—which irritability prevents our giving.

We have spoken of the Spirit of Giving—Love—as pure joy when it is unalloyed by self. So it is: and yet it is not. The deeper our love is—as we may see when we think of our relations with any person in the world whom we love better than ourselves—the more we feel our own shortcomings and the poverty from which we give, when we would fain lay all that is noblest and richest at their feet. So it must be, when we are finite beings and Love is Infinite. The Spirit of Giving is Divine; and some day we may so far be transformed into the likeness of Him which we feebly try to aim at here, that our gifts, too, may be worth giving to our fellow-creatures. Till then we must rejoice in this pain; for it is the flood of the Divine life pressing into the narrow limits of our earthly nature, and giving us hope of something better in the future.

‘Infinite passion, and the pain  
Of finite hearts that yearn.’

---

## A TANGLED TALE.

## KNOT X AND LAST.

## CHELSEA BUNS.

‘Yea, buns, and buns, and buns!’  
OLD SONG.

‘How very, very sad!’ exclaimed Clara; and the eyes of the gentle girl filled with tears as she spoke.

‘Sad—but very curious when you come to look at it arithmetically,’ was her aunt’s less romantic reply. ‘Some of them have lost an arm in their country’s service, some a leg, some an ear, some an eye——’

‘And some, perhaps, *all*!’ Clara murmured dreamily, as they passed the long rows of weather-beaten heroes basking in the sun. ‘Did you notice that very old one, with a red face, who was drawing a map in the dust with his wooden leg, and all the others watching? I *think* it was a plan of a battle——’

‘The battle of Trafalgar, no doubt,’ her aunt interrupted, briskly.

‘Hardly that, I think,’ Clara ventured to say. ‘You see, in that case, he couldn’t well be alive——’

‘Couldn’t well be alive!’ the old lady contemptuously repeated. ‘He’s as lively as you and me put together! Why, if drawing a map in the dust—with one’s wooden leg—doesn’t prove one to be alive, perhaps you’ll kindly mention what *does* prove it!’

Clara did not see her way out of it. Logic had never been her *forte*.

‘To return to the arithmetic,’ Mad Mathesis resumed—the eccentric old lady never let slip an opportunity of driving her niece into a calculation—‘what percentage do you suppose must have lost all four—a leg, an arm, an eye, and an ear?’

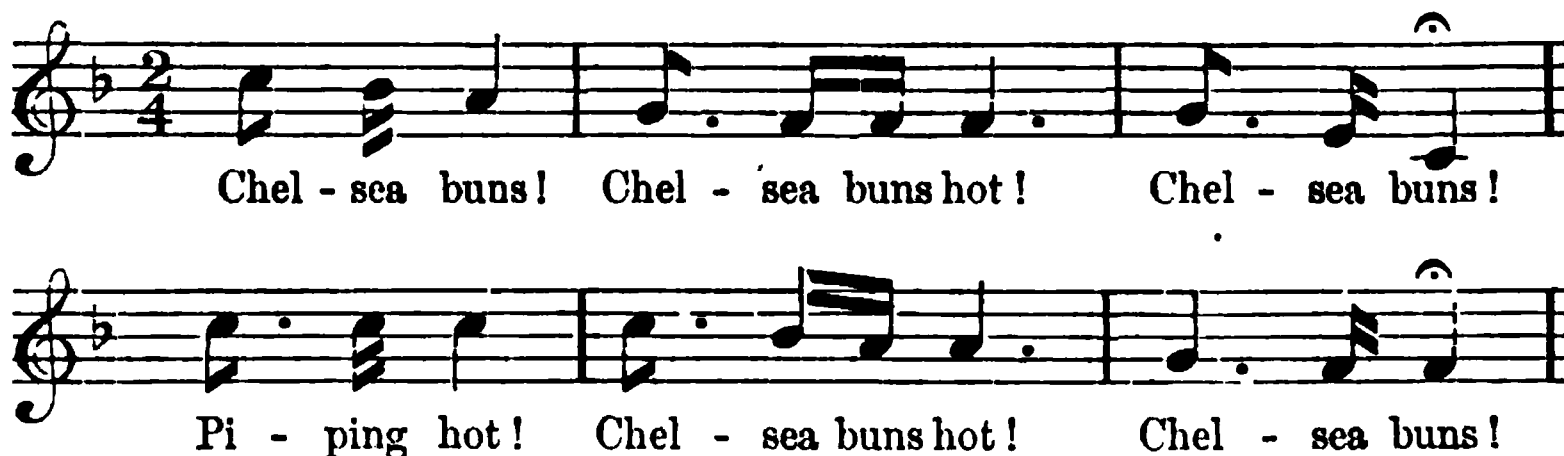
‘How *can* I tell?’ gasped the terrified girl. She knew well what was coming.

‘You can’t, of course, without *data*,’ her aunt replied: ‘but I’m just going to give you——’

‘Give her a Chelsea bun, Miss! That’s what most young ladies likes best!’ The voice was rich and musical, and the speaker dexterously whipped back the snowy cloth that covered his basket, and disclosed a tempting array of the familiar square buns, joined together in rows, richly egged and browned, and glistening in the sun.

‘No, sir! I shall give her nothing so indigestible! Be off!’ The old lady waved her parasol threateningly: but nothing seemed to

disturb the good-humour of the jolly old man, who marched on, chanting his melodious refrain:—



‘Far too indigestible, my love!’ said the old lady. ‘Percentages will agree with you ever so much better!’

Clara sighed, and there was a hungry look in her eyes as she watched the basket lessening in the distance: but she meekly listened to the relentless old lady, who at once proceeded to count off the *data* on her fingers.

‘Say that 70 per cent. have lost an eye—75 per cent. an ear—80 per cent. an arm—85 per cent. a leg—that’ll do it beautifully. Now then, my dear, what percentage, *at least*, must have lost all four?’

No more conversation occurred—unless a smothered exclamation of ‘Piping hot!’, which escaped from Clara’s lips as the basket vanished round a corner, could be counted as such—until they reached the old Chelsea mansion, where Clara’s uncle was then staying, with his three sons and their old tutor.

Balbus, Lambert, and Hugh had entered the house only a few minutes before them. They had been out walking, and Hugh had been propounding a difficulty which had reduced Lambert to the depths of gloom, and had even puzzled Balbus.

‘It changes from Wednesday to Thursday at midnight, doesn’t it?’ Hugh had begun.

‘Sometimes,’ said Balbus, cautiously.

‘Always,’ said Lambert, decisively.

‘*Sometimes*,’ Balbus gently insisted. ‘Six midnights out of seven, it changes to some other name.’

‘I meant, of course,’ Hugh corrected himself, ‘when it *does* change from Wednesday to Thursday, it does it at midnight—and *only* at midnight.’

‘Surely,’ said Balbus. Lambert was silent.

‘Well, now, suppose it’s midnight here in Chelsea. Then it’s Wednesday *west* of Chelsea (say in Ireland or America) where midnight hasn’t arrived yet: and it’s Thursday *east* of Chelsea (say in Germany or Russia) where midnight has just passed by?’

‘Surely,’ Balbus said again. Even Lambert nodded this time.

‘But it isn’t midnight anywhere else; so it can’t be changing from one day to another anywhere else. And yet, if Ireland and America and so on call it Wednesday, and Germany and Russia and so on call

it Thursday, there *must* be some other place—not Chelsea—that has different days on the two sides of it. And the worst of it is, the people *there* get their days in the wrong order: they've got Wednesday *east* of them, and Thursday *west*—just as if their day had changed from Thursday to Wednesday!

'I've heard that puzzle before!' cried Lambert. 'And I'll tell you the explanation. When a ship goes round the world from east to west, we know that it loses a day in its reckoning: so that when it gets home, and calls its day Wednesday, it finds people here calling it Thursday, because we've had one more midnight than the ship has had. And when you go the other way round you gain a day.'

'I know all that,' said Hugh, in reply to this not very lucid explanation: 'but it doesn't help me, because the ship hasn't proper days. One way round, you get more than twenty-four hours to the day, and the other way you get less: so of course the names get wrong: but people that live on in one place always get twenty-four hours to the day.'

'I suppose there *is* such a place,' Balbus said, meditatively, 'though I never heard of it. And the people must find it very queer, as Hugh says, to have the old day *east* of them, and the new one *west*: because, when midnight comes round to them, with the new day in front of it and the old one behind it, one doesn't see exactly what happens. I must think it over.'

So they had entered the house in the state I have described—Balbus puzzled, and Lambert buried in gloomy thought.

'Yes, m'm, Master *is* at home, m'm,' said the stately old butler. (N.B.—It is only a butler of experience who can manage a series of three M's together, without any interjacent vowels.) 'And the *old* party is a-waiting for you in the library.'

'I don't like his calling your father an *old* party,' she whispered to her niece, as they crossed the hall. And Clara had only just time to whisper in reply 'he meant the *whole* party,' before they were ushered into the library, and the sight of the five solemn faces there assembled chilled her into silence.

Her father sat at the head of the table, and mutely signed to the ladies to take the two vacant chairs, one on each side of him. His three sons and Balbus completed the party. Writing materials had been arranged round the table, after the fashion of a ghostly banquet: the butler had evidently bestowed much thought on the grim device. Sheets of quarto paper, each flanked by a pen on one side and a pencil on the other, represented the plates—penwipers did duty for rolls of bread—while ink-bottles stood in the places usually occupied by wine-glasses. The *pièce de resistance* was a large, green baize bag, which gave forth, as the old man restlessly lifted it from side to side, a charming jingle, as of innumerable golden guineas.

'Sister, daughter, sons—and Balbus—,' the old man began, so nervously, that Balbus put in a gentle 'Hear, hear!' while Hugh

drummed on the table with his fists. This disconcerted the unpractised orator. 'Sister—' he began again, then paused a moment, moved the bag to the other side, and went on with a rush, 'I mean—this being—a critical occasion—more or less—being the year when one of my sons comes of age—' he paused again in some confusion, having evidently got into the middle of his speech sooner than he intended: but it was too late to go back. 'Hear, hear!' cried Balbus. 'Quite so,' said the old gentleman, recovering his self-possession a little: 'when first I began this annual custom—my friend Balbus will correct me if I am wrong—' (Hugh whispered 'with a strap!' but nobody heard him except Lambert, who only frowned and shook his head at him) '—this annual custom of giving each of my sons as many guineas as would represent his age—it was a critical time—so Balbus informed me—as the ages of two of you were together equal to that of the third—so on that occasion I made a speech ——' He paused so long that Balbus thought it well to come to the rescue with the words 'It was a most ——' but the old man checked him with a warning look: 'yes, made a speech,' he repeated. 'A few years after that, Balbus pointed out—I say pointed out—' ('Hear, hear'! cried Balbus. 'Quite so,' said the grateful old man) '—that it was *another* critical occasion. The ages of two of you were together *double* that of the third. So I made another speech—another speech. And now again it's a critical occasion—so Balbus says—and I am making ——' (Here Mad Mathesis pointedly referred to her watch) 'all the haste I can!' the old man cried, with wonderful presence of mind. 'Indeed, sister, I'm coming to the point now! The number of years that have passed since that first occasion is just two-thirds of the number of guineas I then gave you. Now, my boys, calculate your ages from the *data*, and you shall have the money!'

'But we *know* our ages!' cried Hugh.

'Silence, sir!' thundered the old man, rising to his full height (he was exactly five-foot-five) in his indignation. 'I say you must use the *data* only! You mustn't even assume *which* it is that comes of age!' He clutched the bag as he spoke, and with tottering steps (it was about as much as he could do to carry it) he left the room.

'And *you* shall have a similar *cadeau*,' the old lady whispered to her niece, 'when you've calculated that percentage!' And she followed her brother.

Nothing could exceed the solemnity with which the old couple had risen from the table, and yet was it—was it a *grin* with which the father turned away from his unhappy sons? Could it be—could it be a *wink* with which the aunt abandoned her despairing niece? And were those—were those sounds of suppressed *chuckling* which floated into the room, just before Balbus (who had followed them out) closed the door? Surely not: and yet the butler told the cook—but no, that was merely idle gossip, and I will not repeat it.

The shades of evening granted their unuttered petition, and 'closed

not o'er' them (for the butler brought in the lamp): the same obliging shades left them a 'lonely bark' (the wail of a dog, in the back-yard, baying the moon) for 'awhile': but neither 'morn, alas' (nor any other epoch) seemed likely to 'restore' them—to that peace of mind which had once been theirs, ere ever these fearful problems had swooped upon them, and crushed them with a load of unfathomable mystery!

'It's hardly fair,' muttered Hugh, 'to give us such a jumble as that to work out!'

'Fair?' Clara echoed, bitterly. 'Well!'

And to all my gentle readers I can but repeat the last words of gentle Clara—

*Farewell!*

LEWIS CARROLL.

Answers will be received up to the end of November.



## CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

## BIOGRAPHIES.

*Arachne.* I have been much interested in an American biography that has been kindly sent to me—that of Dr. Breck, by his brother.

*Spider.* Tell me about him. I never heard of him.

*Arachne.* I suppose not. I had not, though I knew that [noble efforts had been made in the Missionary cause in the dioceses] of Wisconsin and Minnesota.

*Spider.* To the Indians?

*Arachne.* Yes. You know that the ordinary treatment of the unhappy Red Indian race in America has been a grievous blot, in spite of the brave efforts here and there made by truly Christian men, [beginning from Elliott and Brainerd.

*Spider.* It is always so, is it not, when there is no restraint on settlers dealing with native races?

*Arachne.* Yes. There is so much greed, and likewise so much mutual irritation, that a Government on the spot, especially a popular one, cannot look at the question fairly, and the only chance of moderate justice, is that there should be a strong Government at a distance, able to judge impartially, and to enforce the execution of its decisions. This has been the case in Canada, and to a certain extent in New Zealand, though unfortunately not in Australia, where I am afraid the most frightful things are done, especially in Queensland. However, we will not dwell on this, but turn to the men who have [done their utmost for their hunted and misused brethren.

*Spider.* Dr. Breck, did you say?

*Arachne.* James Lloyd Breck. He was born at Philadelphia, in 1818, of parents belonging to the Church, and able to give him a thorough education. At sixteen, he resolved to dedicate himself to the ministry, and while at the University of Philadelphia, his studies were all with that view. He must also have studied the art of living without luxuries, for he wrote to his mother that he had [discovered a method of so making his bed on Monday morning, that it did not require making over again till that day week.

*Spider.* I wonder what his mother said to that, I should not have called it merely giving up *luxury*.

*Arachne.* Most likely he grew wiser in that matter; but before his theological course was completed, an impulse came over him such as the founders of monastic orders felt. He and some other students resolved to devote themselves to what they called an Associate Mission under the direction of a Bishop.

*Spider.* A brotherhood?

*Arachne.* They did not call it so. This was in 1840, before the idea of even sisterhoods had grown up in our Church; but he wrote to his brother Charles that six or eight might go 'out together, 'to educate and preach, to live under one roof, constituted into a religious house under a Superior. Thus, and thus only, it is believed, can the Romanist be made to feel sensibly the power of the Church Catholic.'

*Spider.* And did they carry it out?

*Arachne.* Eventually only four gave themselves, and one of these, who came from Carolina, was ordered back by his own Bishop to work there. The other three were gladly welcomed as pioneers by Bishop Kemper, of Wisconsin, who gave them as their Superior, the Rev. Richard F. Cadle. The other two were named Adams and Hobart. Mr. Breck was ordained Deacon just before setting forth. At first, they moved about among the settlers, most of whom welcomed any ministry gladly, and indeed a good many were fresh from England, and were Church people. One woman had come forty-five miles to entreat Bishop Kemper to hold a service. At last they established a permanent home at a place called Nahsotah, the Indian word for twin lakes. Mr. Cadle soon resigned, and the young men were ordained Priests, Mr. Kemp becoming the head. They circulated among the settlers, holding services, and had a chapel of their own. Many baptisms took place. These were in one of the twin lakes. A place was railed off, a wooden platform erected, with some wooden steps leading to a boarded space. The service was begun on the upper platform, and then the priest and the candidate, in white, went down to the lower one, and there was a triple immersion.

*Spider.* How beautiful! How like old times!

*Arachne.* The life at Nahsotah lasted nine years. Young men joined the Brothers, and Mr. Adams proved to have singular gifts for training them for the ministry, but the monastic idea dropped. Mr. Hobart left the party, Mr. Adams married, and the place became a theological college, as it still continues, doing excellent work. Churches had been built, clergy found, and Mr. Breck, with one of the trained students, the Reverend Timothy Wilcoxson, moved on into the newly-settled district of Minnesota. Here, at his mission-house of St. Paul's, he fell in with the Chippeway Indians, and thenceforth he was chiefly occupied with Indian work. I cannot tell you the details, but he civilized as well as preached to them, and persuaded them to settle down around the mission stations and lead a wholesome family life.

*Spider.* Had he any other help?

*Arachne.* Yes, clergy—often trained at Nahsohtah—came in his track, and had churches and stations.

*Spider.* Who built the churches?

*Arachne.* The people themselves did a good deal. The 'Board of Missions'—which is appointed by the American Church, and does the

same work as our two great societies—assisted; so did private friends, especially Miss Edwards, to whom many of the letters are addressed, and Sunday school classes likewise sent subscriptions and gifts.

*Spider.* The Sunday schools in America are, I think, of children of well-to-do people.

*Arachne.* As a rule, all Church people send their children to the classes, and thus they can contribute largely to such undertakings. Mr. Breck found woman's help, and the example of family life so desirable, that he gave up his monastic schemes and married. As each place became teemed, he moved onwards. His second abode among the Chippeways was on Leach Lake, and was known by the pretty little name of Kah-sah-gah-squah-jeo-mo-kag, where lived a chief called Flat Mouth, who had implored him to come and teach his people. It was in the Indian reserves, and the people were true Red Men, who despised every one who showed the least token of excitement, or broke the etiquette of entire impassiveness. Thus a little *white* boy of ten years old, thought nothing of playing the part of William Tell's son without a change of expression! He worked on very happily and with much success among these Chippeways, guided, it is pleasant to find, by English example in the Dominion, and brought numbers of this tribe and the Ojibwas to be Church people, and civilized beings. All went on well, till, alas! the wickedness of the white men nearly ruined all that had been done. A treaty had been made in 1855, with intelligent Indian chiefs, by which no whisky was to be sold to Indians under penalty of the white man's law. But nobody would enforce the penalty. At Crow Wing, the nearest white settlement, out of thirteen houses seven were whisky shops, selling 'fire water' to the Indians in any quantity, from a pint to a gallon, for the maple sugar which they made in quantities. The heathen Indians who had been away hunting all the winter returned in the spring, to make the sugar and barter it for the poison, which maddened them. Four hundred savages were drunk at once. In 1857 one kept Mr. Breck at bay in his wife's room with a drawn knife, another danced like a maniac in the midst of the broken glass of the front windows of the mission house. The chiefs could do nothing, nor the Agent either, for the Government gave him no means for preventing the trade, and he said it would not take any adequate notice even if the whole Breck family were massacred, and all their mission. The station had to be given up for the time, but in the end the better spirit prevailed, and the Indians themselves have renounced the use of the liquor which has so terrible an effect upon them.

*Spider.* I believe it has been the destruction of many a mission. Where did Dr. Breck go next?

*Arachne.* On further into the diocese of that very noble chief shepherd, Bishop Whipple. There his head-quarters were at Fari-bault, where again he combined a theological college with mission work among the Indians, and schools for their children. There, in

1862, the Mission had to weather the storm of a terrible outbreak of heathen Indians, who took advantage of the War of Secession to fall upon the white settlers with all the cruelty of their nature. The Christians, however, behaved excellently, and no missionary or teacher was injured, though some were in great danger. All settled down again, and when the Church was thoroughly founded, this indefatigable pioneer moved on in 1867 to begin the same course once more in California. St. Mary of the Pacific, in Benicia, was his church there.

*Spider.* One thinks of Omar conquering his way to the Atlantic! These were greater victories. And of our Church! For it is ours. We are in full Communion with it.

*Arachne.* And the same prayers and Sacrament were his strength, from first to last. He was in full activity up to the beginning of his last illness, which began on the first week in Lent, and ended just before Easter 1876.

*Spider.* Indeed, it was a wonderful life of incessant labour.

*Arachne.* I cannot see that ever he 'tired or stopped to rest,' or take a holiday till his final rest came to him. But you should get the book itself. American books can always be ordered through Messrs. Sampson Low, and the proper name of this is *Life of the Rev. James Lloyd Breck, D.D.*, by Charles Breck, D.D. (Young, New York). And now here is a contrast to Dr. Breck's life of unremitting successful toil and unbroken health. Look at the portraits together?

*Spider.* Dr. Breck has a thorough American countenance; but what a splendid brow he has! And this—white-bearded, keen, hollow-eyed; where have I seen the likeness to him? Oh! Holman Hunt's picture of the 'Finding Our Lord in the Temple.' This is just like one of the marvelling doctors.

*Arachne.* No wonder, for Mr. Skinner sat for it when he met the artist in the Holy Land.

*Spider.* *Life of the Rev. James Skinner* (Kegan Paul). How do you mean that he was a contrast to Dr. Breck?

*Arachne.* Because he was one called on to *be* and to *bear*, rather than to *do*. His life is a course of beginnings, bravely made, but cut short by failure in health, and yet serving the Church most effectively and perseveringly by his writings and his letters of counsel. Born of a family which had endured the persecutions of the Scottish Church, he inherited sound and deep Catholic principles, and he manifested them all his life, first, as chaplain to the troops in Corfu, where he made many communicants among the soldiers. Then he bore the brunt of the attacks on St. Barnabas, Pimlico; but just as the storm subsided illness again forced him to resign and go abroad. Afterwards, for sixteen more years, he was warden of the beautiful almshouses at Newland, close to Malvern, and made its services something most beautiful and perfect. But there came the sorrow of his life, the loss of his only child, a bright, happy, thoughtful

creature, Agnes Skinner, who lived and died like one all glistening with baptismal dew. Then again came illness, necessitating resignation of the post once more, and the chaplaincy of the Convalescent Home at Ascot, which was given him by Dr. Pusey, also had to be given up after two years. The book he tried to write on *Moral Theology* had to be dropped, and yet the patient, cheerful life, and staunch maintenance of true doctrine, has done much for many and many a devout person, and helped to conquer ground for us.

*Spider.* I must tell my sea-side cousins of a very nice little book, fit for the pocket, called the *Fishermen's Text Book*, with a very easy and manly little meditation for each day of a month. It has a preface by Mr. Linklater, and is published by Griffith & Farren.

*Arachne.* You may also tell them of a set of very simple sermons on the two Sacraments, by the Rev. C. Cooper of Betchworth, called *Necessary to Salvation*. They are to be had from Griffith & Farren, and may be very helpful in teaching first foundations to grown up people.

---

## HYMNS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS AND OCCASIONS.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, AUTHOR OF 'THE KNIGHT OF INTERCESSION,' ETC.

## VIII.

## HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF SS. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

- 1 Lo! they were, and they are, and shall be,  
Ere the world, in the world, to the end!  
For their Lord, for His Church, and for me,  
Each a Minister, Guardian, and friend.
- 2 They were of the Covenants twain;  
Before and from Sinai, the host,  
Serving God in their courses, the train  
Of Jehovah, the One Holy Ghost.
- 3 And in the more excellent way,  
Before and from Zion, they wrought:  
Poets, prophets, and ministers they,  
Of the Grace the unpriced, the unbought.
- 4 For they sang of Emmanuel's birth,  
As they sang at the morning of Time,  
Of the peace for this woe-stricken earth,  
Coming down from the Glory sublime.
- 5 They were His in His pain and His power,  
In Gethsemane's uttermost gloom,  
As in the all-conquering hour,  
When He shattered the gates of His doom.
- 6 They were theirs whom He sent to His war,  
To o'erthrow and recover His world;  
And still they are flying afar,  
With the flag that His saints have unfurled.
- 7 They are with us in vigil alway,  
Above us, beneath, at our side,  
And our souls they shall reap at the day  
Of the Master's supreme harvest tide.
- 8 Then, O Father of Angels, shall we  
Sing to Thee with that infinite host;  
And, O Covenant Angel, to Thee,  
And to Thee, O Thou One Holy Ghost.

Amen.

## RETREATS.

[ BY E. H. PITCAIRN.

THE nineteenth century is an age of steam engines. There is a hurry and rush in this busy world unknown to our forefathers. Consequently, a greater necessity has arisen, for various kinds of retreat.

We cannot wonder, that almost all classes feel that their bodily health requires, for at least a few days in each year, a retreat from the bustle, labour, and cares of life to the country or the sea. This need was felt by our ancestors in a much less degree, and holidays were more a question of enjoyment than necessity. The Church—never backward, in meeting the exigencies of the age, has, with the increasing bustle of our day, provided more opportunities of retirement and quiet.

In a retreat to gain health for our bodies, no efforts can ensure our obtaining the strength we need; not so with a spiritual retreat. Earnest men of all schools of thought in the Church of England recognise the value of these quiet days, though they may not all conduct them in precisely the same way. Montalembert tells us, ‘that in human nature there exists a tendency instinctive, though confused and evanescent, towards retirement and solitude. Its manifestations are found in all epochs of history, in all religions, and in all societies, except savage tribes. Almost all men have, at least before their death, experienced the attraction of solitude.’ We are told that solitude is the mother country of the strong—silence their prayer.

There is nothing new about retreats; our Lord first set us the example. By thirty years’ retreat, He prepared for His life-work of three years’ duration, and even during *that* time, amid the press of work, He retired to the wilderness for forty days, and again on mountain tops spent whole nights in prayer. It was after a retreat, that Moses received the law on Sinai. After a retreat of ten days, that the Apostles received the Holy Ghost. In retreat on Carmel, Elias received his three great commissions. St. Paul was three days in retreat, without food previous to his baptism. St. John the Baptist prepared for his life-work by years of retreat. Nor was it only the Apostles, but great saints, holy men and women of every age, have taught us the value of solitude. In retreat, the most illustrious penitents have been converted, and almost all called to great holiness in the Church, have prepared thus for their work. S. Vincent de Paul



was the first to start retreats for the clergy before ordination,\* and seeing the intense benefit they were to them—men, whose lives had been, at least for some time, spent in comparative calm and quiet—it entered into his head to long, that others might have the same solace. That those who were busy working, toiling, and struggling amid many difficulties and temptations, might, if they would, come and rest awhile, beneath the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, be they high or low—rich or poor. It was a strange sight to see nobles, artisans, and beggars meet together in one room, seeking the common good. Almost all called to great holiness in the Church have prepared thus for their work, and even in our own day, many go into retreat before entering a new *sphere of life*, e.g., ordination, &c.—or previous to commencing any special *work*, as, for instance, a mission. Very minute were the directions of S. Vincent for the comfort of his guests during retreat, giving careful orders as to their creature comforts, and himself seeing that there were sufficient blankets on their beds!

S. Ignatius, however, is said to be the first systematic organiser of retreats, in his spiritual exercises. It is possible there may be some, even among the readers of the *Monthly Packet*, who do not know exactly, 1. *What a retreat is* (in the technical meaning of the word)? 2. *How a retreat is conducted?* 3. *For whom retreats are held?* And 4. *What should be the results of a retreat?*

I. A retreat is an extra ordinary effort to get spiritual help and refreshment by prayer and meditation. A retreat is to shut out the world for a few days, and calmly and quietly come apart for a while, that we may be alone with God, and be taught by the Holy Ghost. For this, retirement is necessary, that we may listen to what God would say to us. So many innocent things would otherwise distract and engross us. Have we not often been stirred by some sermon to resolve to live better lives, but the conversation of friends outside the church-door, has imperceptibly lessened this good impression. There would be none of this in retreat, for it is a time of *silence*.

In retreat, we desert the prayerlessness of our ordinary lives: nevertheless it is a law of Almighty God in spiritual things to say, 'According to thy faith be it unto you.' Those who do not thoroughly believe in each article of the Apostles' Creed need not come to a retreat. There must be a steadfast faith in Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, a confidence in the Church, and a belief in that other life; or it would be misspent time. 'In the shade of retreat, God asks, Where art thou? We have time to think over our past—present—and future.' To carefully examine if we are in the right way, or whether we are in any way risking our future happiness: if home and parish duties are properly fulfilled. Those who realize with St. Bernard that 'to occupy oneself with God is not to be idle,' it is the occupation of all

\* Life of S. Vincent De Paul.

occupations—will not begrudge time for this. If it is true that he who works prays, may we not well believe that he who prays works, and that such work, is the most fruitful. At the last, may be, no hours will be more highly prized than those we passed with Him, with whom we hope to dwell for ever. S. Ignatius says of himself, ‘It is a *real* necessity that I should love and serve God. It is not necessary that I should possess talents or fortune, or that I should live long. It is not necessary that I should exist at all, but supposing I *do* exist, it is *necessary* that I should serve God. An intelligent creature who does not do so, is in the world, what the sun would be if it ceased to shine, what our body would be if it ceased to move. In the order of intelligence it would be, what a monster would be in the order of the bodily frame.’ In a word, we should not have fulfilled the object for which we were created. S. Ignatius supposes the case of a Christian in retreat, ‘of sound reason, courageous will, master of his time and of his future, but yet a sinner. Of this man he proposes to make a saint—and a great saint—for ever. But in order to change a sinner into a saint the empire of evil must be destroyed in the heart, the reign of good be established.’

As helps in accomplishing this much to be desired end, he lays down rules for retreat, always making the proviso ‘that no rule be kept which would be a burden, or beyond the strength and goodwill of the person, or unsuited to their age and capacity.’

It seems a first principle, that in retreat everything must be very *real*, hence all overstrain must be avoided, *e.g.*, going on when the brain is tired, and a reasonable amount of bodily comfort is necessary. A retreat may vary in length, from one hour to days or even weeks. Retreats are held for men and women—(not both together), for clergy and laity—for the educated and the uneducated. Some clergy hold a retreat at the same place every year, as, for instance, Canon Body at Kirkby Misperton in the autumn, as when people go to a retreat every year, the same conductor may often be of most use to them.

## II.—*How is a Retreat conducted?*

A conductor will of course be chosen, able to deal practically with the particular class for whom the retreat is held. No one, for instance, would be likely to take a retreat for ‘sisters’ who knew nothing of their life, however well fitted in other ways.

(a.) A retreat generally commences with an *introductory address* at Evensong, followed by prayer and meditation. This is when the retreat is to last two or three days. If for one day only it would begin in the morning.

(b.) There is usually a *celebration of Holy Communion* daily during the retreat: all helps are needed to keep rules we are not used to.

(c.) *Three addresses* are usually given every day. They each last about three-quarters of an hour, and are followed by prayer and meditation. One subject is generally taken for the whole course.

(d.) Every one may stay in the chapel, for *private* prayer, when and as long, as they like.

(e.) It is a time of *solitude*.

1. *Exterior*.—In neither writing or receiving letters: in reading none but spiritual books.

In avoiding all companionship except at meals and in chapel.

By speaking to no one except the conductor of the retreat without absolute necessity.

2. *Interior*.—By putting away all thought of work.

By checking every wandering thought or imagination, however in itself harmless.

(f.) Time is given for *recreation*. This may be spent in a solitary walk in quiet places, or in bodily rest, if needful, or in interesting reading, *e.g.*, lives of saints, but not in light reading.

(g.) *Free time* is also left for self-examination, spiritual reading, and the like.

(h.) A book is sometimes read aloud during meals.

(i.) It is hardly necessary to say that the clergyman conducting the retreat, will be ready to give advice to any who ask for it, or explain any difficulty.

(j.) It is a mistake to imagine that people are expected to lead an ascetic life, and deprive themselves of food or sleep during retreat. Quite the contrary. Most people need all their strength for what to many, must be somewhat of a mental strain.

### III.—*The Results of a Retreat.*

‘A retreat should always have some definite result. On the last day of the retreat, each one for themselves, writes down in a form given to them, a resolution, as the immediate fruit of the retreat. This resolution should include the doing of some *one definite act*; giving up some *one definite practice* or habit; extirpating some *one fault*.’

Those who know, tell us that something during a retreat is sure to rise up and clamour for an answer, some illumination of duty compelling us to attend; for conscience often speaks loudly when all is silent.

It is usual to contribute not less than 15s. towards the expenses of the retreat through the offertory.

Doubtless there are many people who know a retreat is just what would help them most. This the Holy Ghost has taught them plainly, but they have stifled His voice, for various reasons. Some, because they do not know where to go, or where retreats are held.—As a rule, Sisterhoods, have facilities for holding retreats, but for the most part, they can only admit their own associates, having no room for others. At St. Peter's, Kilburn, I believe outsiders are admitted to retreats lasting only one day. The ‘Sisters of the Church,’ Kilburn, have also occasionally open retreats.

Possibly some people may not be aware, that there is a *House of*

*Retreat*, at 13, Lloyd Square, Pentonville. The house is very large, and there are a number of visitors' rooms. It is situated in an open square, and belongs to the Sisters of Bethany, whose special work is 'to help people living in the world to lead a holy life.' It is most important to rightly influence the upper classes; for, as Bishop Coppinger says, 'Where piety in a poor woman edifies her own house, piety in a rich woman's edifies the homes of hundreds. Retreats at Lloyd Square are not only occasional, but forming a part of their *work*, are held at frequent intervals throughout the year.' Any ladies may write to the Mother Superior, without an introduction, who will gladly welcome them if there is room.

#### *IV.—Informal Retreats.*

It is not only for retreats in the technical meaning of the word, that people are grateful for such a house. Very many, with numerous social and other claims, find it impossible to get one *hour* free from constant interruptions, and again and again they come to this 'House of Retreat,' thankful for a few days quiet and leisure to read and think.

From what the writer has heard, few could stay there without returning home refreshed and wishing to go again. There is a peculiar peace and restfulness in such an atmosphere impossible to explain, but which most people must have felt, who have stayed with a community of men and women whose lives are spent in the service of God.

Although the Sisters voluntarily deny themselves and live by rule, there is not even an unwritten law to make their guests do the same. With perfect courtesy they are ready to find them books and indoor occupation if they wish it. Their friends may come and see them, and all are free to come and go as they will, providing they say, when they are going out, and if they are likely to be absent from any meal. This, of course, a visitor in any house would naturally do; but those who come for quiet, so difficult to obtain elsewhere, will hardly care to waste much of this precious time.

None need fancy that staying at a sisterhood necessarily means roughing it, anyhow, not in the one to which I refer. There may be exceptions.

There is a separate sitting-room for the visitors. The bedrooms are of course small, but *most* comfortable, and what many will appreciate, a plentiful supply of hot and cold water for each room. Any foolish enough to expect luxuries will be disappointed, but the food is good and plentiful. When in the house, visitors are expected to attend some of the services. They are very short (generally about seven minutes). The music is excellent, but there is nothing elaborate, for all are able to join in. It may be well to state that each visitor is expected to dress simply, and wear a cap. This last is necessary, as the chapel is in the house. It is usual to pay £1 per week during a stay in a sisterhood. This includes everything, even wine.

Although most sisterhoods admit none but their own associates to their formal retreats, many allow outsiders to come for rest and quiet, in the way I have alluded to (especially if they have enough workers among themselves). Those who find it impossible to leave home, except for an annual holiday, may (if they are alone) often combine the rest and change, they so much want for their health, and the informal retreat to which I have referred. I have known instances, where the peace, quiet, restful services, and regular hours of a sisterhood, together with change of air, have effected a cure in body and mind when all else has failed.

Nor is it difficult to combine enjoyment, rest, and lovely scenery with the spiritual refreshment needed, when so many sisterhoods, like the monks of old, have chosen for their homes some of the most lovely and healthy places in the land. What could better come up to our ideal of a peaceful English country village, than Clewer, with its beautiful little church; its picturesque House of Mercy, with its unconventional garden shady trees. Nor would it be easy to tire of the walks in Windsor Park and its neighbourhood. Those who care for the country fail to be happy at Cheddar, where the Sisters of S. Peter's, Kilburn, have a branch house. Any who like a very bracing air, can have it at S. Mary's Home, Brighton, or the branch houses of Clewer at Folkestone and Cardiff, East Grinstead at Aberdeen, and Wantage at Worthing.

What more lovely retreats could be found for delicate people during the winter, who want to recruit their health, and at the same time have the advantage of helpful services *in the house*, than the home of the East Grinstead Sisters near Eastbourne, of the Sisters of Bethany at Bournemouth, or the Branch Houses of Clewer at Torquay, and Bovey Tracey?

Does any one wonder if they will learn anything from this very informal retreat? Let them try it. True, there will probably be no special addresses to wake them up to a sense of duty, nor can we expect the same results as from a time of perfect solitude, where in a more special way God is the Teacher. Still, He makes use of human agencies, and unwritten sermons are not without their effect. Probably prejudices will be removed—and an utter absence of all controversy prove refreshing. Probably, those who have been in the habit of attending daily services as a duty, during their stay in a sisterhood, will have learnt their value. Probably, those who have been in the habit of giving two or three days a week to works of charity will realize, for the first time, how *little* they do, and how much luxury and leisure is theirs.

Probably, some will pick up valuable hints as to parish work, etc., and involuntarily catch something of the cheerful, gentle, courteous ways of the Sisters with the poor. Again, many weary, troubled hearts have been comforted by the kindness of 'Sisters,' whose work and pleasure it is, to give sympathy where it is most needed. Many

invalids have gone home, if not cured in body, strengthened to carry their Cross bravely, for here, for the first time, they received Jesus Christ in Holy Communion. Nor is this all. Habits of frequent prayer are formed, and how few can say they do not need this training. We may all be ashamed of the little we do in this respect, as we read the lives of the saints, and learn that one takes a Bible and a book of devotion and converts a nation—another, with but little education, founds a religious order, which lasts to our own day (and in our own day even heathen converts often put us to shame, as we hear of their coming hundreds of miles to receive Holy Communion, and of others who gladly listen for five consecutive hours to communicants' instruction\*). Why could they accomplish so much, while the results of our work are so paltry? The problem is not difficult to solve. They tell us that *more* than half their time was spent in prayer (some ten hours a day, and in order to do this, curtailing their much needed rest), and we no longer wonder that their success was lasting, though we know but few could follow them, even in the far distance. We are told, 'Prayer alone educates an intellect that would otherwise be uneducated. It gilds their social intercourse with a tenderness, an unobtrusiveness, a sincerity, an evenness of temper, a cheerfulness and recollectedness that leavens and strengthens society. Habitual prayer makes the listless energetic, the excitable calm; nor is it too much to say that prayer has even physical results. People, as of old, come down from the mount, and bear tokens not of this world. But no man is likely to do much good at prayer, who does not begin by looking at it in the light of a *work* and this, a difficult work—to be prepared for, and persevered in, with all the earnestness of which he is capable.'† A time will probably come to most of us, if it has not come to some already, when we shall wish that the hours at our command during this short life had not been disposed of as they have.

Volumes might be written of the *work* done by Sisterhoods, but it does not come within the scope of this paper. Advent will soon be here. Before it is over, perhaps some of the readers of the *Monthly Packet* may be able to test for themselves the value of a retreat.

\* See Carlisle Church Congress Report for 1884.

† Canon Liddon's 'Elements of Religion.'

---



## Spider Subjects.

---

### SPIDER ANSWERS.

OF the papers on 'Rebuke,' Money Spinner's is the most lively. Hilda has thought it out, but must take pains with her spelling. Of the others Madge is the best, Waterwagtail second, Maid Marion, Apathy and F. M. M., follow.

---

### SPIDER QUESTIONS.

Explain the principles of punctuation.

Collect the incidents in which standards, banners and military ensigns have played a distinguished part.

---

### SPIDER PAPER.

The associations of the colour *purple*.

PURPLE, amongst the ancients, is the colour which appears to have been earliest brought to perfection and most highly esteemed. Tradition says that its discovery was owing to chance alone. A dog, instigated by hunger, having broken a shell on the sea-shore, his mouth became stained with a colour which gained the admiration of all who saw it. This shell-fish belongs to the species *Murex*, one variety of which was termed *purpura*, and hence the name, purple, afterwards given to the dye, which was successfully applied to stuffs. Pliny mentions several varieties of *murex* used for dyeing, but the best were found near Tyre.

Tyrian blue was considered the finest of all purple colours, and so costly was the wool which received it, that in the reign of Augustus, each pound of it sold for 1000 Roman denarii, about £36 of our money. Nor, if the tedious nature of the process is considered, was this excessive. Each shell yielded only one drop of blood, and for 50 lbs. of wool they used 100 lbs. of liquor of the *purpura*.

There were different shades of purple, but the most valued of all was of the colour of coagulated blood, and doubtless for this reason, Homer and Virgil apply the epithet "purple" to blood. Perhaps Shakespeare had some remembrance of classical studies in his mind when he wrote "the purple testament of bleeding war."

It is said by some authorities that this dye must have been known fifteen centuries before the Christian Era. It was so highly prized by the ancients, that it was especially consecrated to the deity. Moses used stuffs of purple for the works of the Tabernacle and the vestments of the High Priest. The Babylonians gave purple raiment to their



idols, as did also many other nations of antiquity. The Pagans believed the colour had particular virtue, and could appease the wrath of their gods.

From the earliest times it has been a mark of high birth and dignity. Among the presents the Israelites gave to Gideon was purple raiment. 'Mordecai went out from the presence of the king in royal apparel of blue and white, and with a great crown of gold, and with a garment of fine linen and purple.'

Among the Romans, it was at first an ornament worn by the chief officers of the state, but becoming at last commonly used by the opulent, the emperors afterwards reserved the right of wearing it to themselves. Soon after it was made a mark of their inaugurations, and the punishment of death was decreed against any who should wear it, even though covered by another colour.

'To be born in the purple,' has passed into a proverb. And yet, this boasted purple of antiquity, although no doubt the most rich and brilliant colour then known, was poor and miserable compared to the lovely dyes we possess. If an ancient merchant of Tyre could come to life again, how would he marvel at the beautiful, rainbow tints of our days; and they are free to all; a peasant may wear them as well as a peer.

But in those days of long ago, the associations which cling to purple may have not been entirely unlike ours. The purple sunset was as brilliant then as now. The distant hills rose glorious in purple mist as now. Clusters of luscious grapes must have recalled the royal colour, in which, too, were arrayed the regal Iris and the mysterious Passion-flower.

One most sacred of all associations, indeed, belongs to us alone; when ignorant soldiers, in cruel mockery, 'put on Him a purple robe.' Little they knew how fitting was the royal garment for Him whom they mocked, and that He was indeed the King of Kings.

Since that day purple has obtained a deeper significance with us, than even it possessed in older times, and indicates *love of truth even unto martyrdom*.

MADGE.

Give your views on the best manner of conveying a rebuke.

*Florence.* Why, Charlotte, you look quite done up! Arthur came in just now and said you were worried, but he had not time to say what was the matter, so Ju and I have come to see. Whatever it is, I can see it has given you the headache.

*Charlotte.* Yes, I have a headache, but I know it is very silly to be worried. It is only about Miss Foster.

*Julia.* The little governess? Give her a rowing and start fresh. That's what I do.

*F.* That would not suit Charlotte. But what is it? I thought you liked her so much.

*C.* Yes, so I do. She is so nice with the little boys, and they are so fond of her, and she is so pleasant with me too, but you know I told you she is rather given to making violent friends, and yesterday she brought Miss Dickenson in with her, and they were closetted in her room I don't know how long—all the time I had the children downstairs.

*F.* Miss Dickenson! Why, you hardly know them, do you?

*C.* No, only just to call occasionally. She met her at the church decoration, and Arthur says it was very bad manners to bring her in without asking me, and she must be spoken to about it.

*J.* I should think so! Little upstart!

*C.* No, she is not upstart. It is not knowing better. I know Arthur is right, but don't you see how hard it is? Especially as I believe Miss Dickenson is really a good girl, and not a bad friend for her.

*J.* You would like to be able to tell her she is a thoroughly bad lot.

*C.* Well, it would make it much easier. Don't *you* see what I mean, Floss? Julia only laughs.

*F.* Yes, I see, it is having to speak about rudeness to yourself that makes it hard. But, you know, a girl of eighteen must expect to be called to order occasionally. We were ourselves, weren't we, Ju?

*J.* I was, I know, and furious it used to make me when any one but Mother did it. I can hear Aunt Julia now, administering a solemn rebuke to Tony and me for talking too much at meals.

*F.* No doubt you richly deserved it.

*J.* I dare say we did, but it only made us chatter nineteen to the dozen all tea-time, till Mamma quashed us.

*C.* But then it was no business of Aunt Julia to interfere!

*F.* Any more than it was her business to lecture you on wasting your time when you were obliged to lie flat on the sofa.

*C.* No. That did make Arthur angry! But, after all, she was right. I did give way more than I need have done, and I don't know why her saying so made me inclined to do less than ever.

*J.* She has no knack of saying things nicely. I have heard her point out a cobweb in a way that made me wonder the housemaid did not say she thought them particularly ornamental.

*F.* I don't think she can the least put herself in other people's places. That is what makes her rub them up the wrong way.

*J.* She is so dictatorial. But you may put yourself *too much* in other people's places. Don't you remember that Mr. Downs, who took the duty here when Mr. Wilson was abroad? How he used to explain and insinuate when there was anything he did not like, instead of saying his mind straight out! I remember his driving me nearly wild with polite speeches, about the boys giving me a great deal of trouble, where Mr. Wilson would just have said, "Julia, you must keep your class in better order," and there would have been an end of it.

*F.* You wouldn't have liked a stranger to say that.

*J.* Not quite those words, perhaps, but don't you remember how there were always being rows amongst the parish workers those six months? and yet the poor man was always looking to see where people's toes were that he might not tread on them. I believe the fact of his looking for them reminded them they had toes.

*F.* Yes, I think that is true. Mr. Wilson never gives offence, because he never expects people to take it, and he goes straight to the point, and his say is said and done with; but so is Aunt Julia's.

*J.* Said, but not *done with*. She looks as if she thought 'There! What will you say to *that*?' Besides, rebukes don't come with a good grace when you have no right to give them.

C. But the difficulty is, how to give them with a good grace when you have the right and feel you must do it or neglect your duty.

J. Don't consider yourself into a headache. It is not worth it. Fred was dreadfully worried a little while ago at finding out that a clerk he was very much interested in was going on badly; and he considered and considered, and *would* go down in the evening to Weybridge, when he was very tired, to consult his father—and I believe lay awake all night, settling what to say—and finished up with a splitting headache, and after all, the young fellow behaved as well as possible about it, and has been devoted to Fred ever since. So there was a lot of worry wasted!

F. Wasted was it? I should have thought it would have been more wasted if the young man had not taken what he said well.

J. My dear Floss! You don't suppose *any* body *ever* could take anything amiss that *Fred* said! And so I tell him it is really quite waste of time to think so much about it beforehand.

F. Perhaps it is because he thinks well first that what he says tells. I don't suppose Solomon meant that *hasty* rebukes would make a wise man love thee.

J. Well, but I don't consider for a year, and yet people don't take offence at me either. The maids always mind what I say—but I don't lie awake all night considering how to rebuke the cook for gossiping in the area!

C. What do you say to her?

J. 'Look here, Jane, these are not the sort of goings on I approve. If you wish to stay with me you must keep yourself to yourself, and behave like a respectable young woman.'

F. Is that what you recommend Charlotte to say to Miss Foster?

J. That sort of thing. Short and soon over.

F. The shorter the better, certainly, but everybody can't think of what to say on the spur of the moment. I couldn't, I know, and if one could, I should not like to trust to it in a serious matter.

J. But I don't call this a serious matter, and I think some people make mountains out of molehills.

C. I know they do, but how are they to help it? Arthur said I was not to worry myself, and he would speak if I liked; but I think that *would* be making a mountain of it.

F. So do I. It would make it much too serious if Arthur interfered; and you ought to speak at once, because it is so unfair to let a thing you don't like go on till it comes to such a pitch you *must* speak, and then suddenly draw the reins tight. I thought you gave her a capital silent rebuke that day when she was late for lessons, and you had begun hearing Charlie read.

C. She has never been late since. I wish one could give all rebukes silently!

J. Oh! I hate silent rebukes. Think what an awful thing it is for any one who has been talking nonsense to have it fall flat and no one respond! It makes you feel such a donkey!

F. Then I suppose it fulfils its purpose. But that sort of thing depends on how it is done, and who does it. Sometimes it would only make people angry and do no good, and anyhow, you can't manage this matter so. Couldn't you tell Miss Foster that you don't think, if she had been at home, she would have asked a girl in, whom her mother hardly knew, with no reference to her?

*C.* Perhaps I could. I daresay she would, though. Girls are so independent nowadays!

*F.* If she did, it would be because she knew her mother would not object, so you might make her see that she ought not to have done it without making sure you would not object, and that she is putting you in an awkward position.

*C.* Perhaps I might. Thank you, Floss, and if she takes it well I might ask her some day if she would like to have Miss Dickenson to tea in the schoolroom, if Arthur does not object. I only hope she won't take offence!

*F.* I don't think she will; and after all, when it is one's duty to speak, it is no use to worry about how things will be taken.

*C.* Only it is so very horrid when people don't take things well.

*F.* But if we pray for a right judgment we may trust that we shall be helped.

*J.* You *are* making it out a serious matter! Why, I should speak about a thing like that without thinking twice.

*F.* Well, readiness is a gift; but you know, Ju, when people have it I do think they are all the more bound to pray constantly for a right judgment in all things, or they will find some day they have gone and said just the wrong thing, and done no end of harm.

*J.* I suppose there is something in that. I know I have sometimes been sorry afterwards, and Fred has told me my tongue ran away with me, but I don't think Charlotte will err in that way.

*F.* And I do believe very often a reluctant rebuke has more effect than a ready one.

*J.* I suppose that is why a word from Fred goes so far.

*C.* Well, I am sure my rebuke ought to go very far indeed. I *do* hate it! but thank you both very much. You have helped me tremendously, and I will do it before Arthur comes in, and not worry him about it any more.

MONEY SPINNER.

“OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.”

‘How worthy a man this bishop Aidan was, God the high and secret judge of men’s hartes, by sundry miracles (the proper workes of His maiesty) declared to all the world. A certain priest called Uta, a man of great grauitie and truth, and one that for his qualities was much revered and esteemed of men of honour, at what time he was sent into Kent to fetch Eanfleda, kinge Edwine’s daughter, who after the death of her father had been sent thither to be married to king Oswin; appointing so his journey, that he minded to travail by land, but to retourne by water; he went to Bishop Aidā, beseeching him to make his humble prayers to God to prosper him and his, who were then taking their iourney. The bishop, blessing them and committing them to the goodnes of God, gave them also hallowed oyle, saying, ‘I know that when you shall have shipping, a tempest and a contrary winde shall rise upon you sodienly. But remember that you cast into the sea this oyle that I give you, and anon the winde being laid, comfortable fayre weather shall ensue on the sea, which shall send you home againe with as pleasant a passage as you have wished.

‘ All these things were fulfilled in order as the bishop prophesied. Truly at the beginning of the tempest, when the waues and surges of the sea did chiefly rage, the shipmen essayed to cast ancor, but all in vaine. For the tempest encreased, the waues multiplied so faste, and water so filled the shippe, that nothing but present death was looked for. In this distresse, the priest at the length remembering the bishop’s wordes, toke the oyle pot, and did cast of the oyle into the sea, which being done (according as the vertuous bishop had foresaid) the sea calmed, the bright sonne appeared, the ship passed on with a most prosperous viage. Thus the man of God, by the sprit of prophecy, forshewed the tempest to come; and by the same holy spirit, though bodily absent, appaised the same. No common reporter of uncertain rumours, but a very credible man, a priest of our church, Cynimund by name, shewed me the processe of this miracle, who saide that he had hearde it of the same Uta, the priest, in whome the miracle was wrought.’

Quoted from S. Bede’s *Ecclesiastical History*, b. 3, c. 15, in *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, vol. 12, 1861. In the archives of the Bodelian, Oxford.

L. E. S.

MORE ABOUT THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY. [M. P., Oct., 1884.]

In 1293 the Countess Isabella de Fortibus sold the Manor of Christchurch, Twineham, Hants, to Edward I. A lease of it was subsequently granted both to the Montacutes and to the Nevilles, Earls of Salisbury, whose descendant, the Countess Margaret, enjoyed it until her attainder.

She built the chapel which is on the north side of the altar of the Priory Church, for her own last resting place. But she is buried in the Chapel of St. Peter’s Chains, in the Tower of London.

When the Commissioners for the Suppression of Religious Houses visited Christchurch in the December after she was murdered, they caused the chapel and monument to be defaced, and all the arms and badges to be erased. The architecture of the chapel is of course late perpendicular, and some of the details are Italian. Traces of the “silver saltire upon martial red” of the Nevilles may still be seen. On the central boss is a representation of the Blessed Trinity, with the Countess kneeling, and her motto below, “Spes mea in Deo est.”

S. D.,

from Murray’s Hants.

## Notices to Correspondents.

---

FOR the *Buttercups Building Fund*, gratefully acknowledged. Mrs. Barnett, £2; Stamps, 6d.; Lady returned from Berks, £1; N. H., 5s.; a Rabbit, 2s.; privately acknowledged, £3 16s.

Miss Whitaker, Hinton, Twyford, Berks.

Can any one tell me who is the author of the following lines:

'A shell for me, and a shell for thee,  
The oyster is the lawyer's fee.'

A. R.

Can any subscriber to the *Monthly Packet* let me have the numbers for next year when read for less than I pay for them new (15s.)? Of course there will be the foreign postage, as my address is—

Mrs. Vickers, Napier Park, Madras, India.

Also, I should be glad to know where *The Story of our Lives from Year to Year*, the motto to *All the Year Round*, is to be found in Shakespeare. Also, where I can procure a book published, I think, about fifty years ago, called *Shades of Character*, by Mrs. Anne ? , a Somersetshire lady; the frontispiece was a picture of Somerford Keynes Church. There is another book of the same name in 2 vols., containing separate tales which I have met with; I have never since met with the one I saw as a child. It was a tale of a girl named Elizabeth Deane, her school and home life.

Could any reader tell me where to procure a good-sized print of our Saviour? Not as crowned with thorns, or upon the Cross, but one representing Him in His ministry. Address—

K. W. N., Handsworth Villa, Weston-super-Mare.

*The Muffin Man* wishes to know the author of the following lines, and whether there are more verses.

'The desire of the moth for the star,  
Of the night for the morrow;  
The devotion to something afar  
From the sphere of our sorrow.'

*The Muffin Man* also wishes to know where any account can be found of Turnbull, Bishop of Canterbury, buried in Iona, among the Danish and Norwegian kings. Of course, he must have lived and died long before St. Augustine.

What is the title of a German Story in which Ivo and Emmerenz are the chief characters?

WHALLEY.

H. E. G. will be greatly obliged by being informed where the following quotation can be found?

'Pouring oil on troubled waters.'



*Priscilla* will find the lines—

‘The Devil did grin, for his favourite sin  
Is the pride that apes humility.’

in *The Devil's Thoughts*, by Saml. T. Coleridge.

Lines somewhat similar are to be found in *The Devil's Walk*, by Robt. Southey.

*Ildegonda* will be much obliged if any reader of the *Monthly Packet* can tell her who is the author of the following lines :—

‘Some beauty still was found; for, when the fogs had passed away,  
The wide lands came glittering forward in a fresh and strange array;  
Naked trees had got snow foliage, soft and feathery and bright,  
And the earth looked dressed for heaven in its spiritual white.’

The lines of which *Judith* asks the author in the October *Monthly Packet*—

‘Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,  
In the strife of truth and falsehood, for the good or evil side.  
\* \* \* \* \*

And the choice goes by for ever, ’twixt that darkness and that light.’

are from a poem by James Russell Lowell, called *The Present Crisis*, printed at Boston, United States, in 1845.

H. T. P.

*White Lily*.—The poem in the Baptistry referred to is Image VI. Angels bearing crosses.

*Zero*.—Questions on the Saints Days are in *Monthly Paper*, No. 8, also republished with those for Sunday in ‘Questions on the Gospel’ (Walter Smith). Questions on almost all St. John are included in ‘Questions on the Harmony of the Gospels’ in the later vols. of the *Monthly Packet*.

*Gertrude* would be very much obliged if any kind reader could tell her of any children’s guilds which might be joined by children living at a distance.

Could any one kindly send Miss Davies, the present address of the Mrs. Jervis, who conducts the German correspondence class.

Whitley Hall, Wigan.

*Major B. Walter, Bromsgrove, Rainham, Kent*, asks the address of the Sea Shell Mission. We should be very glad to put in its appeal again. We sent it for insertion in September, but by some error it was omitted.

*L. S.* asks the address of an Early Rising Society.

---

*To the Editor of the Monthly Packet.*

MADAM,

Some time ago you were so good as to allow me to appeal to your readers on behalf of the very poor parish of Holy Cross, in St. Pancras, London; and their kind liberality was of material help in carrying on the spiritual work in the parish.

I should be thankful if I might, with your permission, once more bring before them the sore needs of the Church in that locality. The parish of Holy Cross was constituted eight years ago, and the population of about 5000, consists exclusively of the poorest class of work-



ing people: coal porters, costermongers, labourers, &c. From among these people the congregation at the small temporary church is recruited. On Sunday evenings it is quite full, and there are about 100 bonâ fide parishioners on the Communicant's roll. The Church Expenses Fund is at present somewhat overdrawn. There are various agencies at work in the parish, such as guilds, temperance societies, mothers' meetings, district visiting; all of which are appreciated by the parishioners, but which are carried on with great difficulty, owing to the lack of the small sums needed to support them. The Sunday school is held in the neighbouring Board school, and the rent for this, together with the cost of prizes and a yearly school treat, which cannot in these days be dispensed with, amounts to a considerable sum. The children of the parish are being got hold of, not only on Sundays, but on week days, for a Christian instruction is held on two evenings in the week (for boys and girls separately), with a view to supplying Christian and Church teaching to the children who attend the Board school. The landlord of a small alley has, with a view to raising the condition of his property, let a small house at a low rent, which is shortly to be opened as a Club for men and boys, under the direction of the clergy. This, it is hoped, will soon be self-supporting, but some funds, though small, are required to start it.

To meet these various charges, including the necessary church expenses, for lighting, cleaning, warming, washing surplices, &c., the parish itself can contribute but little; the weekly offertory amounts to about 7s.; the rest depends on the charity of Christians out of the parish. I would therefore venture to appeal very earnestly to those among your readers who themselves know what it is to have all the ministrations of the Church offered to them in abundance, to do something to enable their poorer and less favoured brethren to become partakers of the blessing which they themselves so highly value—of union with their Ascended Lord, in His appointed way, through the ministrations and sacraments of His Church. Any contributions will be thankfully received by the Incumbent, Rev. Albert Moore, 1, Argyle Street, King's Cross, W.C., or by

Your obedient servant,

VICTORIA H. GOODENOUGH.

Hampton Court Palace,  
Sept. 20, 1884.

# The Monthly Packet.

---

DECEMBER, 1884.

---

## THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN, BY THE EDITOR.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### A HUNT.

Dolores was glad to recollect, when she awoke, that uncle Reginald was in the house. It was as if she had a friend of her own there who might enter into all the ill-usage she suffered, and whom she could even consult about Uncle Alfred, so far as she could do so without disclosing all the underhand correspondence. She called doing so betraying Constance, but, in truth, she shrank more from shocking him with what he *might* think very wrong—since after all, he belonged to that hard-hearted generation of grown-up people, who had no feeling nor understanding of one's troubles.

As she went downstairs she was aware of an increasing hubbub, and frequently looking over the balusters, perceived the top of Primrose's wavy head above the close-cropped one of Uncle Regie, as, with her mounted on his shoulder, he careered round the hall, with a pack of others vociferating behind him. There was a lull, for Lady Merrifield came out of her room just as Dolores had paused; Primrose was put down, the morning salutations took place, and Dolores had her full share of them. She was even allowed to sit next her uncle at breakfast, but her rasher of bacon had not been half eaten, before she had perceived, that as to possessing him as she used to do at home, he was just as much everybody else's Uncle Regie as hers, for during the time of their being stationed at Dublin, he had been so often with them, that he was quite established as the prince of playfellows.

'Uncle Regie, will you have a crack at the rabbits to-morrow? Brown said we might have a day, and we have been keeping it for you.'

‘Uncle Regie, the hounds meet at the Bugle this morning, won’t you come and see them throw off?’

‘O! let me come too!’ ‘And me.’ ‘And me.’

‘My dear children,’ exclaimed their mother; ‘I can’t have the whole tribe of little ones and girls going galloping after your uncle. You will only hinder him.’

‘No, no, Lily! the more Merrifields, the merrier the field. I’ll drill them well. How far off is this Bugle?’

‘Not two miles over Furzy Common.’

‘Oh! not so far, Hal!’

‘That’s nothing. Who is coming?’

A general outbreak of ‘Me’s’ ensued, but mamma laid an embargo on Primrose, who must stay at home and ‘help her,’ while Gillian looked wistful and doubtful, knowing that more efficient help than the little one’s might be desirable.

‘You had better go, my dear,’ said her mother, ‘if you are not tired. I don’t like to send Mysie and Val without some one to turn back with them if your uncle and the boys want to go further.’

But whereas it was not nearly time to start, Uncle Reginald was dragged down to inspect all the live stock in the stable-yard, at their feeding-time, and went off with Val and Primrose clinging to his hands, and the general rabble surrounding him.

Nothing could have been more alien to Dolores’s taste than going out to a meet on foot through mud and mire—she, who hated the being driven out to take a constitutional walk on the gravel road, or the paved path! But she had some hope that while all the others ran off madly, as was their wont, she might secure a little rational conversation with Uncle Reginald. So she came down in hat and ulster, and was rewarded with ‘That’s right, Doll, I’m glad to see they have taught you to take country walks.’

‘It is all compliment to you, Uncle Regie,’ said Gillian. ‘She hates them generally.’

‘Are we all ready? Where are Japs and Will?’

‘Gone to shut up the dogs; and Hal is not coming.’

‘Beneath his dignity, eh?’

‘I think he has some reading to do,’ said Gillian.

‘Now mind, Reginald,’ said Aunt Lily, coming on the scene; ‘you are not to let those imps drag you farther than you like. It is a very different thing, remember, children, from going out with the hounds like a gentleman.’

‘Yes, mamma,’ returned Fergus. ‘If you would only let me have the pony!’

‘And send home the girls as soon as you find them in the way,’ she added.

‘All right,’ answered he, and off plunged the party; but Dolores soon found that she was not to be allowed much of Uncle Reginald’s

exclusive society. He did begin talking to her about her father's voyage, last letters, and intended departure from Auckland, but Valetta kept fast hold of his other hand; and the others were all round, every moment pointing out something—to them noticeable—and telling the story of some exploit, delighted when their uncle capped it with some boyish tales of Beechcroft, or with some droll Irish story.

With such talk the strong, healthy young folk little heeded the surface mud, or the lanes. Even Dolores, when she heard her father's name in the reminiscences, was interested, for a time, and was always hoping that the others would fly off and leave her to her uncle; but she was much less used to country mud and stout boots than the others, and she had been very much tired by her expedition on the previous day, so that she had begun to find the way very long before they came out on an open green, with a few cottages standing a good way back in their gardens, and as their centre, one of the great old coaching inns of past days, now chiefly farm-house, though a sign bearing a golden bugle horn upon a blue ground, stood aloft in front of it, over the heads of the speckled mass of tan, black, and white, pervaded with curved tails, over which the scarlet-coated whips kept guard, while shining horses, bearing red coats and black coats, boys, and a few ladies, were moving about, and carriages drew up from time to time.

There was a long standing about, and Colonel Mohun, being a stranger there himself, kept his flock on the outskirts, only Jasper plunging in, at sight of a mounted school-fellow, while Gillian and Mysie told the names of the few they recognized. At last there was a move, and Jasper came back to point out the wood they were going to draw, close at hand. Should they not all go on and see it?

'Oh! let us! *do* come, Uncle Regie;' cried Mysie and Val.

'Look here, Gill,' said the uncle, 'this child doesn't look fit to go any further.'

'I'm very tired, and so cold,' said Dolores.

'Yes,' said Gillian, 'we ought to go home now.'

'Not me! not me!' cried the other two girls; 'Uncle Regie will take care of us.'

'I think you must come,' said Gillian, 'mamma said you had better come home when I do.'

'Yes,' said Wilfred, 'we don't want a pack of girls to go and get tired.'

'We shall go into all sorts of places not fit for you,' said Jasper; 'you wouldn't come back with a whole petticoat among you.'

'And Val would be left stodged in a ditch for a month of Sundays,' added Wilfred.

'I am afraid we had better part company, Gill,' said the Colonel. 'I would take you on a little further, but this poor little Londoner won't have a leg to stand upon by the time she gets home.'

‘ More shame for her to come out to spoil our fun,’ muttered Valetta, too low for her uncle to hear.

‘ Mamma will think we have gone quite far enough, thank you, uncle,’ said the sage Gillian, ‘ and I think Fergus had better come too.’

‘ *That* he had,’ said Jasper. ‘ Fancy him over Peat Hill.’

‘ He’ll be left behind to be picked up as we come back,’ said Wilfred.

‘ No, no, no! I can keep up better than you can, Wil? Take me, Uncle Regie.’ The little boy was so near a howl, that good-natured Colonel Mohun’s heart was touched, and he consented to let him come on, though Jasper augured, ‘ You’ll have to carry him, uncle.’

‘ No, I’ll make you, master! Tell your mother not to wait luncheon for us, Gillian; we’ll pick up something, somewhere.’

‘ Hurrah!’ cried Wilfred and Fergus, to whom this was an immense additional pleasure.

The girls turned away into the lane, Valetta indulging in an outrageous grumble. ‘ Why should Dolores have come out to spoil everything?’

Dolores did not speak.

‘ Just our one chance,’ sighed Mysie, ‘ and perhaps we should have seen the fox.’

‘ We may do that yet,’ said Gillian; ‘ he may come this way.’

‘ I don’t care if he does,’ said Valetta. ‘ I wanted to see them draw the copse. I believe Dolores did it on purpose to spoil our pleasure.’

‘ Don’t be so cross, Val,’ said Mysie. ‘ She can’t help being tired.’

‘ Why did she come, then, when nobody wanted her?’

‘ For shame, Val,’ said Gillian, ‘ you know mamma would be very angry to hear you say anything so unkind.’

‘ It’s quite true, though,’ muttered Valetta.

‘ Never mind, Dolly, dear,’ said Mysie, shocked. ‘ Val doesn’t really mean it, you know.’

‘ Yes, she does,’ said Dolores, shaking her comforter off; ‘ you all do! I wish I had never come here.’

Mysie tried in her own persevering way to argue again that Val was only put out, and disappointed at having to turn back, to which Valetta, in spite of Gillian’s endeavour to silence her, added, ‘ So stupid of her to come out! What did she do it for?’

Dolores, who hardly ever cried, was tired into crying now. ‘ You grudge me everything; you wouldn’t let me speak one single word to Uncle Regie, and kept bothering about! I’ll never do anything with you again! I won’t.’

‘ Did you want to speak to Uncle Regie?’ asked Mysie.

‘ To be sure I did! He is my own uncle, that I knew ever so long before you did, and you never let him speak to me.’

‘ Mrs. Halfpenny always put us on the high chair, with our faces to the wall when we were jealous,’ remarked Valetta.

‘ But did you want to say anything to him in particular ? ’ said Mysie, revolving means of contriving a private interview.

‘ That’s no business of yours ! I wish you would let me alone ! ’ broke out Dolores, in a fretful fright lest any one should guess that she had anything on her mind.

‘ To make up stories of us, of course, ’ growled Valetta, but Gillian here interposed, declaring with authority, that if she heard another word before they reached the paddock gate, she should certainly tell mother how disgracefully they had been behaving. When Gillian said such things she kept her word. Besides, by way of precaution, she marched down the muddy middle of the road, with Dolores limping along the footpath on one side, and Val as far off as possible on the border of the ditch, on the other ; the more inoffensive Mysie keeping by her side. They were all weary, and Dolores was very footsore also, by the time they reached home, at the very moment that the two Misses Hacket appeared coming up the drive. Lady Merrifield, having the day before invited the elder, as the purchases needed to be looked over, and preparations set in hand, and she did not then know that her brother was coming.

Dolores scarcely knew whether she was glad to see Constance. She had many doubts and qualms about that cheque. And if she had spent any quiet time alone with her uncle, she might have laid enough of her trouble before him to get some advice or help ; but to ask for an interview, especially when “ everybody ” thought it was to make complaints, was too uncomfortable and alarming ; and she was inclined to escape from thought of the whole subject altogether by taking action quickly.

Gillian gave her uncle’s message about not waiting ; the dirty boots were taken off in the hall, and Constance followed her friend up to her room to take off her things.

Dolores sat on the side of her bed, too much tired at first to be willing to move, Constance’s pity elicited tears, and that they had all been so very unkind to her ; they were angry at her getting tired, and they were jealous of her even speaking to Uncle Regie. Again this alarmed Constance, “ You weren’t going to tell him about Mr. Flinders—you know you promised. ’

‘ He knows about him already, and he would tell me what to do. ’

‘ Oh ! but that would never do, darling Dolly. You told me all the family were hard and unjust, and he would tell Lady Merrifield, and we should never be allowed to see each other again. And only think of my poor little secret ! I didn’t think you would have turned from your poor relation in misfortune, for the sake of this grand Colonel. ’

The end of it was, that just as the gong was sounding, Dolores handed over to Constance an envelope directed to Mr. Flinders, and containing Mr. Maurice Mohun’s cheque. It was off her mind now, she thought, as she shuffled down to dinner, looking so pale and

uneasy, that her aunt made her have a glass of wine and some gravy soup to begin with, and when dinner was over, turned all the parcels off the schoolroom sofa, and made her lie upon it during the grand unpacking, which was almost as charming as the purchasing, perhaps, more so, since there was no comparison with costlier articles.

There was not very much time. This was Friday, and Christmas-day was on Monday, so there were only two more clear week days before the birthday, and Miss Hacket would be church-decorating on the morrow; but Lady Merrifield would not send her daughters to help, as there were plenty of hands without them, and they were too young to trust in a mixed set, who were not always sure to be reverent.

Dinner had rested and refreshed them; they rejoiced in the absence of the man-kind, and Primrose was sent out for her walk, while the numerous boxes and packages were opened, and displayed sconces and tapers, gilt balls and glass birds, oranges and bonbons, disguised in every imaginable fashion. There was a double set of the tapers, and two relays of devices in sweets, for the benefit of the party of the second night, a list of whom Miss Hacket had brought, that heads might be counted, and any deficiency supplied in time through Aunt Jane. For Lady Merrifield had commissioned Gillian to lay out—unknown to the good lady—a stock of such treasures as are valuable indeed to the little maid: shell pincushions, Cinderella slippers holding thimbles, cases of hair-pins, queer housewives, and the like things, wonderfully pretty for the price, and which filled the kind heart of Miss Hacket with rapture and gratitude, at such brilliant additions to her own home-made contrivances in the way of cuffs, comforters, and illuminated workbags, all beautifully neat; though it was hard to persuade her of what Lady Merrifield averred, that such things ought to be far more precious than brilliant, shop-bought, ready-made ware, 'with no love-seed in it.'

'It is very hard,' she said, 'how fancy shops try to spoil all one used to be able to do for one's friends. The purses, and the penwipers, and the needle-cases, that were one's choicest presents in my youth, are all turned out now smart and tight, and new-fashioned, but without a scrap of the honest old labour and love that went into them.'

'But papa and mamma do care still,' cried Gillian; 'papa never will have any purse but the long ones mamma nets for him.'

'And mamma always *will* have the old brown and blue carriage-bag that Aunt Phyllis worked,' chimed in Mysie, 'though Claude did say he would throw it into the sea when we crossed from Dublin, for it looked like an old housekeeper's.'

'Claude was in a superfine condition then—in awe of an old Sandhurst comrade. He would be glad enough to see the old brown bag now, poor fellow,' said Lady Merrifield, tenderly.

So it went on, with merry chat and a good deal of real preparation, till the early darkness came on, and a great noise in the hall announced



the return of 'the boys,' among whom Lady Merrifield still classed her colonel brother. They were muddy up to the eyes, but they had seen a great deal more than was easy to understand in their incoherent accounts. Wilfred had rolled into a wet ditch, and been picked out by his uncle and hung up to dry at a little village inn, where—this seemed to have been the supreme glory—they had made a meal on pig's liver and bread and cheese before plodding home again—losing their way under Wilfred's confident pilotage—finding themselves five miles from home—getting a cast in a cart for the two little boys, just as Fergus was almost ready to cry—Colonel Mohun and Jasper walking alongside of the carter for two miles, and conversing in a friendly manner, though the man said he knew the soldier by his step, and thought it was a poor trade. Finally, he directed them by a short cut, which proved to be through a lane of clay and pools of such an adhesive nature, that Fergus had to be pulled out step by step by main force by his uncle, who deposited him on some stones at the other end, and then came back to assist the struggles of Wilfred, who was slowly proceeding with Jasper's help.

'And that's the way we make you spend your Christmas holiday, Regie,' said Lady Merrifield.

'Never mind, Lily; mud was a congenial element to us both in old times, you know, so no wonder your brood take to it like ducks or hippopotamuses. I say, we ought to have come in by the rear. Couldn't that imp of a buttons of yours come and scrape us before we go upstairs?'

'You are certainly grown older, Regie. You never would have thought of that once.'

'No more would you, Lily—so do yourself justice.'

However, when five o'clock tea was spread in the drawing-room, and the Hacket ladies came in, Constance beheld such a splendid vision of a fine, fair, though sunburnt face, long light moustaches, and tall figure, that she instantly assumed her most affected graces, and did not wonder the less that the Mohuns were all so very high.

Dolores' strong desire for a private interview with her uncle died away when Constance carried off the cheque. She knew he would tell her she had no right to give it, and she did not want to be told so, nor to have any special inquiries made. She was not sorry that an invitation from a neighbour kept him and Hal out shooting all Saturday, and, on the other hand, she so far shrank from Constance's talk about Mr. Flinders, as not to be vexed that it was too wet on Sunday afternoon for any going down to Casement Cottages.

It was on that wet afternoon, however, that Uncle Reginald, crossing the hall for once without his tail of followers, saw her slowly dragging downstairs with a book in her hand.

'Well, Miss Doll,' he said; 'you don't look very jolly! What's the matter?'

'Nothing, Uncle Regie.'

‘I don’t believe in nothing. Here,’ sitting down on the stairs, with an arm round her, ‘tell me all about it, Dolly, we are old chums you know. Have you got into a row?’

‘Oh! no.’

‘Is there anything I can put straight?’

‘No, thank you, Uncle Regie.’

‘There’s something amiss!’ said the good-natured, puzzled uncle. ‘What is it? I should have thought you would have got on with these young folks like—like a house on fire.’

That’s all you know about it, thought Dolly. What she said was, ‘One never does.’

‘I don’t understand that generalisation,’ answered her uncle; then as she did not answer, he added, ‘I am sure your Aunt Lily is very anxious to make you happy. Have you anything to complain of?’

‘No,’ said Dolores, ‘I don’t complain of anything.’

She was thinking of Valetta’s notion that she wanted to ‘make up stories of them,’ and therefore she said it in a manner which conveyed that she had a good deal to complain of, if she would, though really she would have been a good deal puzzled to produce a grievance that a man like Uncle Reginald would understand, though she had plenty for sympathy like Constance’s.

However, it was not to be expected that a private conference should last long in that house, and Mysie appeared at that moment, looking for her cousin, to say that ‘Mamma was ready for her.’ Dolores went off with more alacrity than usual, and Uncle Reginald beckoned up his other niece, and observed: ‘I say, Mysie, what’s the matter with Dolly?’

‘She is always like that, uncle,’ answered Mysie.

‘Don’t you hit it off with her, then?’

‘I can’t, uncle,’ said Mysie, looking up, with a sudden wink now and then to stop her tears. ‘I thought we should have been such friends; but she won’t let me. I didn’t mean to be stupid and disagreeable, like the girls in *Ashenden School-room*, but she doesn’t care for anybody but Miss Constance and Maude Sefton.’

‘I hope you are all very kind to her,’ said Uncle Reginald, rather wistfully.

‘We try,’ said Mysie, who was not going to betray Wilfred and Valetta, and could honestly say so of herself and Gillian.

And there again came an interruption, in the shape of Gillian. ‘Mysie, mamma says we may finish up our *sacred* illuminated cards, for it will be Sunday work.’

‘Oh, jolly!’ cried Mysie, jumping up. ‘And will you give me one rub of your real good carmine, Gilly-flower, dear.’

‘And of my ultra-marine, too,’ responded Gillian, wherewith the two sisters disappeared, radiant with good-will and gratitude; while poor Uncle Reginald, who had intended to devote this wet Sunday afternoon to writing to his brother that Dolores was perfectly happy

and thriving in Lily's care, and like a sister to his other favourite, Mysie, remained disappointed and perplexed, wondering whether the poor little maiden were homesick, or whether no children could be depended on for kindness when out of sight, and deciding that he should defer his letter till he had seen a little more, and talked to his sister Jane, who could see through a milestone any day.

It was understood that mamma preferred home-made cards to bought ones, so there was always a great manufacture of them in the weeks previous to Christmas, the comparative failures being exchanged among the younger members.

The presents were always reserved for Valetta's birthday and the tree, and this rendered the circulation of the cards doubly interesting. In the immediate family alone, there were thirteen times thirteen, besides those coming from, and going to outsiders, so that it was as well that a good many should be of domestic manufacture, either with pencil and brush, or of tiny leaves carefully dried and gummed. And mamma had kept an album, with names and dates, into which all these home efforts were inserted, and nothing else! This year's series began with a little chestnut curl of Primrose's hair, fastened down on a card by Gillian, and rose to a beautiful drawing of a blue Indian Lotus lily, with a gorgeous dragon fly on it, sent by Alethea. The Indian party had sent a card for every one—the girls, beautiful drawings of birds, insects, and scenery; the brother, a bundle of rice paper figured with costumes, and papa, some clever pen and ink outlines of odd figures, which his daughters beguiled from him in his leisure moments!

As to the home circle, it is enough to say that their performances were highly satisfactory to the makers, and were rewarded by mamma's kisses, and the text or verse she had secretly illuminated for each. She had no time to do more, and the series were infinitely prized and laid up as treasures. There were plenty of ornamental cards from without to be admired: the Brighton and Beechcroft aunts; the Stokesley cousins, and whole multitudes of friends pouring them in as usual; so that the entire review seemed to occupy all those free moments of the Christmas-day, when the young folks were neither at church, nor at meals, nor singing carols themselves, nor hearing the choir sing in the hall, nor looking over photograph books and hearing old family stories. This last occupation was received in the family as the regular evening pleasure, ending in all singing 'When shepherds watch their flocks by night.'

Dolores had a card from her aunt and each of her cousins, besides one of the parcel Uncle Reginald had brought. She did not think enough of the very bad drawing and smeared painting of the ambitious attempts she received, to feel at all disconcerted at having no reciprocity to offer. The only cards she had sent were to Constance Hacket, to Fraülein, and to Maude Sefton—the last with a sore sense of the long interval since she had heard.

However, there was a card from Maude, but it was a very poor one, looking very much like a last year's possession, and the letter was not much better, being chiefly an apology for having been too busy to write. Maude was going to lectures with Nona Styles—Nona was such a darling girl—and breaking off because she was wanted to rehearse Cinderella with this same darling Nona.

It made Dolores's heart go down farther, though there was a beautiful and unexpected card from Mrs. Sefton, one from her former servant, Caroline, also from Fraülein, and three or four from old friends of her mother, who had remembered the solitary girl. In truth, she had some more beautiful ones than anybody else, but she kept these in their envelopes and shewed herself so much averse to free fingering and admiration of them, that Lady Merrifield had to call off Valetta, remind her that her cousin had a right to her own cards, and hear in return that Dolores was so cross.

'Dolly,' said Uncle Reginald, in a low voice, since he was permitted to look over the cards with her, 'I think I have found out part of your troubles.'

She looked at him in alarm.

He put his finger on a card bearing the words 'Good-will to men.'

'Umph,' said she. 'I don't want everything of mine messed and spoilt.'

And as his eye fell on Fergus's cards, he felt there was reason in what she said.

Aunt Lily had taken her for a quarter of an hour that morning, trying to infuse the real thought underlying the joy that makes it Christmas, not only yule-tide. But it all fell flat—it was all lessons to her—imposed on her on a day that she had not been used to see made what she called 'goody.' Last year, her father had shut himself up after church, and she had spent the evening in noisy mirth with the Seftons.

*(To be continued.)*

## A LOT WITH A CROOK IN IT.

BY CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## AT HOME.

‘ You give me hope ; you would not  
Suffer me wholly to despair. No ! No !  
Mine is a certain misery.’

MR. LEIGHTON sat in his chambers, doing his work mechanically, but with his thoughts full of Arthur Spencer’s communication. He had made up his mind to delay speaking, even to his wife, on the subject, and certainly not to tell Geoffrey and Alick, until something certain was known of Oakenshaw’s fate. He felt that the communication would be a terrible trial ; and as he pondered on how and when he could possibly make it, he looked up and saw the two young men standing in the doorway together, and in a moment he felt that the task was spared him, even while he said,

‘ Why, my dear boys, what has brought you here together ; Alick, Geoffrey ?’

He came forward and took a hand of each, though he had parted from Geoffrey but a few hours ago ; but neither had realised what that familiar voice and touch would be.

Alick, with a great sob, threw his arms round the father’s neck, while Geoffrey broke loose from him and hid his face in his hands.

‘ My poor boys ! my dear sons !’ he said, ‘ you need not tell me, for I know what you have come to say. You know that we have found Frank Osgood.’

‘ You, father ?’ exclaimed Alick.

‘ Yes, and you ? Which of you ? Do you know where he is ? Tell me, my dear Geoffrey,’ he added, as he saw that Alick could not speak.

Geoffrey, too, had hardly power to comply. He spoke in short, quick sentences.

‘ Alick found him at Fordham. He is ill. He does not know that he is recognized. How do you know of it ?’

‘ Mr. Spencer consulted me about his lost clerk, and I recognized his writing and his book. I am thankful that you have discovered him—thankful, too, to have learned so much of him from Arthur Spencer that is not unsatisfactory.’

‘ He is very ill,’ said Alick ; ‘ but if he gets well——’

Mr. Leighton divined the many questions left unexpressed. He was feeling much himself; but he had hardly been prepared for the agonizing tension of feeling so evident in both. He saw that the slightest touch of tenderness would render them incapable of the discussion that must be held, so he began to speak in a grave, business-like tone.

‘My cousin, Frank Osgood, as a young man, was dissipated and extravagant. He incurred gambling debts; and when in Mr. Barlow’s employment, as you know, he made use of a sum of money in his charge, and then fled, from the fear of detection. He is in no danger of legal consequences. The money was replaced to the firm by Mr. Barlow, the Osgoods, and ourselves, and, for his wife’s sake, Mr. Barlow would never have prosecuted him. He is therefore perfectly *safe* under his own name; but, of course, the facts are known to many people. In his flight he acted, as he often did, violently and impulsively, and if, by any means, he heard of his first wife’s death, it would have destroyed any wish to return. I find, from Spencer, that he has for many years lived creditably and blamelessly, and I, for one, would never say that he should find no place for repentance. Perhaps he may again find employment out of the country. His daughter is our near cousin, and General Osgood’s great niece, and we shall take care that she is not left to the charity of strangers, though her mother was not bound to us as was Lettice to my wife—by every tie of sisterly affection. I shall make myself known to Frank, and I will undertake to arrange matters with the Osgoods. They acted properly on the first occasion, and I make no doubt they will do so now.’

He paused, and Alick looked relieved; for he had feared he knew not what. Geoffrey stood with clenched fingers and bitten lip.

‘And as for you,’ Mr. Leighton continued, ‘my two dear sons, I feel that a great burden is laid on you both. You know that your mother and I have always felt that in this matter it was right to face facts, and not to make a secret of facts in which there is nothing to be ashamed of. So many people know that one of you is Frank Osgood’s son, that it is impossible that he should not find it out. Therefore, at the right time, I will tell him, and it is the duty of you both to treat him with kindness and—respect. Further than that, the relationship cannot be pressed or strained. And for the rest, you are our sons as you have always been, as dear as Fred or James; no one can take you from us.’

With almost a childish gesture Alick pressed up to his side; but Geoffrey seemed unable to move or look. Mr. Leighton, feeling how the hands that held his trembled, made Alick sit down, while he turned to the other boy and drew him nearer. Suddenly Geoffrey grasped his hand, and looked right into his face, with such passionate appeal, such intense inquiry, that Mr. Leighton’s eyes fairly fell before the gaze they encountered.

‘Do you face the facts?’ he said, in low, hoarse tones.

‘Yes, Geoffrey, and nearly four-and-twenty years ago I put away conjecture; so must you both.—Who is this? I am engaged,’ as a summons came again to the door. ‘What! Mr. Arthur Spencer? Then I think we had better see him.’

Geoffrey could not object, but he felt it to be the bitter beginning of all the disgrace and discomfort that he foresaw. The two words are of unequal strength, but they well describe the confused feelings in his mind.

Arthur’s involuntary relief at hearing of the safety of the lost Oakenshaw, was a strange contrast to the misery which the discovery of his identity had caused, and he felt this himself as he looked at Alick’s pale face and Geoffrey’s burning one, and noted the sorrowful tenderness with which Mr. Leighton regarded them. How was it possible that they should feel the slightest pity for the disturber of their peace! Poor fellows! the very oddness and indefiniteness of their trouble made it the harder to bear. Yet, the crisis once over, would it make much difference in their lives? After all, could the pain they suffered be anything like the pain of the losses which he had seen Frank Osgood undergo? Arthur felt half rebuked for these sentiments, as Alick said, low and with difficulty,

‘I think I ought to go back to him. I promised that I would; and I suppose we ought to be kind to him.’

‘No, no, my boy!’ cried Mr. Leighton, losing self-control, and speaking for the first time upon impulse; ‘I can’t let you do that. I must take you home with me. Your mother will want you—both of you—to-night.’

‘I will go to him,’ said Arthur. ‘In every way that will be best. You will all have time to grow more composed, and my presence will excite no gossip.’

‘Thank you; you are very kind. These boys are not fit now to deal with him.’

‘Oh, I cannot go home!’ exclaimed Geoffrey, suddenly. ‘Anywhere—anywhere else.’ ‘Why, Dulcie is there, Geoff,’ said Alick in a tone of surprise.

‘Yes, you must both come home,’ said Mr. Leighton, with decision. ‘And for you, Mr. Spencer, do exactly as you think right when you see Osgood. You will know whether it is best to make known to him that he is discovered. Let me hear from you on Monday.’

‘What I cannot understand,’ said Arthur, ‘is how he came to leave Oxley. What possessed him to run away, and desert his child? I gather that he is intentionally concealing himself. What motive can he have?’

‘Perhaps he recognised us on the ice,’ said Alick.

‘Perhaps,’ said Arthur, gravely.

‘I don’t think,’ said Geoffrey, bluntly, ‘that Mr. Spencer should enter on the subject. Surely it is a family matter.’



‘You are ungracious, my dear boy,’ said his father. ‘Mr. Spencer is Frank Osgood’s kindest friend. Now let us come.’

Arthur watched the three as they walked away down the Temple Court in the gathering dusk of the foggy afternoon, the father in the middle, the tall, broad-shouldered Alick close at his side; while Geoffrey, shorter, slighter, and more upright, walked a little apart.

‘Well,’ he said to himself, ‘I wonder if they are really as uncertain as they say. I have an opinion, and I sincerely hope I shall keep it to myself.’

Very little passed between the father and sons on their way home. They would find every one drinking tea in the drawing-room, and the expected arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Fordham occurred, for the first time, to Mr. Leighton’s recollection. Well, it was all, so to say, in the family, and perhaps the sooner the fact was known to all concerned the better.

As they came out of the dusk into the brightly-lighted hall, Dulcie darted out to meet them. Even in that moment Geoffrey saw and felt the beaming happiness shining in her bright face, as she ran into the lamp-light, her pretty evening dress setting off her peculiar joyous, gracious youthfulness, as she exclaimed, ‘Papa and mamma are here. They are gone up to dress. Why Alick! You! How nice!’

‘Come here,’ cried Geoffrey, and seizing her by the hands, he pulled her back into the library, clasping her closely.

‘My Dulcie, my own, my own! No one can take *you* from me. I have at least a right to you, to *this*,’ as he kissed her with passionate vehemence, while she, startled at his manner, looked up in terror at his burning face and quivering lips.

‘Oh! what is the matter?’ she said, trembling.

‘Frank Osgood has been found—he is Frederick Oakenshaw, and the curse of my life has come upon me! There!’ he continued, as, frightened by his violence, and hardly comprehending him, she grew pale, and hid her face in her hands.

‘There! You shrink from me! How can I wonder! How can I ask you to marry a felon’s son—as it may be?’

‘Geoffrey, I don’t shrink. Did I ever care a straw about it? Why should I care now? My dear Geoff., I know it hurts you. You have dreaded it always, and now it’s over, there is nothing to be afraid of any more.’

‘Nothing?’ said Geoffrey, passionately. ‘I feel as if the very foundations of the earth were shaken.’

Dulcie was personally more curious and excited than distressed at the discovery; perhaps she hardly realised what it amounted to.

‘How did you find him?’ she said.

There was a pause, then Geoffrey said—

‘Alick came across him in Fordham, and sent for me. He is very ill.’

‘How strange,’ said Dulcie, after a moment. ‘Do you remember on the ice I said he was like your father?’

‘Like—?’

‘Like Mr. Leighton. How little we thought!’

Geoffrey was silent. He stood by the fire, and Dulcie leaned against him, and kissed the hand she held in both her own; but she was dimly perplexed by his demeanour.

‘Geoffrey,’ she said, gently; ‘I don’t think this ought to be *too* great a trouble. For nothing can ever alter the love you have had all your life. That is the real thing, and we shall keep that always. That is quite certain, whatever else is doubtful.’

‘Do you think Mr. and Mrs. Leighton will care for you less?’ she added. ‘No, no. And you and I have each other. It’s odd and disagreeable; but Geoffrey, it isn’t like sorrow. If we didn’t love each other, or if either of us died! Who would care about Frank Osgood then?’

As Geoffrey listened to her brave words, he felt, for the first time, the truth that they contained. Had he not blessings which would carry him through any such trial? Would it have been unbearable if his conscience had been clear, and if he had had the courage to face it to the bitter end?

‘The common lot may be hard,’ he said, ‘very often; but no one can sympathise with this trial, for they have never known the like.’

‘Well,’ said Dulcie; ‘we always seemed so much happier than most people. Who enjoy so many things as we do? So we oughtn’t to mind if *one* trouble is sent to us, even if it is a bad one.’

Dulcie’s words came out of her inward conviction; she, unlike many of her years, had always had eyes to see her own happiness, and a heart to be unfeignedly thankful for it; but perhaps Geoffrey was right in thinking that she did not quite know what she was talking of; for as he looked into the loving eyes that sought his own, he saw that their depths were untroubled; she was trying to soothe him, she did not suffer herself.

In the meanwhile poor Alick’s heart had sunk several stages lower, when he saw Geoffrey’s eager clasp of his Dulcie. There was no such unaltered refuge for him. He had made no plan of what he should do. He mechanically opened the drawing-room door, and as Mrs. Leighton, looking up from her cup of tea, exclaimed joyfully:

‘Why, Alick! What a surprise!’ he met her kiss with a cry of,

‘Oh, mother—mother!’ and clung to her with a clasp that seemed as if it would never be loosed.

Ah!’ cried Mr. Leighton; ‘poor boy! He is worn out. Marian, can you be prepared for a great surprise? Frank Osgood has come home, and Alick has found him.’

‘Frank Osgood? What? The near relation!’ cried May.

Mr. Leighton hurried out a few words of explanation, while Alick raised his head, and tried to look into his mother’s face.

She grew very pale, and clasped his hands closer, as a strange look

like anger came into her face, then suddenly she took them all by surprise, and put the situation in a new point of view.

‘Well! and you have none of you been so foolish as to feel any regret, I do hope, at finding him. It ought to be a great satisfaction to find that his life has been less of a failure than it seemed. Why, James, you couldn’t suppose for a moment, that such a career as *yours* could feel any reflection from poor Frank’s. By all means let us do all we can for him. And as for anything else. After all these years, do you think either of my boys can be taken from me? Do they think I should love them less if they had twenty fathers! For shame, Alick, it won’t cost *me* a single tear, not one. And where’s my Geoff. He always distressed himself absurdly about it. Why, we won’t allow it to be a grievance for a moment!’

Mrs. Leighton’s tones had grown measured, and her words considerate as life went on; and perhaps, her children had never heard a speech that so recalled to Mr. Leighton the enthusiastic and impetuous Marian Barlow. She hurried in search of Geoffrey, drawing Alick with her, when May suddenly threw herself into his arms in a flood of tears.

‘Oh! Alick, my dear, darling brother, I’ve been very unkind to you. I said I should be cleverer if I was a man, and despised you. But I shouldn’t, and I love you very much, and I’ll never, never, say so again!’

‘It was quite true,’ said Alick, ‘I’ve never been a credit like the rest. Never! If I had—’

‘I don’t think being a credit matters at all,’ said May; while Mr. Leighton laid a tender hand on his shoulder, as Geoffrey and Dulcie came in together, and met the mother at the door.

‘My other boy!’ she said, as she held out her arms.

Geoffrey replied with a short, passionate kiss. He let May cling to him; but speech seemed almost impossible to his usually ready tongue, and he listened while further particulars were elicited from Alick, till the dressing-bell clanged into the midst of the talk, and reminded all of them that Mr. and Mrs. Clifton were expected. Geoffrey and Alick both hurried away, and did not appear again till the last moment.

The guests and the dinner-bell were, however, too simultaneous for explanations, and there was so much family chatter that the paleness of the one twin, and the flushed looks of the other passed unnoticed. Alice Clifton wanted to inform the family that her baby had said ‘mama,’ and that his sister had a new frock; while a recent murder also supplied food for conversation till dinner was over, and the servants had left the room.

Then Mr. Leighton made a little pause and a movement; which showed Dulcie that something was coming.

She looked at her plate, and her face burned.

‘When this is over, we shan’t care,’ thought she, entirely identifying herself with her lover.

‘I should wish before we move,’ said Mr. Leighton, ‘to tell you all together, that my cousin, Frank Osgood, has come home. He has borne the name of Frederick Oakenshaw, and was a clerk in the Indian branch of the Oxley Bank. He has, I believe, done his best to redeem the past, and I intend to see him on Monday, and to inform General Osgood of his return. Alick discovered him, and made the fact known to Geoffrey. His return has distressed and pained them both, as the position in which they stand to him is, as you all know, a most unusual one. They mean to face it kindly and bravely, and I take this chance of reminding them that his return can make no essential change in their circumstances. They will, I am sure, endure the feeling that they are affording a nine days’ wonder to their acquaintances, when they have the old actual and unchanging relation with their own family to fall back upon. One word more of caution to all you young people. The burden which was laid upon us twenty-four years ago, was that of absolute ignorance. Guesses and speculations can lead to no practical result, and had better never be uttered between any of you.’

‘I, too, have my speech to make,’ said Mrs. Leighton, with a certain clear pitch in her voice, and a bright shining in her eyes. ‘That burden has been nothing but a blessing, since we have gained by it another dear son, and so I have long felt it.’

There was a pause, and then Captain Fordham said formally and precisely,

‘I shall highly respect the personal worth that rises above an uncomfortable complication.’

Then Dulcie turned, and looked round at Geoffrey with proud smiling eyes; but he did not look back at her, nor move till the crash of the wineglass he held in his hand, startled all present.

He coloured scarlet as he threw down the pieces, muttering that it had not hurt him, and Mr. Leighton rose from the table, as Fred, with a hand on Alick’s shoulder, was slowly remarking that he thought they might as well look at it as a sort of joke after all. But he followed Alick as he escaped in the general move, while Geoffrey rushed upstairs, manifestly determined on solitude. Question and answer, comment and explanation, had full vent among the ladies in the drawing-room, but Dulcie sat apart, hot-faced and miserable, as she felt how each innocent word would have angered and wounded her lover.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### FATHERS AND SONS.

‘I’ll call thee . . . Father.’

IN the course of the day, during which he was left in the charge of Sister Lucy, Frank Osgood, as he must now be called, came fully to the possession of his senses, and in the midst of the pain and weakness

from which he suffered, was able to consider how strange the fate was which had thrown him across two of his cousin's sons. He perceived that Alick had provided carefully for his comfort; and he would have believed this to be owing to his recognition of him as Oakenshaw, but for what had passed with Geoffrey. In the light of this, Alick's absence filled him with alarm—What might he not intend to do? After long years, and in the weakness of his illness, there was even a vagueness in his memory of his long past sin; he could hardly recall the details of it, but his restless anxiety, and utter incapacity to make up his mind as to what would be best to do, aggravated his illness, and neither Geoffrey nor Alick suffered more during those weary hours, than did he, whom they regarded as the cause of their sufferings.

He started up in undisguised alarm, when, in the evening, Sister Lucy came to his side, and said cheerfully,

‘Here is an old friend, who has come to see you.’

Osgood looked fearfully round, and met the well-known face and kind, bright eyes of Arthur Spencer.

‘Well,’ he said, laying his hand kindly on Osgood, ‘you see I have found you out. I am sorry to find you are so ill. Why do you hide yourself from your friends?’

Frank Osgood involuntarily grasped the friendly hand hard. Arthur's face had always brought him relief and comfort, and it was welcome now, whatever lay behind it.

‘How did you know?’ he said.

‘Alick Leighton told me,’ said Arthur. ‘I know everything; and I have seen your cousin, Mr. Leighton, who will meet you with kindness.’

‘You know?’

‘Yes. I know that you are Frank Osgood, and the history of your former life.’

Arthur's tone was very kind, but it was grave also. His manner to Oakenshaw had always been friendly and free; now it was intentionally courteous; but the poor fellow's eyes fell, and he tried to turn his face away with a sense of unutterable humiliation.

Arthur hardly knew what to do or say, but addressed himself, as was his wont, to make the best of the matter in hand. He drew a chair near the bed, and sat down so as he could look into Osgood's face.

‘Shall I tell you how I found out your secret?’ he said, as naturally as he could. ‘I was very unhappy at your disappearance. I could not guess at any reason for it, so knowing that Mr. Leighton was both kind and clever, I consulted him privately. I showed him your note, and at once he recognised your writing, and also a book which you left behind. He told me all your history more fully—more fully, perhaps, than you know it yourself, and told me the measures he had taken to bear you harmless. So you have no legal consequences to

fear. In the meantime Alick, watching here last night, heard you call yourself Frank Osgood. He told his brother Geoffrey——'

'Geoffrey?'

'Yes; and together they came to Mr. Leighton. It was thought better that I should be the first to see you; but your cousin will be here on Monday, and you will find him very kind.'

There was a pause, then suddenly Frank Osgood burst out,

'Well, I suppose you always knew that my past history couldn't have been a creditable one! You were not surprised at such a revelation?'

'Not very much,' said Arthur, gravely and gently.

'My wife never knew it. *She* was as good as gold.'

'You mean the second Mrs. Frank Osgood?' said Arthur.

'I mean Mrs. Fred. Oakenshaw—my wife and the mother of all my poor children. Poor Lettie! we were only married for a year, that seems in another state of existence. Where is Minnie?' he added, abruptly.

'Minnie is still at Mrs. Jones's. Now, will you tell me how you came to leave her so suddenly?'

'Don't you know that?' he said, as if surprised. 'Why, Geoffrey Leighton found me out—heaven knows how!—and threatened me so fiercely with a discovery, if I did not leave Oxley, that, like a fool, I took fright. I did not know what power he might have, and he was wholly without pity. I think a poor ne'er-do-well cousin could have done him no harm. I came to my senses, and should have, I believe, confided in you, but I was seized with this illness, and couldn't move. It was very hard lines to be lectured by the younger generation—such a Leighton face the boy had too!'

Arthur could not answer. He turned pale as he thought of what that interview had been, and of how it would be afterwards remembered.

'Oh!' he said, after a moment, 'that was dreadful—dreadful!'

Frank Osgood looked startled by his tone.

'Perhaps, I ought to have faced it out,' he said. 'But, after all, when a man has got himself to my pass, it don't matter much what he does—his chance is over!'

'I think it does matter. Since that one thing, you have given Geoffrey nothing to be ashamed of. I can witness to that. I have done so.'

Frank Osgood looked at him, with eyes from which the defiant lightness gradually died away.

'I am ashamed of myself,' he said. 'You see, there's Minnie. What will she think? Perhaps a girl will hardly take it in. But I could be glad now that Dick and the baby died, if they had felt as Geoffrey Leighton did!'

His voice was broken, and the tears came into his eyes. Arthur rose, glad to end the interview. 'I must not let you talk too much,'



he said. 'I will come again to-morrow. You have nothing to fear from your cousin, and there is much which he only can explain to you.'

Osgood said nothing more, and Arthur, as he left him, felt that he had now the clue to all that had puzzled him in Geoffrey's behaviour. It struck Arthur with a kind of horror. If a son had really consciously tried to suppress an unworthy father, had driven him back from honest and decent living, to poverty and hardship, and perhaps temptation, certainly to sickness, of which the end was doubtful!

Great was the astonishment at Redhurst that evening when Arthur appeared, as they were in the drawing-room after dinner.

'What, you couldn't stay away any longer?' said his aunt, always flattered by his fondness for the old home. 'What did Jem say to you?'

'He thought I had better come,' said Arthur. 'Thanks, but I had to go to the Vicar at Fordham, and he gave me some dinner. There is no reason why I should not tell you what every one will know soon. I have found Oakenshaw.'

'Ah,' said Hugh, 'and found him safe?'

'Yes, you were fairly right, Hugh, in all your guesses, for I have found out who he is.'

Mrs. Crichton's memory went back to the days of Frank Osgood's difficulties (for she had known the family before they settled at Willingham) and she added to the story by a very uncomplimentary sketch of his early character. 'I was always puzzled,' she said 'by that little red-haired girl. Now I see who she is like. It is the young Osgoods.'

'She is like some one else,' said Arthur gravely.

'Ah! to be sure,' said Hugh. 'Mother, don't you remember the story of the puzzle between the babies?'

'Perfectly,' said Mrs. Crichton. 'I wonder if this will clear it up? It is very hard on them. And they seem such nice young fellows.'

'I think it's uncommonly absurd,' said Hugh. 'Fancy meeting two fellows and not feeling sure which is your son?'

And Hugh burst into a hearty fit of laughing. Arthur looked indignant, he had been too much concerned in the Leightons, perplexity for its ludicrous side to have struck him.

'Is he expected to make a choice?' said Hugh. 'Does he know what awaits him?'

'No,' said Arthur. 'It is perhaps to be hoped that he will not make one.'

'I don't see anything to laugh at, Hugh,' said his wife. 'I should never be happy again if I got into such a puzzle. But I am sure I should know my own baby, after any number of years!'

'Is Mr. Leighton coming to Fordham. Could we show them any attention?' said the elder Mrs. Crichton.

'Thank you,' answered Arthur. 'But I think Mr. Blandford will be glad to do that, and of course he is intimate with Alick Leighton, who has behaved very well about all this. I don't know what Mr.



Leighton will do. Go to Willingham most likely. To-morrow I must see after the poor little girl.'

Meanwhile poor little Minnie had suffered more from the loss of her father than others could do from the discovery of him. She did not respond to the consolation of any one but Arthur, who was connected with her Indian life, told Mrs. Jones that she hated England, and presented Florence with nothing but her shoulder and the back of her auburn mane. She flew out at every knock and ring in the hope of seeing her daddy, and spent hours in watching for him. If any darker fears mingled with her hope deferred she was too reserved to hint at them, though there was an accent of defiance in her assertions that her daddy would be home soon. Her cold got better, and of course, as time went on, the poor little thing had intervals of forgetfulness, and, hoping to divert her mind, and to give her something else to think about, Florence, on this particular Sunday morning, had taken her to the Sunday School with her. Minnie was very clever, little as she had been taught, and could not help caring for the lesson, besides her interest in the sight of so many other little girls. For once, as she came out she was thinking of nothing but the matter in hand, till she caught sight of Arthur Spencer as they came out into the frosty winter sunlight, with all the church bells ringing, and the congregations on their way to church.

'You have found my daddy,' she cried, springing to him almost in the moment that Florence perceived him.

'Yes, Minnie, I have found him; but he is very ill, or else perhaps he would have let us know sooner where he is. You cannot go quite this minute. Mrs. Jones will take you by and by. Look! there she is. Run to her, and she will tell you about your daddy.'

Minnie rushed up to Mrs. Jones; while Arthur, having thus disposed of her, turned to Florence and told her of the further discovery. It was interesting, deeply interesting to them both: she thought of Dulcie sharing her lover's trouble, and Arthur was full of the whole concern. Yet she was more conscious of the fact of his having come to tell her his story, than of the story he had come to tell, and he went three times over his description of the arrangements that had been made, in order to introduce Mr. Blandford's name naturally, and as a matter of course. Then he looked furtively to see how the name struck her, and she felt that he looked at her, and blushed furiously; which blush Arthur of course misinterpreted, and made up his mind that Violante was right, especially when she faced round and looked at him with her clear level eyes, and answered that Mr. Blandford was sure to be both kind and judicious.

The chimes changed, they reached the church door, Arthur was obliged to hurry away to Fordham, and as Florence passed into the shadow of the porch, he remembered Violante's remark on Mr. Blandford's probable preferment, and thought of his old playfellow in a Bishop's palace.

The idea recurred, and haunted him very uncomfortably, all the time that he was trying to do his best for Frank Osgood, and holding various conversations with Mr. Blandford as to the right arrangements for his comfort. He even went to church at Fordham in the afternoon and heard the Vicar preach a very good sermon.

In the meantime the Leightons, at Sloane House, passed a very uncomfortable Sunday. The discovery of his near relation was not the only blow under which poor Alick suffered, and he was languid and wretched; much more inclined to talk about Annie to Fred, recalling little incidents of their intercourse, and speculating on her future, than to discuss Frank Osgood. But he was very affectionate to all of them, hung about his mother, and let May talk to him of her pursuits—something as if some great parting lay before him. Geoffrey, on the other hand, ignored the subject, and tried to behave as if no special consciousness troubled him. The Cliftons came to afternoon tea, and the warmth of the greetings, which all were careful not to omit, angered him almost beyond control.

The others all obeyed Mr. Leighton's order, and said nothing to each other; but clever and observant as they were, their lively minds worked all day long on the subject, and Geoffrey was not far wrong in thinking that when May's dark eyes were fixed on his face she was investigating probabilities and drawing conclusions. That she should suddenly care about the cream in his tea, and recollect that he liked crumpet better than muffin—that she, usually by no means demonstrative, made opportunities for little caresses, hurt Geoffrey, he could not tell why. Then Alice was so kind and respectful to Alick, and quoted his opinion with an 'Alick thinks,' as if it was worth hearing. Even the mother's eyes were clear as well as tender—did they see nothing? All these, as Geoffrey knew, had no fresh facts to go on, with however sudden an impulse their minds might work on the old. But Dulcie, were her eyes shadowed by that considering, wondering look? What might she not have heard her own relations say, when apart from the Leightons? Dulcie had heard nothing; the Fordhams were all too reticent to discuss the matter before her, and her father only said that both the young men had acted honourably and kindly, and that he respected them both. But Dulcie thought, and compared and remembered, and for the first time there was a reserve between herself and Geoffrey. He avoided her, and she was disappointed in the way in which he met this trial. That was her first feeling, and then she began to see that the trial was a greater one than appeared. She was unhappy because she could not comfort Geoffrey; while he, after that first passionate claiming of her, turned from her as from the others.

Mr. Leighton decreed that both the young men should go down with him to Fordham on the Monday, and should see Frank Osgood after he himself had had an interview with him. What was told in that interview must depend on Frank's condition; but whether he knew

of his connection with them or not, it was better that Geoffrey should get the meeting over. Afterwards he should return to London, and go about his usual business, while Alick attended to his duties at Fordham, and Mr. Leighton arranged matters with the Osgoods.

Geoffrey knew that his share in Frank Osgood's disappearance would be sure to be discovered, but he could neither forestall nor avert the discovery, and remained utterly passive.

Mr. Leighton had a note from Arthur on the Monday morning, saying that 'Mr. Osgood' was a trifle better, and was prepared to receive his cousin, for whom all explanations had been reserved. Arthur arranged to meet them at Alick's lodgings, as Acacia Row offered no convenient place for waiting or consulting.

So they set off together; not without many tears from the ladies left behind them; not without a strange feeling, at least in Dulcie's heart, that as they parted so they would never meet again.

They set off on their journey, and bought a newspaper and discussed the news contained in it; and Mr. Leighton, as they neared Fordham, asked Alick about his work there, and made a little joke about Geoffrey inspecting Alick's schools, as if no dreadful consciousness lay upon them.

Arthur Spencer met them as proposed, and took Mr. Leighton away with him at once, leaving the two young men together in Alick's sitting-room. It seemed to Geoffrey as if every detail of the place had been burnt into his memory when he had been there on Saturday. The smart little villa drawing-room, with its bow window, looking up and down the road; its cheap finery contrasting with Alick's shabby books and parochial litter, and with the few bits of irresistible blue china which adorned his mantel-piece, or were set up on brackets above it. Alick took up some lists of poor people, and feigned to look them over. Geoffrey stood in the window, ashamed to rush out into the road, and own how much he longed for solitude. Another hour, and the worst would have come. Even now those two near relations must be discussing his recent conduct. He, like Frank Osgood, would be found out. Suddenly Geoffrey took the matter into his own hands. He went up to the table and stood facing Alick.

'Alick,' he said, 'I sent that man away from Oxley. I saw him, I knew him, and I drove him away.'

'You!' exclaimed Alick. 'When! how?'

'On the day of the Oxley ball. I told him I would betray him if he stayed. I threatened him, and I frightened him off.'

There was a moment's silence, and Alick's next words sounded inadequate.

'I don't see how you could.'

'I could have killed him!' said Geoffrey, hoarsely.

'And you have heard them all wondering what had become of him! You knew that they thought he might have made away with himself!'

Well, Geoff, I would have knocked anybody down that had accused you of such conduct.'

'What was the use of half a truth? I'll tell you the whole truth now. *You* never cared; but all my childhood I was craving to find out. Did you never think of it when we saw the Osgoods? Didn't you look out for a likeness *there*? Do you remember the Frenchman in the play? and how I burnt his moustaches? Did you never think why? Because they showed me I had an Osgood face. I never gave any one another chance of seeing that.'

'It may have been your fancy.'

'It was not. No one knew how I read books on physiognomy, how I studied the subject and learnt the difference between a chance likeness and a real identity. Well, I almost forgot *that*. I persuaded myself I was mistaken. I thought of character. You were idle and extravagant; at least I took after Mr. Leighton in that direction.'

'Yes,' said Alick, '*I* have thought of that.'

'I am sure that *they* did. But there's another thing that is inherited—handwriting. I looked that up. I knew I didn't write like the rest of you, but I had never seen a line of—his. And at last I did see it. I found an old paper slipped away among other papers. Oh, there was no doubt about it at all. But over and over again I got out of the belief. And then I saw him, and I was mistaken for him, and I knew that others must see what I saw. How could I own him when I knew what I must own to? But I've done it now, and I'll wrong you no more. Take your place and keep it. Every one shall know that I am the thief's son.'

As Geoffrey spoke with a vehemence that increased with every word, Alick sat watching him in silence. He grew very pale. Could this be true? He had submitted indeed to the crook in his lot, but it had never been forgotten.

'All our lives we have been rivals,' said Geoffrey, 'and now you have won.'

'I have never felt in that way about it,' said Alick. 'I never could feel, though of course I knew, that you were not my brother. But if you believe as you say, how could you drive him away from you?'

'What do I owe him? Nothing but disgrace and misery. No, I will no longer claim the place which I know is yours; but I'll have nothing to do with *him*.'

'But you deceived me,' said Alick, as if his mind only slowly woke to a sense of Geoffrey's conduct. 'On Saturday you absolutely deceived me.'

'What did that matter? When I was falsifying my own convictions, how could I be true? But I am not deceiving you now. I have spoken out and you know the truth at last. I'm not the Leighton—I'm not *their* child—that man is my father, and—oh, God! I wish that I had never been born!'

And suddenly Geoffrey's defiant tones broke: he threw himself into a chair and burst into a passion of sobs and tears.

'Don't, Geoffrey, don't!' said Alick. 'We'll pull through it somehow. And I think you're wrong. It would be mean of us to shirk him; and all the years of our lives cannot go for nothing. We can't lose their love.'

'Well, I *am* mean—so was he by all accounts,' said Geoffrey, with an anguish that almost destroyed the bitterness of the speech. 'You—you can afford to be generous. But,' he went on, struggling with his tears, 'it is hard that my life should be ruined just now, when it might be—when it might be——'

'How dare you say your life is ruined!' said Alick, suddenly. 'You have Dulcie. She loves you. You are successful in everything else. Can't you bear this one crook in your lot? Oh, if I——' Alick paused, and presently said, more gently, 'Frank Osgood can't ruin our lives, Geoff. I haven't much right to speak, but I've thought a good deal lately, and I mean to make something of mine yet. And as for *you*—you have *her* to live for.'

Geoffrey did not look up. He could not distinguish between the shame of his conviction and the shame of his self-reproach. It was all one crush of humiliation and misery.

Perhaps Frank Osgood's invalid state made his first meeting with his cousin easier than it might otherwise have been, as it gave him a sort of advantage, and left all the burden of the advances on Mr. Leighton. And, after all, neither was enough altered for voice and face not to seem overpoweringly familiar to the other. Minnie was standing close by the bed, leaning against the pillow. She felt vaguely frightened; her sharp wit had gathered that her father was in some way in the power of this new cousin, and she looked at him with unkindly eyes.

Very little was said, a few kind words from Mr. Leighton, and then Osgood drew the child forward.

'I have lost all the others, James. If you can, induce the family to do something for this one. Don't you think she is like the Osgoods?'

'Yes—she is.'

'She is their great-niece after all,' said Frank; 'and her mother was the best of women. There were two others.'

'You have had much trouble,' said Mr. Leighton, gravely, while Arthur Spencer, calling Minnie to him, took her, for once obedient, out of the room.

With a curious effort, her father turned his thoughts back to the long-forgotten past, and though his words were suitable enough, his cousin missed the wistful tone with which he had spoken of nearer sorrows.

'Poor Lettie had much to forgive me. I heard of her death,' he said.

‘Yes,’ said James Leighton; ‘but you did not hear of that of her son.’

‘I thought so.’

‘No, you must listen to a strange story.’

And then in as few words as possible he related the incidents that had happened at Plas-y-Gwyn four-and-twenty years before. A fuller account, he said, might be found in the paper which he laid on the bed.

Geoffrey and Alick were equally dear to him, no choice had ever been made between them: both were aware of the situation and anxious to act rightly.

‘Geoffrey?’ said Frank Osgood.

‘Geoffrey is a very fine young fellow,’ said James Leighton, ‘most promising and clever, engaged to be happily married, and—and—all a father could wish.’

There was a little break in his voice, for Geoffrey was very dear to him.

‘All the more likely,’ said Frank, ‘that he should prefer a father that should be all a son could wish. But he tried a rough method of suppression.’

‘How do you mean?’

‘I have already had an interview with Geoffrey. Ask Spencer, or the boy himself, to tell you the particulars. But the other one was as kind to me as I should expect your son and Marian’s to be.’

‘We have never distinguished between them,’ said Mr. Leighton, with a sense of painful jealousy, a feeling of loss and injury that for the moment almost mastered him.

‘No?’ said Frank. ‘Have you still got that old likeness of me, Jem—the one poor Letty got into such trouble about.’

‘I think Marian has it.’

‘Look at it then, and at your two boys beside it.’ Then, after a moment—‘What ought I to say? To thank you for being a father to *my* son. I haven’t the right.’

‘The boys are here. Do you wish to see them?’ said Mr. Leighton with a struggle.

‘Not Geoffrey,’ said Frank with decision. ‘If the other likes to say a kind word again, to his *cousin*, he is welcome.’

The conversation had lasted long enough for the sick man’s powers, and James rose to end it. Minnie flew into the room the minute the door opened, and seized on her father with a sort of defiant taking possession of him.

‘*My* little girl,’ he said, as he let her kiss him and cling to him, while his cousin walked away with Arthur, and heard the account of how Frank had been driven away from Oxley.

Perhaps the harshness and want of charity which the young man had shown to a disreputable connection struck less painfully than the deceit towards himself. Geoffrey had been praised for consideration,

had heard all the wonderings as to Osgood's whereabouts, and had said nothing; had known the fears for the runaway's fate, and had borne them in silence. It was the worst shock that had yet come upon him.

'I must speak to Geoffrey alone,' he said. 'Can you take Alick back with you? he must go about his work too, I suppose.'

But Geoffrey forestalled any such precaution. He saw in a moment that Mr. Leighton knew the truth as to his treatment of Frank Osgood, and he dashed into the farther avowal, in the delay of which lay his own sense of dishonour.

'I could not admit it. I tried to deny it, but I'll face it now! I know that I am that man's son! And I'll take my name and my place and never deny the truth any more. Alick shall have his own!'

'Hush, Geoffrey,' said Mr. Leighton. 'This is all wild talking. Your real fault was a much simpler one.'

'Father, I have always known it!' cried Geoffrey, desperately. 'And I know that you think so. Mother doesn't know, nor the others, but I am sure you have thought so all our lives through.'

The passionate appeal, the hands clasping his own, the force of the conviction overcame James Leighton, as in a very different way Geoffrey had overcome Frank Osgood.

'Oh, my boy, my boy!' he said, breaking down at last; 'if so, why do you force me to own it?'

Geoffrey cried out as if after all he for the first time believed in his own belief.

'There is no disgrace in a trouble rightly borne, my Geoffrey,' said the father, after a moment.

'Oh, father!' sobbed Geoffrey, in a whisper half unheard, 'it isn't all the disgrace. If you changed places—I'd—I'd go to prison with you and mother, rather.'

*(To be continued.)*



EXTRACTS FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF MARIE  
CUFAUDE.

EDITED BY F. C. LEFROY.

## CHAPTER IV.

It may be expected that having lived through these distressful days, during which the question of the King's and Queen's divorce was, after so many perplexities, bitternesses, and delays brought at last to a solution, I should be able to give thereof such an account as might hereafter greatly aid those who shall undertake to write that tragetical history. And peradventure were I to set down all that I heard anent the matter—for though always in attendance on the Princess, and often for weeks together away from the Court, yet was there such continual coming and going that we in her household heard more than enough of all the rumours and scandals afloat—I should, no doubt, record much that after generations would fain know, but it would make my narrative over long, and lead me to speak of subtilties and differences of law and doctrine such as my mind cannot fairly comprehend.

Well I wot that evil instruments are by a merciful Providence often used to bring about good ends, which albeit, as it seemeth unto us, growing out of the evil, yet in no degree changeth its sinfulness; and this is plainly shown when we consider how the Reformation in this country grew out of the King's fickleness, and the ambition and vanity of an artful woman. And yet methinks I will not altogether say that either, for though as far as the Court and State was concerned, it be true enough, yet had it a purer and stronger root in the vast number of those whose change was brought about by the reading of the Word of God in their own tongue. But what I say about the Court and State should in some sort explain that bitter hatred which filled the heart of the Princess Mary against the new religion. How was it possible that she should not hate it, when it was by its means that her Royal mother was driven from her throne, and she herself declared a bastard? And when those who held it were so much her enemies that many, as she well knew, desired and sought her death! She long believed it to be only a craven and mean compliance with the will of the King, which had taken no root in the people. Every cruelty inflicted on her mother, every injury on herself, made her hate burn deeper and deeper into her heart, until it brought forth that thirst for vengeance which is the last, and methinks the blackest,

form it ever taketh ; and here again recurs to me an incident of this brief illness of hers, which shows how fine a nature was thereby ruined.

When Dr. Butts saw her he said she had caught a violent rheum in her head, and being therewith somewhat feverish, desired her to keep her bed for some days, which she was nothing loath to do, inasmuch as it gave her leisure wherein to recover from the shock of that which she had heard. During that time many people came or sent to inquire how she was. Mistress Boleyn came herself, Cardinal Wolsey sent Master Cromwell, my Lord Sandys sent Master Cufaude, thereby enabling that young gentleman to have speech of me, much, as he swore, unto his satisfaction. But many of the wives of the burghers and citizens came also, testifying thereby the singular love they had unto her Grace ; for it was reported, though by what means I cannot say, that she was dangerously ill, and it everywhere being noised abroad that his Highness was seeking to put away his wife and to marry another, and that other one of the ladies about the Queen's Grace, it was perchance thought that some evil had been worked the Princess. However that might be, a party of these good women came up to the Palace together to inquire how it fared with her. Amongst them was one Mistress Orpewood, the wife of one of the King's bakers. As soon as her Grace was told of their coming, nothing would content her but seeing this person, and sending by her her thanks to all the others for their so kind good will. Albeit greatly pleased by the honour done thus both to herself and her companions, yet was Mistress Orpewood much frightened, and as soon as she was inside the door of the Princess's chambers down she dropt upon her knees, and there remained.

But sitting up in her bed, the Lady Mary held out her hand to her, and said with a smile, 'Thou must not stay so far off, good Madam, or I shall not be able to speak unto thee ; thou must come here to my bedside and stand here.' So Mistress Orpewood did as she was told, and her Grace bade her tell all her friends how pleased she was at their kindness in wishing to know how it fared with her, and that she was purely well again, and should leave her room the next day.' And she held out her hand as she spoke, so kindly, and had such a sweet, tender look in her eyes, that Mistress Orpewood, being only a simple sort of a body, and withal motherly, moved by some sudden spasm of pity for the trouble coming upon her, bent down and kissed her on the cheek, and said, with almost a sob : 'Thou poor, precious young lamb, may the Holy Virgin keep thee safe from all thine enemies.' Then, seeing that we were dumbfounded by the liberty she had taken, she dropt again on her knees, and turning scarlet with shame, cried out, 'The Lord forgive me !'

For an instant the Princess had been startled by this freedom, but seeing her confusion, and the alarm painted on Lady Bryan's face, who was standing on the other side of the bed, and who moved quickly

round and laid her hand on the poor woman's shoulder, as if to lift her up and drive her away, she raised herself somewhat higher on her pillows, and putting her arm round Mrs. Orpewood's neck, she laid her head on her shoulder, and said, 'I thank thee heartily my good mother for that thy so loving salute, and well I wot it came from the very fulness of thine honest heart.' And with the sweetest condescension she kissed her cheek in return, down which the tears were running so fast she scarce could stop them. No wonder when she went back to her companions and told them of that embrace they set up a shout that even we could hear. How could they fail to love a Princess who showed herself thus grateful!

Each day that the Princess kept her room the Queen came to see her, and she and the Countess had many consultations together. Mine uncle Reginald also came daily, and would often send her Grace some tender message by me, together with a posy of sweet flowers or a dainty of some rare fruit, all which she received with pretty smiles and blushes, and paid back with many gracious thanks, and by being unto me, for his sake, more free and cousinly than ever. These things were not sent or received in secret. The Princess would show her flowers unto her Highness, and make no concealment of the pleasure they gave her. All her heart was open unto her mother; all her innocent gratitude for his devotion and his true admiration of her person, and the tender sentiments which it awoke and which shone in her eyes whenever she spoke of him.

That he was double her age only added to the charm, for he was but seven and twenty, and in the very prime of his youth and manly beauty and strength. In all her father's Court there was not his equal either in looks or in grace and courtesy of demeanour. Tall and stately, he looked every inch a prince, and the grandeur of his air made the sweetness of his manner the more striking: He was also free to love and marry did it so please him, for he had never taken priests' orders.

As soon as the Princess had sufficiently recovered, we removed to Richmond, and for the perfect restoration of her strength, which, from the disturbance of her mind, was but slow to return, she was ordered to be much in the air, wherefore we often rode out of a morning, and in the evening spent much time on the water. Embarking in her Grace's barge we would float idly along while she amused herself with feeding the swans, of which there were many on the river; and one pair became so tame that whenever she sounded her silver whistle the graceful creatures would swim up to her and follow us wherever we went. One evening we embarked as usual, taking with us our lutes and a basket of fruit and cakes, meaning to land and refresh ourselves therewith when we had gone as far as we list. Methinks I can still see the river rippling in the pleasant breeze and sparkling in the sunshine, and the broken reflection of the scarlet rowers in the green waters, and the glittering drops falling from

their flashing oars; can still hear the splash and the pleasant swish with which we sometimes pushed through a bed of reeds.

Mine uncle was with us, lying bareheaded at the Princess Mary's feet, while she was making sweet music with her lute, and the beautiful stately swans following close behind, so that, but that they ever and anon bowed down their proud necks to suck up the pieces of cake I slyly threw them, one might have deemed them drawn on by the magic of her strains. Mine uncle, not seeing the crumbs, said they bowed their heads in homage to her, as 'dutiful subjects should do.'

We passed Hampton Court, and went on up the river until we came to a part where it flowed through some large meadows, in which were several fine clusters of trees. In one of these the hay was still uncarried, and the delicious scent of the newly-mown grass made the Princess desire to land and eat our refection sitting on the haycocks.

The people had left working for the day, and there were only a dozen or so of children leaping over the windrows and running races between the swaths, and so my grandmother allowed us to land, and bade Lady Bryan accompany us, but remained in the barge herself. We soon reached the nearest haycock, on which as many as could seated themselves on either side of the Princess at her desire, mine uncle and two or three of the equerries standing beside us. When the children, who were at the other end of the meadow, saw us, they left playing and gathered themselves together, and stood still, staring as if frightened, which her Grace marking, she held up a cake to show them, and called them to come and fetch it, but they were too much afraid to move. 'I must try and make dutiful subjects of them,' she said, smiling, 'and tame them as I have the swans, for I am sorry to have stopt their pretty gambols,' and she put her whistle to her lips and blew it merrily, and then threw some of her cakes toward them. Thus encouraged they drew slowly nearer and nearer, and she, taking a basket of strawberries in her hand, and seeing how timidly they approached, arose from her seat, and laughingly declared that if she went not unto them she perceived it would be midnight ere they met, and was moving forward, when mine uncle, who had been earnestly regarding the children, threw his arm suddenly round her, and pulling her back thrust her down again on the hay, and calling on Lady Bryan instantly to re-embark for God's sake, sprang forward himself and caught up in his arms a little girl who was somewhat in front of the others, whose face was covered with the half-healed scars of small-pox, and in spite of her screams and struggles carried her away, and made all the others follow. The moment he lifted her up Lady Bryan saw also what was the matter, and would have hurried us all back to the barge, but her Grace being pale and trembling from the fright the roughness of his handling had caused her, though at first she had reddened with anger at the scant ceremony wherewith he had pulled her back and forced her down—no one before having ever so rudely touched her—would not move until the reason of that his so strange

conduct was explained to her. Then she took mine arm, and as we walked back I saw her eyes were full of tears, and at last she said, in a low voice such as only I could hear, 'I cannot speak of it, Moll, I almost think mine heart will split with the pain of its gratitude and thankfulness.' And whilst Lady Bryan told my grandmother what had happened, she stole her hand into hers and kissed it again and again. 'Cousin,' she said, 'I would rather have run the risk myself, but he did not give us time to stop him, he was so quick.' 'I thank God he was, for I am responsible unto the kingdom for thy safety,' my grandmother answered, though greatly moved and speaking unsteadily; 'and if it be His will he should die or be disfigured by this his loyal devotion, I could not grudge his dying or suffering in so noble a manner. But he is a strong and vigorous man, and may be he will escape, and thank God he has preserved your Grace from all danger. Albeit he must not come on board, I would fain speak with him, so with your leave we will wait a little while to see if he returns.'

And in a few minutes he appeared, and coming to the edge of the river, he called out to us that he had left the child with its mother. At the sound of his voice the Princess stepped to the side of the boat and stretched out her hands towards him as if inviting him to come to her. But he, baring his head and bowing low, told her that could not be. 'Farewell for the present,' he said, 'I trust in God to see your Grace again shortly. Mother, do not fret thyself or fear for me, I shall for a time go down unto Warblington Castle,\* where thou knowest I shall be well cared for by Father Clement, and thou shalt hear as often as may be how it fares with me.' And so we parted, and rowed sadly enough back to Richmond. The first letter that came told us that all was well, but the second said that he felt himself sickening with the complaint, and he commended himself unto his mother's prayers, but could write no more. However, it turned out but a slight attack, and it left only one or two small scars visible and in no way injured his good looks. He could soon write of himself as being purely well, and at last the danger of infection wore away and he was free to return. During his absence the Princess writ him a little letter in her own hand, in which she told him that she took Almighty God to record that she did daily pray for his preservation, not knowing how better to ease her poor heart of its burden of gratitude, nor how otherwise to thank him for the great service he had rendered her in risking his own life for hers. The King and Queen also wrote unto him their hearty thanks, and my grandmother and all her kindred seemed to stand higher than ever in the royal favour. Princess Mary knew not how enough to testify her love both to her and me, and indeed it was easy to see that her heart was lying in my uncle's hand, and that he was dearer unto her than was wise.

\* Father Clement had been chaplain unto Sir Richard Pole, and loved his sons, this mine uncle especially, as they had been his own.

She sought not to conceal her sentiments, and the Queen's Highness, albeit she saw the growing love, never reproved it or said a word to check it. Nay, when my grandmother, who watched it with uneasiness both in her Grace and in her son, ventured to hint of it unto her, fearing that some evil might therefrom arise unto the Princess, as well as dreading that a love placed so high might bring much peril unto him who was the pride of her heart, not only on account of his beauty and princely air and carriage, but because of his great learning and virtue and sweetness of temper, her Highness bade her to lay aside all such uneasiness. She reminded her how the Queen of France, who was a King's daughter and a King's sister and a King's widow, had married the Duke of Suffolk. 'And,' said she, 'though his Highness may mean now otherwise to dispose of his daughter, yet in our present straits who can see what may happen. However it pleases God to dispose of me, whether I be permitted to die in my proper estate or in the disgrace and obscurity of a repudiated wife, I pray you to remember that such a marriage would have had my sanction under any circumstances, and be in accordance with my wishes.' The Countess kissed the Queen's hand, and replied, 'Your Grace's goodness fills mine heart with gratitude, and if Princesses were won by worth, then truly might my son aspire to such a prize as even the Lady Mary; but much I fear ——'

'Do not say "but," my cousin,' her Highness exclaimed, 'for I have this match at heart; I should feel if that came to pass that atonement had at last been made for the wrong I caused, and to which I impute all the misfortune which hath befallen our children. If one of your sons became King of England by marrying our daughter, I should then think that the shedding of that innocent blood had been forgiven us.'

'Ah, Madam,' my grandmother answered, 'your Grace's goodness hath long quenched all anger in mine heart. God forbid that that blood should be visited on you or yours. Well He wotteth that every sorrow that befalleth your Highness toucheth me also. My own child could not be dearer unto me than is the Princess. If she should ever wed my son she will have the good fortune, and it will be one that those of her high estate but rarely meet with, of marrying a man who most truly loveth her, as he hath proven, and in whose worth she hath full trust. And, Madam, though such words become not well the mouth of his poor mother, yet will I venture to say that he is no ordinary man, but well able to fill any post howe'er exalted.'

'Cousin,' the Queen said, with a sigh; 'I esteem him as highly as thou dost; thou must needs be a proud and happy woman with such sons as thine. If God had given me only one to live, my husband would have been content to dwell with me.'

Ye may think it strange her Grace's Highness should have wished the Princess to marry Cardinal Pole, but he was truly a prince of the blood royal. He was the grandson of Owen Tudor and Katharine of France, by their daughter Ursula, who married Jeffry Pole and was the



mother of Sir Richard Pole; and by the Countess of Salisbury he was grandson to the Duke of Clarence; and by his grandmother, Isabelle Nevill, he was as nearly descended from the great King Edward III. as was the King himself.

I have copied this account of what passed between the Queen's Grace and my grandmother from a paper writt by my grandmother's own hand, and I have endeavoured to state this matter very clearly, because of the terrible consequences that sprang from this wish of her Highness, and in order to show that the Countess had not only her sanction, but would truly never have desired, knowing as she did the King's temper, to have thrust her son into such danger, had it not been thus urged upon her. And yet, such was the favour his Majesty had ever shown unto her and hers, especially at this time, using mine uncle and my father and my Lord Montague rather as if they had been brothers than subjects, such freedom of discourse did he tolerate in them, so that they, loving him as a most dear friend, feared nothing so much as his displeasure, that truly their mother might have supposed that such a match would not have been displeasing unto him. All the more so that my father and Lord Montague were from the first wholly on the side of his Highness in the matter of his divorce; and mine uncle, who had doubted thereof, seemed at this time swayed, as I cannot but think by his love for the Princess, coming over to the same opinion, he perceiving that the uncertainty as to her position must increase his chance of marrying her.

From one end of Europe unto the other the question of the King's divorce was debated, his motive for which was never supposed to be anything else than his desire for an heir male, no one giving any credence to that plea of an uneasy conscience whereby he sought to deceive his neighbours and his people, and perchance his own self. That in his own heart he well knew the Queen to be his lawful wife, was shewn to all men in the summer of 1528, for that year a virulent pestilence visited London and attacked many of the Royal household, and amongst others, Master William Carey, the brother-in-law of Mistress Anne Boleyn, whereupon the King's conscience became in truth such a torment unto him (not anent his marriage with his so-called brother's widow, but on the score of his love for the said Mistress Anne) that he sent her away unto her father, at Hever Castle, in Kent, and returned unto her Highness. His fears of the sickness and dread of the judgment of God was so great, that he left White Hall, and removed with her Grace unto Tittenhanger, near unto St. Albans, and ordered us to join them there; and there he daily confessed his sins and shared in all the religious exercises of the good Queen, to her great joy, as well as to that of those around her; and his loving manner unto her, the continuance of which she never doubted, seemed to cure her ailments, and the gladness which lighted up her eyes and coloured her cheeks made her look ten years younger. But



as the days passed, and no fresh cases broke out in the household, albeit his Highness intermitted not his spiritual exercises nor abated any of his complaisance unto her, still seeking her conversation and addressing her with all possible love and kindness, yet as his fright subsided, the daily confession of his sins hindered him not from sending secretly many sweet billets unto Mistress Anne, to comfort her heart during this his seeming estrangement. But we poor fools, knowing nought thereof, continued our silly rejoicings and our simple trust in the sincerity of his seeming repentance. I think that no misgivings came to the Queen. How, truly, should they? Seeing him as she did, tender and attentive to her, laughing and playing with the Princess, seemingly quite free from care, and as it were leading the brawl in all the games and pastimes in which we passed our evenings.

I remember one evening, when we were as usual playing at cards, how merrily he joked with Lady Mary because the Queen of hearts seemed to stick to her hands, always bringing with her the knave, instead of her proper companion, the King. He roaring with laughter at catching her out in such constant intrigues, and as deal after deal she carried off the *pool*,\* he playfully pinched her cheek, and told her 'she had better keep her hands off that dish or he should have to stop the game.' And he looked at my grandmother to give point to his wit, but it was in all kindness. Verily, we had not seen him in so merry and gracious a mood for many a month.

The Palace at Tittenhanger was built with a handsome corridor round a square paved court, and the rooms the Princess occupied looked out into it. That night we were awoke by the baying of the hounds (more than one of whom slept beneath our windows) together with the rattling of chains and trampling of horses. And jumping up and peeping through the lattice, we saw by the clear moonlight that my Lord Rochford had ridden into the court attended by a couple of grooms, and the heated and wearied look of the horses showed that they had ridden far and fast. 'What can bring him here,' the Princess said. 'Methought he was at Hever Castle, with all the rest of that crew.' 'He hath, belike, some business with his Highness,' I answered. 'It must be business of vast importance,' she replied, 'or he would not dare to disturb him at this hour of night. And how should anything concerning the state reach him in that far-away place.'

'Perchance,' I said, struck with a sudden idea and hesitating to speak it, 'perchance something hath happened to Mistress Anne, she may have taken the pestilence and died; see how all a mort my Lord looketh, he is the bringer of evil tidings of some sort.'

'Evil,' she cried, her eyes sparkling with joy so that they verily seemed to flash. 'Dost call such a good riddance as that would be

\* Though I have used throughout the modern spelling, all the *Poles* wrote of themselves as *Pooles*.

evil tidings? An he brought such blessed news he should by rights have a king's ransom as his reward. Truly, now I see his face more clearly, he looketh, thank God, dismal enough. Oh, Moll, dost think it be true?' 'Nay,' I said, 'it is but a guess, yet what should have brought him here unless something had happened unto her, poor wretch.' 'Poor wretch!' she repeated in an indignant tone, 'I would give my right hand to know she were dead. Why Moll, if she were lying here dead at my feet, I hate her so I should spurn her away, I hate her with so deep a hatred I verily believe I could myself kill her. I would crush her an I could.' And she ground her heel on the floor as if she had her beneath it, and she spoke in that deep harsh tone which was so like the King's in his wrath, and at which even brave men trembled, so terrible it was and fierce. And when I looked at her, I saw that her face had grown so hard, and bitter and pitiless, that I stood staring at her in a fright, thinking that she was so changed that I should not have known her. Just for that one instant, I saw the depth and strength of the evil passions which lurked in her nature, and methinks I caught then a glimpse of the future Queen. 'Thou hadst better get thine eyes back to their proper size, Moll,' she said, more softly, seeing mine astonishment, 'thou needst not look so mazed. Thou canst scarce have thought that I loved Mistress Anne, but to shew thee what a good Christian I be, I promise thee this, that if I should have so blessed a chance I will spend all the money I win of his Highness this night in masses for the repose of her poor wretched sinful soul, with all the joy imaginable.'

'We do not know,' I said, 'that she be either dead or dying yet. 'But if thou lovest me, say thou would be glad an she were,' she entreated.

'She be your enemy, and the Queen's,' I answered. 'And truly I should be glad that she should trouble you no more; but I might, notwithstanding, pity her also somewhat.'

By-and-by we heard much noise and commotion in the house; but we had to wait until the next morning before we knew that it was indeed true that Mistress Anne had taken the disease, and thought herself like to die of it, and had therefore dispatched her brother unto the King to advertize him of that her so evil estate.

The distance between Tittenhanger and Castle Haver was nigh upon sixty miles, and albeit my Lord Rochford had made the utmost speed, yet had he been unable to reach the Court in much less than a day and a night, and he said he had left his sister so nigh unto her end that he doubted whether any help could avail. Nevertheless, the King instantly despatched unto her Dr. Butts, who was with us, and who was accounted the most skilful doctor of those times, charging him to care for her as that which was the most precious of all things unto him. And with him he sent one of his own equerries, with orders to return with hottest haste, that the

intolerable anguish of his mind as to her condition might be assuaged as soon as possible. But at soonest there were two days of suspense ere any tidings could reach us, and during this time it was as if there were a death in the house. Every one seemed afraid either to move or speak.

The Queen spent hours on her knees praying for resignation to bear whatever the morrow might bring forth. Albeit she said nought, yet must she have had the comfort of knowing that those about her desired nothing more earnestly than the death of her rival. But the King was nearly alone in his grief, and he sat for the most part in a fierce and gloomy silence, which none of those about him dared break.

There was no sympathy in the eyes that watched him, and he felt it was so, and glared with suppressed rage, even at the Princess, and chancing to hear the sound of her lute in the distance, he commanded her to his presence, and for the first time in her life let his fury fall on her, reproaching her as an unnatural and undutiful child, rejoicing in the sorrow of her father. She fell on her knees and protested that in taking up her instrument she had but meant to distract her own melancholy mood, and had no thought of merriment or rejoicing, and thus mollified him somewhat, so that he suffered her to kiss his hand, and allowed her to withdraw. But the royal humour was in such a smouldering rage (the Queen not daring to appear in his sight, and every one feeling their very lives unsafe), that it was a relief, even unto those who most wished her death, when at last the messenger returned with the news that the malady was abated, and Mistress Anne recovering. The last signs of his Highness's penitence vanished in his joy, and he no longer constrained himself to put on the show of a complaisance to the Queen's Grace at variance with his own feelings, and methinks that after this alarm he was more impatient than ever to have the question of his marriage settled. He kept Mistress Anne in as much state as had she been already his wife; but nevertheless, knowing that all the people sided with the Queen, when Christmas came round, albeit he kept less than he had ever done in her company, and was always by the side of her rival, yet did he treat her with some amount of respect, and seemed to love the Princess as much as heretofore, and the masks and banquets and other revels were as numerous as was mete. In the spring the Queen was at Greenwich, and we were at Richmond; but at Easter we went to the Court, that the Princess might attend Mass on that high festival with her father and mother. It was the last time they three shared it together, and the last time she and her mother ever met. To do honour to the season, we were, as was befitting, all arrayed in new garments, and mostly white.

The Princess had a robe of white satin brodered with silver and pearls. Mine also was of white satin, and garnished with silver lace. The Queen had hers all trimmed with ermine. As she knelt and

lifted up her head, a ray of sunlight fell upon her, and for a moment all the lines and hollows that care and sorrow had worked in her poor cheeks seemed wiped away, and her lips wore a smile of such peace and sweetness, as truly I never have seen since on any mortal face, and she hath ever lived in my memory as I saw her then. There was no special leave-taking between her and the Princess, for no one imagined, unless it were his Highness, that they would meet no more. But at Whitsuntide he made another attempt to induce the Queen to go into a convent, or to acknowledge herself illegally married, and he sent Dr. Cranmer unto her to persuade her thereto. She, however, would listen to nothing he could say, declaring she would only be guided by the judgment of his Holiness, whereat the King was in such a rage he got him away from Windsor, and ordered her to quit it immediately, swearing he would never return as long as she remained. 'Go where I may,' she said to those who brought her that his harsh command, 'I am still his wife, and as his wife I obey, and will hence with all possible speed. Did I not so count myself, aye, and did he not so count me, he would not have ventured to bid me begone in so unmannerly a fashion.'

In obedience to this order she took up her residence at Ampthill, where for a season she was allowed to retain her old friends about her. From thence the Lady Willoughby D'Eresby writ a letter unto my grandmother, wherein was enclosed one from her Highness unto the Princess, praying her to submit herself unto her father's will in all things, saving only her duty to God, and bidding her tell her dear good Lady Salisbury not to grieve overmuch for her, as 'we can never come unto the kingdom of Heaven, but through many troubles.' In her own letter Lady Willoughby said, 'the Queen's health be metely good, and I pray God to continue it, she spendeth much time in her devotions, and her gentlewoman telleth me that the stones whereon she kneeleth be often as wet as had a shower fallen upon them, she fasteth more methinks than her strength will bear, and giveth great alms. She liveth wholly retired, and busieth herself in working with her ladies a piece of costly broidery which she designeth for the church. She commendeth herself unto your prayers and her daughter unto your faithful love, and beseecheth you to look on her as your own child, and to remember her wishes in that matter whereof ye wot. Her patience be such that she maketh us all ashamed to have less, and alloweth no one in her presence to speak evil of the favourite. 'Curse her not,' she said unto Mistress Elizabeth Hammond, who could not restrain her tongue on hearing that his Highness had created her Countess of Pembroke. 'Let us rather pray for her lest she perish, as she surely will do ere long, unassoiled of her sins.'

This was the only letter which my grandmother received from Lady Willoughby whilst she was with the Queen, and that reached us by means of the young Lady Sandys, who was our near cousin, and

was sent unto her by her mother, Lady Rous, who was still in attendance on her Highness. But the risk to all concerned was great, wherefore her Grace would not permit it to be incurred a second time.\*

\* The second Lord Sandys married Elizabeth Manners, daughter of George Lord Rous by Anne S. Leger, whose mother was Anne Plantagenet, daughter of Richard Duke of York, and sister of Edward IV. Lady S. Leger was first cousin to the Countess of Salisbury.

*(To be continued.)*

---

## OUR EVENING OUTLOOK.

## VI.

## THE LESSER LIGHT.

‘The moon that shone in Paradise!’

I stood in spirit on a mountain in the moon,—it was about the height of Mont Blanc, and greater mountains surrounded me. The sun was nearly on the meridian; it was noon-tide, one cannot say noon-day, for lunar noon lasts more than one of our days. It was hard to believe I was no nearer that blazing sun there than on earth; the heat was twice that of boiling water, and the very rock I stood on was burnt to a cinder. But though the landscape was bathed in brilliant light, the sun’s rays did not, as with us, light up the whole sky. There was an intensely dazzling white light round the sun, and as the sky behind was absolutely black, the sun’s corona was always visible. In this black sky the constellations shone out all day distinctly, changing places, as did the sun, very slowly, each group being visible for nearly a fortnight; for the moon turns on her axis once in twenty-seven days with regard to the stars, and once in 29½ days with regard to sun and earth. Wherever the sunlight fell directly on the moon, it was dazzlingly bright, but the shadows on the unilluminated spots were intensely black; the mountain heights, cones, and ranges, were bathed in light, but turn a corner, and go ‘into the shade,’ as we should say, and behold, the night is darker than any we ever knew.

This sharp division between light and darkness is caused by the moon having no atmosphere (remember, I was only there in *spirit*!); in consequence there was an absence of all colour. The painter need only use black and white; all his other paints would be useless. No clouds ever float over these dreary landscapes, no rainbow ever spans the lunar heaven, no rain ever falls on these dry exhausted plains.

The mountain on which I stood was an enormous extinct volcano. The sun, shining full into it, could not light up the dreary bottom. Around my mountain stretched on every side broken ground, with multitudes of lesser volcanoes, and what chiefly struck me, was the size of craters, which were from a few miles across, to 120 or 150 for the great volcanoes. Now the largest crater on earth is not ten miles in circuit, Kilawea, in Hawaii; and most volcanoes here are but a few hundred feet across. But round each lunar volcano was a ring

of some substance, at an even distance from the crater; and I could not decide whether these rings were formed of the cinders, which in old times were ejected; or whether once the whole surface of the moon was liquid metal, and the mountains, rings, and all were formed as it cooled down, just as one sees similar lumps and rings in melted iron when cooling.

Besides the mountains, I saw great walled plains, looking like giant strongholds. No doubt several generations might accomplish such a work. They were no giants who built the Great Pyramid; and we are told that had they used the material to make a wall, it would have encompassed France. But the chief giant who made these walls, was, I suspect, the giant Heat; for I particularly observed, that though on the outside these walls are only elevated ten or twelve thousand feet above the surrounding country, yet *within* the plains are depressed some twenty or twenty-five thousand feet. There is often a crater in the middle. But I could see no evidence of present volcanic action in the moon; any changes on its surface seemed due to the combined action of heat and cold.

Very clear against the dark sky stood out the shining head of a loftier mountain than that on which I stood, the celebrated Tycho, or Sinai. All across the moon's surface, from the base of Tycho, stretched long rays of some glittering substance that almost seemed to give light. It appeared as if, when Tycho was upheaved, the moon's surface must have cracked in every direction for many miles, and at some later period, an eruption of liquid metals of a crystalline nature had flowed into the cracks and filled them, for they appeared hard and level, and when the sun was in the zenith they shone brighter than the rest of the moon's surface. There are also great empty cracks, called *Rilles*. Some people think the bright cracks are eternal ice, formed when the moon had air and water, and now too hard to be melted, even by such heat as the moon endures.

I wearied for some sign of life, but there was none, not a single plant to be found. Even the red snow-plant of the Alps has two things to nourish it, air and snow, which is a form of water, but the moon has neither. Therefore we are sure that *at present* there is no possibility of either of the only two forms of life with which we are acquainted (animal and vegetable life), existing in the moon.

But perhaps the most desolate feeling of all was the utter silence and stillness everywhere. It is no fancy that the moon looks so calm and quiet as she rolls through the dark blue skies. She is literally without a sound. If, as has been thought, some of her volcanoes are not quite extinct, their mightiest explosions can cause no sound, nor could the flames last long after bursting through the surface.

In one direction, as far as the eye could see, stretched a vast greyish plain; this is one of the markings we can almost see with the naked eye, and which in old times were mistakenly named seas. It seems likely enough that once there were oceans, which have either



dried up, or retired within the moon, and that these plains are the old ocean-beds. Does it not seem curious that of the so-called 'Four Elements,' the moon only possesses one for certain—earth, and possibly a central fire?

But as the sun slowly passed the meridian, a new object was seen in the heavens. Very near the sun a crescent of light about four times as great as the new moon, was distinctly visible. I watched her for some days (terrestrial days, for the moon's one day had not yet passed), till the crescent became a glorious half-earth. As the sun passed entirely away, a deadly coldness fell on all nature, the sun had set without one instant of twilight, there had been no friendly air to store up the warmth of the day, and this iron chill would increase and last until in a fortnight the sun rose again. In a few days of such cold all earth's water would be turned to something harder than ice, and even the gases of our air would be solidified and cease to exist as an atmosphere. But through this desolate night a glorious full earth, four times larger in diameter than the full moon, shed its lovely light, and its black shadows.

Silence may, as the proverb says, be golden; but a visit to the moon would send us back rather thankful for our gifts of speech and hearing and for all the sights and sounds of life.

Of course, all this is only a description of one side of the moon, for in consequence of her revolution on her axis occupying the same time as her journey around the earth, she keeps practically the same face towards us. Owing, however, to the moon's *librations*, we see sometimes a bit more in one direction, sometimes in another. The librations have three causes.

1stly. The moon's rotation on its axis being constant, while its velocity in its orbit is unequal, we see sometimes a little further round one side, and sometimes a little more on the other.

2ndly. On account of *our* daily rotation, when twelve hours have passed we have rolled ourselves into a position to see a little more round each side than a rigid half moon.

3rdly. Because her axis is inclined to the plane of her orbit round us, we see a little beyond each pole in turn.

Still, in spite of all, about two-fifths of the moon's surface must for ever remain unknown. If there ever were inhabitants on the moon those on the other side must have thought it hard never to see the earth, whereas all parts of the earth see the moon. But then the moon was ordained for a light to the earth, not the earth for the moon.

But even as seen from the earth, how beautiful our satellite is! 'Walking in brightness,' whether as a slender crescent or silver shield; so calm amid all her changes is the Queen of Night that one cannot marvel at the moon-worship of the ancients. Job alludes to this, and to one form of that worship as the 'mouth kissing the hand,' which is symbolical of the Oriental act of lifting the hem of a

person's garment, to kiss it. No doubt curtsying to the new moon is another relic of the worship. Greeks and Romans each had a virgin huntress-goddess, sister to the sun. But it seems, on the whole, most likely that the worship of the heavenly bodies came first, and that the gods of mythology were adaptations from the ancient sun and planet worship. The *groves* of Holy Scripture are believed by some to have been a sort of mechanism, representing the movements of the planets, as then understood. Thus we can see how Josiah brought a *grove* out of the Temple (2 Kings xxiii. 6), and how Gideon cut one down in one night.

Almost the first celestial phenomenon which really interests children, is that of the moon's *phases*, and it is worth while to explain these carefully, as they are not hard to understand *when explained*; but it is a very exceptional child indeed who grows up understanding them by the light of nature, *i.e.* by its own observation. Point out then, that the first phase we can see is the crescent of light, commonly called the new moon. But this is not what the almanacs mean when they say 'new moon' is on such and such a day. At true new moon, we cannot see her at all, unless there is an eclipse. Point out that the sun always lights up one half and only one half of the moon, as he does one half of the earth, and as at new moon she is between us and the sun, he is lighting the unseen half.

About two days after new moon we may look for the crescent. The Mahometans, who begin the month by the moon, begin it from the time when the crescent (emblem of their religion) is visible. Very anxiously do they watch,—sending out watchers to look for the first appearance of the moon beginning the month Shawall, and ending Ramadân, the fasting month. If clouds prevent the sight, they fast till they do see it.

There are many people who cannot distinguish between the crescent new moon and the crescent old moon, or between the waxing and waning half moons. Of course in a story the latter is quite easy, for nobody there ever sees a waning moon, unless they are absolutely miserable, and they know it by sight in a moment, because it looks sickly, and fades like a lily. But as, in nature, one is as bright as the other, we must distinguish it by some better principle. Now, here ordinary text-books are sometimes misleading, for they tell you that the horns of the new moon point to the left, and those of the old to the right. But in the southern hemisphere they do exactly the opposite, and even here the moon sometimes 'lies on her back.' The safest thing to remember is that as the moon's bright face must always be towards the sun, therefore the new moon presents her crescent back (the only bit of her bright face we can then see), towards the west where the sun has set, and her horns towards the east, more or less. She is always *after* the sun, and sets later, and so is always seen in the evening, and never far into the night. The old moon is always *before* the sun, and so turns her bright back

towards the east, where the sun will rise. She can never be seen in the evening, or early in the night. The people who see the pale sickly old moon, must see her after sunrise; but she is no more wan or wretched than an afternoon new moon. When the old and new moon are impressed on the mind, next impress the fact that one whole side of the moon is *always* towards the earth, though unseen. This is rendered easy of comprehension when that faint light, known as *earthshine*, is visible, completing the circle, or, as it is called, 'the new moon, with the old moon in her arms.' We see this during the crescent phases; and it is really the earth's light, reflected on the night side of the moon, and sent faintly back to us again. One word about the moon 'lying on her back' being a sign of bad weather. This appearance depends entirely on the moon's position in her orbit, and can only happen when near her ascending node, and when she is rising. The opposite happens when she is setting, and near her descending node. So that this is as fallacious as most attempts to predict weather by the moon. There is a table, commonly but falsely, attributed to one of the Herschels, pretending to predict the weather for a quarter of the moon, from the time of her change of phase. That this is an untrue principle we may convince ourselves, by reading an account of the weather returns for the British Isles for any one week after any change of the moon. Her time of changing being much the same for all these isles (the table takes it in two-hour periods thus: '12 to 2'), how does it come to pass that such very different sorts of weather prevail in different places, having nearly the same meridian? If *all* these weathers were alike predicted by the moon, then the prediction becomes valueless, for nearly any weather may follow any change.

After new moon our satellite waxes till she becomes a half moon, at what almanacs call 'first quarter.' She then grows rounder or 'gibbous,' as it is called, till the glorious full moon shines the whole night long, her whole bright side being now turned towards us. As the full moon is always opposite the sun, and as the winter sun is lowest in the heavens, therefore the winter full moons are the highest and brightest, which is a providential arrangement, especially for Polar regions.

The harvest moon is the full moon next before September 23rd, or the autumnal equinox. It is so called, because for some days, that particular full moon rises almost *exactly* at sunset, instead of being about forty-nine minutes later each day, as it often is. It is this absence of any break between sunlight and moonlight that enables harvest operations to be carried on without interruption all night if necessary.

After the full, the moon wanes, till becoming a half moon, she enters her last quarter, soon to diminish into a crescent and vanish in the rays of the sun.

We must remember that though some of the other planets have

several moons, none have nearly so bright a light as our own moon, owing to their greater distance from the sun.

Surely, as we gaze on her beauty, and 'bless her useful light,' she will no longer seem to us a huntress queen, a 'goddess excellently bright,' but a true type of that 'lesser light' which has been granted to enlighten us in the dark night of this life:

'The Moon above, the Church below,  
A wondrous race they run,  
But all their radiance, all their glow,  
Each borrows of its Sun.'

Bog-Oak.

*(To be continued.)*

---

## CHARACTER.

## VI.

## THE SPIRIT OF GIVING.

WE now come to the Spirit of Giving, not to man but to God: and here, as with the Spirit of Giving to man, we can never feel that we have given all it is possible to us to give, or made the most of ourselves, so that we have as much to give as we might have.

What are we to give? The answer comes to us naturally in the familiar words, 'Ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice to Thee.' Ourselves—to be used in the objects which He pleases, which He most desires, with our own full will and assent. When we come to think what these objects are, we see how inextricably the thought of giving to God is mingled with that of giving to man. We can hardly divide them, even in our own consciousness.

Yet there is a range of thought and feeling in which the spirit of giving directly to God has to be cultivated, and the spirit of giving to man, though it leads up to this, does not in all cases directly fill the want. In the ordering of our lives, where no one but ourselves and God seems to be concerned, there is a spirit of getting and a spirit of giving possible. The spirit of getting does not necessarily mean that we want to take things away from other people; it means that we crave after what is pleasant for ourselves. So far as we grasp at what we desire instead of giving it to Him with our will, we are following the animal nature in us instead of the Divine.

And here there are two courses to follow, each of them in opposition to the spirit of getting, but of them the one is the freer and the happier, and perhaps not really harder than the other. Supposing that circumstances plainly show us that we cannot have what we most desire, as in the course of life must occur; we may, of course, grumble and rebel, yielding to the spirit of getting that is in us. But if we do not yield to the spirit of getting, we may then do one of two things. We may lie still and let him take away our joy—relinquishing our hold and not grasping at it: and this is the spirit which we know as resignation. Or we may ourselves *give* generously what He asks for instead of letting Him take it: taking an active part instead of a passive one: and this is, in the highest sense, the spirit of giving: the spirited, free, glad way of taking pain, which minimises our own self-pity, just as any generous soul does in making a sacrifice for one it loves. Any one who knows what suffering

really is cannot undervalue the attainment of resignation; but resignation has a conscious pathos about it which gives it a touch of weakness, while there is nothing but strength in the generous, active giving which does not dwell upon its own pain. 'No doubt there is some mysterious purpose in this dispensation,' says the resigned spirit: but the spirit of giving trusts, without having to comfort itself by thinking that there is anything exceptional in its pain. What God gives *must* be the very best: why should we pity ourselves?

If of any virtue it is true that it has to be cultivated when no call for its outward exercise occurs, if we want to have it when the call does occur, it is true of this one. The opposing quality, which makes it impossible that when we meet with a great trouble we should rise beyond resignation as our furthest point, is self-pity: and self-pity can be cultivated or suppressed throughout all the occasions of daily life. It is an inner, not an outer quality. It is possible to be outwardly uncomplaining, and yet to pity oneself inwardly; more especially tempting, perhaps, in these days of character-study, when sympathy is so easily called out towards imaginary characters and circumstances, that it is difficult for people, especially the young, to avoid sympathizing with themselves. But it is plain, at least, that if we pity ourselves we are not generously giving ourselves. How much would any of us give for a service grudgingly done, where the giver reckoned up the pain and labour it had cost him?

Self-pity is the quality which if suffered to show itself outwardly becomes fretfulness, discontent, and in its active stages repining or rebellion. It intensifies the physical condition of depression, and probably adds at least half to the amount of misery in the world, on the principle that any pain can be intensified and localized by steadily contemplating it. It is no wonder that the effect of Christianity upon its professors makes so little impression upon non-Christians, when so many really good and holy persons fail to see that self-pity robs their religion of gallantry and chivalry—the graces which are needed to make it not only serviceable, but lovely and attractive. Self-pity can even be woven into prayers. We can appeal to the Divine pity to help us to endure petty troubles which we had better forget, and to take from us suffering which it would be better to bear bravely. Yet since it paralyses the Spirit of Giving, which is the Divine in us, would it not be better to pray rather against the self-pity which makes us cowardly in the prospect or presence of small pains or troubles, than to dignify or intensify these same small pains and troubles by making the supporting of them the subject of prayer?

The other quality which is opposed in us to the Spirit of Giving, either to God or man, is indolence, with its kindred developments. It is difficult to know what degree of moral blame to attach to indolence in other people; the amount of energy depends so much

upon physical causes, health, climate, &c., that it is as well to be very lenient in our judgments with regard to others. But with regard to ourselves, if we really want to suppress indolence, we must be ready for a certain amount of physical training. Heavy meals, late hours, and insufficient exercise will make almost any one indolent, however naturally energetic they may be; while there is hardly any tonic so efficient against it as regular mental work, when a person is not out of health. Giving requires energy, to keep up watchfulness and observation of others is a great effort, and there is perhaps no harder effort than to suppress discontent and self-pity by a resolute giving up of ourselves to God. If we are to aim at His likeness, we must try to develop our energies, physical, mental and spiritual by every means in our power.

Energy in devotion, which would come under this head, is one which to some people is easy, and to others the hardest thing in the world, from the concentration and focussing of spiritual force which it requires. Here as elsewhere, training is the one thing needful, together with the pluck and humility necessary to submit to training. Practical hints with regard to training are not the object of this book, and will be abundantly found elsewhere; it is enough to say here that if any one's mind is steadily set upon attaining those qualities which are the Likeness of God, no training will be despised which may lead him to it.

It is of course by no means the intention of these papers to give an exhaustive description of the various qualities which make up goodness. All that they aim at doing is to suggest ideas which may lead people to think them out for themselves. For example, we have not touched upon faith, humility, or many other virtues, and it will be found in studying the subject that it is very difficult to keep distinct the various lines which we have indicated; for the lines of goodness are rather those of a spider's web, radiating from one centre, with bars running into and strengthening the various ribs, than those of a tree with distinct branches, which can all be traced from the outmost spray to the trunk from which they spring. For instance, the foundation virtue of justice which shows itself in a dutiful recognition of the claims of others upon us, runs into the loving recognition of them which springs from the spirit of giving; self-restraint, too, which first becomes a habit from the growth of self-respect, becomes heightened and refined from its being the first thing required of us by the demand of the spirit of Giving, whether to man or to God.

But there is one thing certain, that the more we analyse and study the various inner and outer manifestations of goodness, the higher will be the possibilities of goodness we see before us; and with some natures this fact in itself brings a revulsion. There is a very ordinary kind of temptation in which the mocking demon takes the form of practicalness and common sense. 'Up in the clouds! A



very pretty ideal no doubt, but who ever was found to carry it out? It is beyond the capacity of human nature, and it is no good to think about attaining it. Human nature cannot be strained so far, or if it is there is sure to come a shameful or ridiculous downfall. It is much better to be content with what is attainable by man, and try to carry that out as well as can be done, than to shoot at a target far out of reach. God is not a hard taskmaster who demands the impossible from His creatures.'

The last thought gives a clue to the fallacy here. Those who say or think this do not clearly see what is the ideal they confess to—not the love of God—of Perfect Goodness—for His own sake, but the pursuit of so much goodness as they think will satisfy Him. If a new revelation came—if it were possible that it should come—which should promise heaven to all who had not positively lived a criminal life, we should not then care for any higher aspiration! But God is not so easily satisfied for us as we are for ourselves. He made us for His own image, and redeemed us that we might be conformed to the image of Christ, and there is no other *Summum Bonum* for us than the *Highest Good*. 'It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.' There could be no true happiness, no true heaven, for those who have the spark of the Divine nature in them as we have, other than our transformation into the Divine likeness, which must be done somewhere, and for which this earth is given us as our workshop—or rather His, with the co-operation of our will; and if God's love for us were slight enough to be satisfied with less than this, our nature, as He has made it, could not be.

'Human nature cannot be strained so far.' True, the animal nature in us could not bear the strain; but the Divine nature in us has the infinite capacities of the Divine nature; infinite endurance, infinite growth, infinite love; and we need never be afraid of straining too far towards true Perfection. It may, of course, happen that our growth may be onesided, we may strain after one set of virtues, leaving out others, and thus may lose our balance; but in this case it is not the strength of the strain that is in fault, but the want of use of the intellectual regulator of the machine. If there is one short and comprehensive reason why we are so miserably inferior to what we might be, it is this: we do not try to be perfect. We make up our mind that it is of no use to try, because Perfection, being infinitely out of our reach, cannot be attained by any of us in this life. But who can say how much nearer we might grow to the Divine likeness, if we devoted our energies to the culture of those qualities which we recognise as goodness, and tried to suppress our faults, not so much single and disjointed sins, as looking on them as the signs of the defects in our character which can only be 'made whole' by repeated conquests over temptation, in the strength of God.

And there is no reason to believe that the work is only progressive

up to death, and beyond that that everything is changed in us by a miraculous transformation. It may be so; but it is much more in accordance with God's working as we see and know it in this life to believe that the culture of character will continue beyond the grave; that the first form boy will not find himself at once capable of sixth form work, but that according to our attainments here will be our capabilities there. If so, how much more reason there is to set our standard here as high as our imagination will allow us to reach, and to be satisfied with nothing less than growing, as St. Paul suggested to the Ephesians, to 'the perfect man, the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.'

---

## DUTCH SKETCHES.

BY MISS PEARD.

THE Dutch are essentially a comfortable people. You have a proof of this before the steamer reaches Rotterdam, in the behaviour of the custom-house officers; they do not bluster or swagger, or put on grand official airs; they do not take delight in penning their victims into a crowded room, or oblige them to search wildly for a porter first, and then for the missing luggage; they do not even, as at Ventimiglia, expose them to the dangers of death from crushing: no, an hour or so before the arrival at Rotterdam the steamer slackens speed, a little boat hangs on to her, two or three unassuming individuals climb over the side; these are the custom-house people, and the luggage is examined on board ship without fuss or difficulty.

Then the cows. The cows are my next instance in support of my theory, because when you are in the train, and looking curiously from side to side at the flat rich pasture of brilliant green; at the little streams which divide them, gay with marsh marigolds and vocal with croaking frogs; at the distant windmills, and the red houses which peep from between the distant trees, you notice at once that the cows, or a large proportion of them, have cloths wrapped round them; whether it is to protect them from the mists at night or the flies by day, I cannot say; any way, it is some provision for the comfort of the creatures. But, indeed, all round you are signs of ease and prosperity. It is impossible, perhaps, for an English person not to connect excessive cleanliness with a well-to-do condition, and it is probable—so innate is cleanliness in Dutch nature—that this may be a somewhat misleading sign. While staying at Utrecht I went into many of the poorer streets, and into some of the houses belonging to them; people, children, and houses were all clean, and there were no marks of anything like abject poverty; but I was told by my Dutch friends that there was a lower stratum, streets into which they would not like to venture, and houses where dirt prevails. It was so difficult to realize, that one found oneself constantly assuring them that they did not know what was meant by dirt. The only houses which seemed to me miserable enough to bear any comparison with our crowded towns, were those which lined the sides of some of the canals. The canals are sunk deep below the roads, to allow of vessels passing under the bridges, and where this is the case you may find the sides pierced with habitations, not rising direct from the water, for there comes first a broad sort of wharf, along which trees are planted, but sufficiently

close and unwholesome to be in a good many cases condemned by the authorities as unfit for dwelling places.

There are a great number of charitable institutions in Utrecht. The Deaconesses have a large house where they receive and educate orphans, and where the sick are brought—sick of all ages and all classes—to be nursed back into health, or to pass away cared for by loving hands to the last. Contagious illness is treated in a separate building, on the other side of the pleasant garden at the back of the house, perhaps, for our notions, hardly far enough removed ; and there is another little building where consumptive patients are lodged day and night with the cows, after the fashion of which we read in *Mme. de Genlis'* tales ; otherwise, all, young and old alike, were in the big house itself, in their different divisions. Here was the old woman of ninety-three wondering when the call would come, and sometimes, so she said, whether she were not forgotten ; here was the poor lady who had seen better days, and whose brain was gradually softening, happy again in a cheerful, flowery little room, with a bright-faced young girl to wait upon her ; here were the babies building brick houses, and another room which might have been sad for the sick children it contained, and the pain which no kindness could charm away, but which yet seemed to have a double portion of love and tenderness brightening it, and winning smiles even from the poor little fellow with hip disease, for whom the morrow would bring another operation.

Besides all their work in the Home, which combines in itself orphanage, school, hospital, convalescent home, and other branches of the same sort of work, the Deaconesses are sent out to nurse, and the demand, as usual, exceeds the supply. The one who conducted us round had been there forty years. A house of rest for such as became old and incapacitated had been provided, but it was found to be so bitter a grief for those who had to leave, that the plan was given up, and they are allowed to remain in the Home.

Upwards of three hundred feet high, the great tower of Utrecht Cathedral makes a landmark for miles in the flat country round. It is beautiful both in form and colour, the soft rich red of the old brick and the tender grey of the stone mixed with it, blending in exquisite harmony. The height appears the greater from its standing alone, for in the seventeenth century a hurricane of extraordinary violence actually blew down the nave, so that nothing now remains but the apse and choir—in which the service of the Dutch Reformed Church is held—and this mighty solitary tower dominating the town. The so-called Jansenist Church, deeply interesting to all who know the history of the archbishops of Utrecht, their gallant stand against the corruptions of their Church, and their late gift of orders to the Old Catholics, is a new and unremarkable building close to the *Maria Plaats*.

Utrecht boasts of two museums, without anything very noticeable in either, except that one contains a magnificently bound service book

ascribed to S. Boniface, and the other a very curious and complete model of an old Dutch house. 'This doll's house, if so it can be called, is some two hundred years old. It contains ten rooms, and every minute particular in the furniture is carried out with the most exquisite care. Moreover, everything is real. The little pictures on the walls in their rich frames were painted by the Old Masters themselves, the first artists of the day. The ceilings are charmingly decorated by famous decorators. The tiny sets of china are of the finest and rarest old porcelain. The tiles are what are now sought after by collectors, the silver all the most beautiful work of its kind, the carvings admirable. There are miniature ivory treasures, the carpets are real, so is everything, the spider-like lace, the pearls round the neck of the lady who sits receiving her guests. Nothing, down to the smallest details, could be more perfect. One would like to know something of the first possessors of this costly plaything, which is now of great value to antiquarians and historians, and stands in the midst of such odd contrasts as racks and thumbscrews and the like evil things.

In the village of Zeist, not far from Utrecht, the Moravian Brothers have a settlement. You drive along the pleasant road, bordered by fine trees, and reach at last a double group of buildings, each encircling a sort of quadrangular court, where the long grass waves round rhododendrons and blossoming shrubs. There, for a great number of years, a little colony of between one and two hundred Moravians have lived and died. Nothing can exceed the extraordinary quiet and peacefulness of the spot; it seems to take hold of and envelop you; you might be in the heart of a forest, a hundred miles from the train, which, after all, goes rushing by scarcely out of hearing. Nevertheless, there is plenty of busy labour within the buildings; you go in and find shops of all sorts—bootmakers, bookbinders, milliners, toy-shops, and lacquer shops, where the *trommeltjes* are of especial excellence. *Trommeltjes* are a characteristic of tidy, orderly Holland; every store cupboard has rows of these tin or lacquered boxes of every size, standing on snow-white shelves or hung against the wall. The children on their way to school may be seen with these neat little green cases hanging round their necks, containing dinner, or bread and butter, or biscuits, as may happen. For biscuits and cakes of all sorts, the Netherlands are emphatically *the* country, and leave Scotland nowhere! Every town has its speciality. There are the excellent round, rusk-like biscuits of the Hague, the brown-fingers of Utrecht, the crisp *jaapmantjes* of Delft everywhere—best of all, at Haarlem, the delicious *Heerenbrod*, a thin cake spread with marmalade—and everywhere again the unsurpassable *wafelen*, melting in your mouth, and so delicate that they must be eaten as soon as made. Let every one who goes to Holland taste *Heerenbrod* and *wafelen*.

It is a long step from cakes to pictures, but poetry and prose are a good deal mixed in this world, and both these subjects are brought

prominently before the visitor among the Dutch. The Rembrandts in the Hague and at Amsterdam are a revelation; perhaps the most interesting of all are those in the collection of the Six family, at Amsterdam, since there we see them in a private house, and just as Rembrandt painted them for his friends and patrons. Nothing in the shape of a portrait can be more beautiful than that of the Burgomaster Six. He is dressed in a grey buttoned coat, with a large hat; a red cloak hangs over his left shoulder, his head, with its auburn hair, is slightly inclined to the right, and he is drawing on a glove, which, together with the hand, is unfinished. But for the thoughtfulness of the expression, for the haunting power of those following eyes, the picture appears to me unrivalled. Opposite to him hangs his wife, as great a triumph as the other so far as the technical qualities of the painting are concerned. But—what a difference! Talk of poetry and prose, he is all poetry and she all prose. The house has other treasures besides the Rembrandts: Dows, Steens, and Mieris of the highest conceivable finish, notably and above others, Dow's Travelling Dentist—blue china lining rare old cabinets, antique drinking glasses of finest workmanship—that with pointed ends, to oblige the drinker to finish his toast at a draught, this with a miniature windmill attached, the sails of which set whirling would point when stopped to the number of glasses the holder was compelled to drink—old tiles and old silver, make the home of the Sixes a charming place in which to linger.

Coming out, what living pictures greet you! Everywhere between the quaint and narrow houses of Amsterdam, built high and narrow because of the difficulties and expense of the pile foundations, lie the canals, broad bands of light and colour. They are generally bordered with trees, just now in their freshest spring dress, and alive with picturesque boats of the clumsiest build. The boats seem to bring all that is wanted, and if you look at the houses you will see in each, high up, a small projection roofing in a pulley. Down comes a rope and a hook from this pulley, the great packages brought by the boats, bales, furniture, trusses of hay, each and all are attached to the rope, they swing upwards, a cavernous window yawns, in goes the burden, whatever it may be. As you walk towards the mouth of the Y., the traffic increases, little steamers come leisurely in from Zaandam and Alkmaar, and Edam, or from Harvingen, across the Zuyder Zee; the women disembark in their odd tight caps, with great gold or silver pins sticking out in the front, in a line with their eyebrows, generally, alas, with a gay bonnet perched on the top of their head-dresses; sometimes you will see a Frisian, with her curious sort of gold—real gold—skull cap, over which is drawn the lace cap. It is pleasant enough to get into one of these little steamers and to take the return voyage to Zaandam. Besides the Czar Peter's curious little hut, with its cupboard bedstead identical with that still used, even by well-to-do farmers, there is a great attraction in the place



itself—in its green paint and cool canals, and flowery houses, its old world air, and its army of windmills. For this is the world of windmills. As far as the eye can reach they are everywhere, grinding corn, sawing wood, extracting water from the land, of all shapes, sizes, and varieties—this one thatched down the body, that one gaily painted a bright green, this with russet sails, that with grey, flinging wild arms about, and each with its distinguishing name painted neatly for all comers to see, 'The Green Huntsman,' or 'Rest in the Fatherland,' or some such little touch of imagination or sentiment.

From Zaandam it is a pleasant drive by great *polders* and inland dykes to Broek, the village which has grown to be considered a typical Dutch village, and which all travellers are bidden to see. Certainly, it is marvellously clean, but so are other villages; nor is it peculiar to Broek that men and boys leave their *sabots* outside the doors when they enter the houses. I should rather say that the curious impression produced by Broek lay in its extraordinary quiet, and a certain air of jealous retreat which pervades the place. You meet no one; there are houses, but scarcely a sign of an inhabitant; an old man weeding the road, paved with small round stones, a few occasional children, and this was about all. No one seemed to feel any interest in the three strangers who were peering about, no one came to look at us; hot as it was, no doors stood open, and indeed the front doors were evidently reserved for such high ceremonies as funerals or banquets, for they were furnished with movable steps, which in almost every instance had been removed. It was a place in which to all appearances you might bury yourself absolutely, a green retreat, with calm water and shining lights, and entire forgetfulness or ignorance of the world outside.

The water streets and the bordering trees give a family likeness to most of the Dutch towns. Alkmaar may rank as one of the most picturesque, but then we saw it on a market day, and market day there meant a wild orgie of yellow cheeses, every golden ball oiled until it shines like metal. There is at Alkmaar a most picturesque old weighing house, probably bad as to its architecture, but beautiful in colouring, softened by time, and admirable as a background. Processions of the most oddly primitive carts in the world, gaily painted in blue or brown, picked out with other colours, jolt up with their shining cheeses; the great scales are in constant use; then the cheeses are piled on flat hand barrows, caught up by porters, distinguished from each other by red, blue, green, or yellow straw hats, and carried at a fast trot to the great boats which fill the pretty canal in front of the market place. It is the only place where I saw hurry. King Cheese rules, every one is pushed out of his way, the yellow balls are rolled along wooden troughs and thrown into the boats; the whole scene is so animated, so gay, so full of colour, that an artist would rejoice in it, only he has no time to lose, for the demon of restoration is rampant in Alkmaar, and next year the weighing house is to



stand out as clean, modern looking, and uninteresting as many of its brethren.

The effect of whitewash in Holland is simply appalling. The instant you enter church or cathedral, the dead white rises round you, walls, roof, columns, tombs, capitals, with all the beauty taken out of them, ghosts of themselves. Whitewash has been laid on so persistently and for so many years, that even if they wished to remove it, the expense would be enormous, and at Haarlem, where some enlightened spirits have gained the day, they have for three years been working, and have only accomplished a little, though that little, with its revelation of colour, is encouraging. At Gouda, where is some of the finest painted glass in the world, the effect of the setting of these glowing windows—one or two of them eighty feet in height—in plain white walls, is almost ludicrous.

In the curious Oude Kerk of Delft, with its leaning tower, is a spirited monument to our great sailor-enemy, Van Tromp. The church dates from the 11th century, and even the Nieuwe Kerk has attained the respectable age of five hundred years. It is dear to Dutchmen, for here lies their much-loved William of Orange. Over his grave is placed, under an ugly canopy, a beautiful recumbent marble statue of the Prince. At his feet lies, curled up but watchful, a dog. Motley says that after having been saved at Hermigny by the vigilance of his dog, he always kept one of the same race in his room; but the sacristan at Delft assured us that it was the same animal, that he more than once saved his master's life, and that after the Prince's assassination, the dog refused food, died of grief, and was buried at his master's feet.

The pottery works, which were closed for forty years, have recently been re-opened at Delft, and are in very successful working. They find they can get better painting than is on the old, but a particular bluish tinge in the ground they have not yet been able to reproduce, though they have every hope of attaining to it by and by. They send to Cornwall for their clay. Boys and girls are being trained to paint, and the boys are doing them great credit, one dark-haired lad especially turning out quite a genius. The girls do not get on so well, they seem to be wanting in steady application. An old man of seventy-three was shown to us, who had been one of the men employed in the old works. During the forty years they remained closed he found no pleasure in any other occupation, and his delight at being taken on in the new factory was most touching. He has never reached the high artist level, but paints with marvellous speed and accuracy, and is as happy as a king over his blue pots. This last winter he was so ill that it was thought he would have died, but he said himself he hoped he should be permitted to get well again, in order to paint a little more. And there he is, looking as if many years yet lay before him.

The trees—especially the beeches, and more especially the copper-beeches—are a great feature in Holland. The roads are really avenues,

and two, at least, of the towns, the Hague and Haarlem, have delightful woods in which their people walk and drive. One of the charms of the Hague is the drive under trees to Scheveningen—the fishing village with the unpronounceable name, which in summer is one of the most fashionable resorts in Holland, an odd mixture of the rough and the polished, of bold fisher girls and fine ladies, of great clumsy picturesque boats drawn up in a line along the beach, of carriages, and casinos, of staring hotels, and odd, quaintly shaped little red houses. But the Hague at all times is a pleasant and cheerful town, as it should be, when you perceive how carefully all marks of age are smoothed off its oldest buildings. A patch of lichen, a crumbling stone would have no ghost of a chance. They would be scraped and pointed in a moment. There is but one dark corner where the shadow of crime and cruelty seems yet to brood, for it is not only the prison and the death spot of John de Witt but the scene of yet worse horrors. There, behind those wicked grated windows, are the dungeons and the torture chambers, and all the ghastly paraphernalia with which men, demons surely for the time, harrowed their fellow men. Up there is the room which held those who were condemned to die of hunger, and by an awful refinement of cruelty, its window was made to overlook the kitchen, so that sight and smell might add their share to the torment. That hole in the stone floor was caused by the perpetual fall of one drop of water from the roof, those who were subjected to this torture having their heads previously shaved, so that the drop at last felt like lead striking on the brain. The punishment lasted four days, but by the end of two the victim was always mad, and at length death mercifully put an end to the agony. No wonder that all the cheerfulness and brightness of the Hague fails to touch this black and evil spot.

The annual *kermesse* was going on when we were there, but the great fair has ceased to possess any picturesque features, and, like other mediæval amusements, is doomed. *Wafelen*, and a kind of pancake, drive a brisk trade, and the fires of each little pancake-stove look gay as night draws on, but there is nothing otherwise attractive in either booths or people. It was a relief to turn away, and to go back in the train to Utrecht, through the quiet pasture land, over which stretched a great expanse of evening sky. Out of those peaceful depths a star shone here and there, and only here and there the level horizon was broken by a clump of trees, sheltering some little red-roofed homestead, and standing black and solemn against the yellow lights.

---

## HYMNS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS AND OCCASIONS.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, AUTHOR OF 'THE KNIGHT OF INTERCESSION,' ETC.

## IX.

[Written for the S. Katharine's Training College, Tottenham, founded by the S. P. C. K.]

1. Commend we, FATHER, to Thy care,  
The new fair Home we raise,  
Where faithful daughters trained in prayer  
May grow up to Thy praise;  
Whence each may pass—heart fixed above—  
And loyal offering make;  
Life's labour consecrate in love  
To Thee "for conscience sake." \*
2. LORD JESU, here be ever seen,  
Standing beneath Thy Rood,  
Stoled in Thy raiment, white and clean,  
A priestly sisterhood;  
Which in Thy Church's order sure  
May in the dark world shine  
Like her, the wise, the brave, the pure,  
Their own Saint Katharine.†
3. Teacher of Teachers, only Guide,  
True Learning's only spring,  
LORD and Life-giver, here abide  
All truth interpreting;  
From light to light of mind and soul,  
And pure, devoted will,  
Lead on Thy learners to the goal  
Of Wisdom's Holy Hill.
4. Lead on, O LORD, Love, Grace, and Might!  
Lead on, through toil and prayer;  
So worship shall make labour light,  
And Hope ennoble care;  
So they, adoring while they toil,  
Their guerdon may foresee,  
When at Thy feet they lay the spoil  
Of souls they trained for Thee.

AMEN.

\* The motto of the College: Rom. xiii. 5.

† S. Katharine, Patroness of Theology and Education; wise, for her consecrated learning; brave, in her successful encounter with the heathen philosophers who were commanded by the Roman Emperor to try the steadfastness of her faith; pure, in her rejection of the overtures of the Emperor (Maximin), and in the saintliness of her Christian life.

## PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

## X.

## HISTORY OF THE LITANY.

*Aunt Anne.* 'Ye Litanies of ancient prayer,  
 There in an holy ground,  
 Ye rise, a bright and crystal stair,  
 Which clouds and gloom surround.  
 A crystal stair the purer Heavens ascending,  
 Fair as the seas and skies at evening's portal blending.'

*Susan.* Where does that come from?

*A.* From Isaac Williams's Cathedral. It is the beginning of a poem drawing out what the Litany is, or may be, to us.

*S.* Ancient prayer. They were very old then?

*A.* *Litaneia*, the Greek word for an earnest supplication, was the name adopted for the fast day intercession. In Palmer's *Origines Liturgicæ*, there is an account of a sermon by S. Basil, where he rebukes the people for their inattention and impatience while Litanies were sung during a time of drought, and says they rush out of church as from a prison.

*S.* People were very like what they are now.

*A.* Litanies seem to have been much interspersed with Psalms, and the *Kyrie Eleison* always occurred in them, often very frequently. They began to take their regular form in the middle of the fifth century, apparently from the suggestion in the second chapter of Joel.

*S.* When there were pestilences and earthquakes in Gaul, the Bishop Mamertus of Vienne made the people go in procession on the Rogation days, singing the Litany.

*A.* And a little later, S. Gregory the Great, in a time of famine and pestilence at Rome, drew out the people in procession, the clergy in one line, the monks in another; the old men, the young men, the nuns, the widows, the matrons, maidens and children, all chanting supplications.

*S.* Did not S. Augustine and his companions sing a Litany as they came to King Ethelbert?

*A.* Yes, the verse, that Bede has preserved, is in the Lyons Litany. After that time there rose up immense numbers of Litanies. Almost every church had its own, adapted to its own special wants.

*S.* As we have heard of, 'From the fury of the Northmen, deliver us.' Were these Litanies always sung in procession?

*A.* Always, I believe; the short clauses and uniform responses being capable of being participated in by the whole train of worshippers.

But it was only on the Gang days, as the Rogation days were called in England, and on special occasions of danger, that the processional Litany was sung out of doors. Generally, the singers only went up and down the aisles of the church; and after the eighth century, in the Western Church, all the portion sung while they were moving consisted of invocations to saint after saint, the response being *Ora pro nobis*—pray for us. Afterwards all knelt, and the supplications directly addressed to God began. There is nothing demanding the priestly office in a Litany, so that they were often chanted in convents by nuns, and even now the devout Austrian and Tyrolese peasantry may often be found singing vernacular Litanies in their churches without the presence of a priest.

S. Have I not heard of Litanies of the Blessed Virgin?

A. Yes, there are some directly addressed to her, used by Romanists, and even one to S. Joseph; but we need not think about them. The Invocations of the Saints were apparently sung while the procession was moving, and the number of names depended on the distance there was to walk, and the time occupied. No doubt the good men who added these meant to join the intercessions of the saints in Paradise to their own upon earth.

S. But it was doubtfully right.

A. These Invocations opened the way to great evils, and they were not Catholic, for they only began in the eighth century, and were never adopted by the Eastern Churches, though they have many and elaborate Litanies. In England there were different Litanies, according to the 'use,' of the various parts of England; and, as perhaps you know, our present Litany was the first part of the Service translated, except the Creed, Commandments, and Lord's Prayer.

S. What was it translated from?

A. It was compiled from the different Litanies already in use. There is more from Sarum than from any other, but there are also clauses from York and from London. It must have been most carefully put together by a loving and devotional hand, and in 1536 was published, with a letter from Henry VIII. to Cranmer, saying that heretofore the people—because they understood no part of the prayers to be said and sung—were slack to come to the processions, by which he evidently means Litanies, 'and he hopes they will now enjoy the godly taste thereof.'

S. Was it exactly our own?

A. Not quite. The Invocations to Saints were not entirely omitted, but were reduced to three sentences. These were, 'S. Mary, Mother of God our Saviour,' 'Holy Angels, Archangels, and all holy orders of Blessed Spirits,' 'Holy Patriarchs, Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, Virgins, and all the blessed company of Heaven,' each with the response 'Pray for us.' They also left out the Lesser Litany, or *Kyrie Eleison*, with which the old Latin ones always commenced.

There was another revision in 1544, when there were a few more improvements, which I will tell you as we go through it.

S. Have I not heard that there was a clause about the Pope?

A. After 'privy conspiracy and rebellion' came 'From the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome and all his detestable enormities,' but this was left out in 1561 under Queen Elizabeth.

S. When were the Invocations to the Blessed Virgin and the Angels and Saints given up?

A. In King Edward's First Book in 1549. Then, too, definite times for saying the Litany were appointed. Processions were forbidden. I believe they had become often very disorderly, profane and mischievous, but the prohibition was unfortunate, as they have a wonderful effect in reaching the hearts and feelings of those who need that the Church should come to them.

S. And Litanies and processions belonged to one another, so that the Litany would have ceased if days had not been fixed for it.

A. So the days chosen were the penitential days of the week.

S. Wednesday because of our Blessed Lord being betrayed, and Friday as that of His Passion.

A. Sunday was not added till the Second Prayer Book in 1552, probably to secure a congregation for it. It was a separate service, and to be said in the body of the church.

S. At the Litany desk or fald stool 'between the porch and the altar' (Joel ii. 17).

'Between the porch and altar kneel,  
Unworthy of the holiest place.'

A. It was Archbishop Grindal, in 1571, who made the arrangement that there should be no pause between Matins, Litany and Communion Service, so as to prevent people from only attending a part.

S. But it is often separated.

A. Yes, there were Cathedrals which had it by itself on Sunday mornings, and latterly it has become very common to use it as a single service.

S. I think it was one of the services the Puritans most disliked. Did they not consider that it came under the head of vain repetitions?

A. They did—not considering that the same would apply to the 137th Psalm.

S. Yes, and our Blessed Lord Himself prayed three times in the same words. But what do the vain repetitions mean?

A. The instance I have always seen given of such repetitions is the shrieking 'O Baal hear us' all day. The classic authors speak of fatiguing the gods with their prayers, and this must be what is meant by their thinking they should be heard for their much speaking. But I think that the meaning of the warning is that all repeating of prayer *without the heart* is vain. 'This people draweth

nigh unto me with their lips, but their heart is far from me' (Matt. xv. 8).

S. So it depends on ourselves whether our prayers are vain repetitions.

A. Exactly. The Rosary prayers—the numerous Aves and Paternosters constantly recurring—were, in their first intention, aids to devotion and heavenly meditation, but to many and many, couched as they were in a strange language, they became mechanical reiteration, and retribution came on the Church when these her beautiful formulary in her own tongue was treated as a vain repetition.

S. The divisions of the Litany I think I know: 1, the Invocations; 2, the Deprecations; 3, the Pleadings; 4, the Intercessions; 5, the Supplications; 6, the Versicles and Prayers.

A. The Invocations, to each Holy Person of the Godhead singly, then to the Holy Trinity, are very old, and universal in the western Litanies. It was in 1544, however, that 'miserable sinners' was added.

S. I remember what you said before, that miserable is meant to express that we are in constant need of God's pity, not that we are especially unhappy at the moment.

A. Yes, you should impress that on your scholars, because there is a notion abroad of unreality in the language.

S. I know people even make a joke of it.

A. I am afraid they know little what sin means or involves.

S. That next sentence, 'Remember not, &c.,' is the beginning of the Deprecations.

A. It formerly was an antiphon at the end of the Penitential Psalms, which often were sung before the Litany.

S. It must have had a special force when the Litany was said to avert some special misfortune that was threatening as a punishment.

A. And it acknowledges the great principle of Providence, of hereditary doom entailed by sin.

S. As is shewn in the Second Commandment.

A. And explained in the 18th chapter of Ezekiel, affecting the bodily and temporal condition, though not bringing punishment on the soul. The world is driven more and more to acknowledge this great truth, by its researches after the sources of disease, and taints of character.

S. But surely character is, not the soul exactly, but a part of it, and if vices are hereditary, they taint the soul.

A. Not precisely. It is not the vice that is hereditary, but liability to temptation, which makes the conquest harder. The son of a drunkard does not inherit intoxication, but desire for strong drink; and if he overcomes it, his soul is free, and he rises all the higher by God's grace. Yet his father's sin is probably visited on him in worse circumstances and dangerous associates. I suppose every one of us as individuals and as parts of the nation, have some



suffering or disadvantage entailed on us by our own sins or those of our ancestors—bad customs for instance, or wealth unjustly gained, political misdoings, transgressions against the Church. For a pressing and terrible instance, that mass of unreclaimed corruption, unbelief and hatred of authority, which is like the forces of a volcano under our feet, is the effect of the national indifference to the spiritual and temporal welfare of the poor that prevailed till recently. We may well pray that God will not remember these offences, nor take vengeance of our sins, by letting these forces loose on us.

S. Ah! yes, as in the great French Revolution. I never thought of all that meaning.

A. These next words 'Spare Thy people' are from Joel ii. 17.

S. The original suggestion of a Litany.

A. Yes, but observe, Joel says: 'Let not Thine heritage be brought to reproach.' Now we remember that we are the people of our blessed Lord's heritage, therefore we specially address Him ——

S. As having redeemed us with His precious Blood.

A. And as Lord of His Church, the remainder of the Litany is especially spoken to Him. But I think our time is up for to-day, and that we must go on to the Deprecations next time.

The following corrections have been pointed out in the conversation on the Athanasian creed:—

Venantius Fortumius should be Venanticus Fortunatus.

470 should be 570.

The date of Charlemagne's copy presented to the Pope is 772.

The Creed appears in Athelstane's Psalter in 930.

## CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

STORY BOOKS, SMALL AND GREAT.

SPIDER. Oh, the lovely Christmas books! They are prettier than ever this year. Only too good for little children to mess about.

*Arachne*. If you could only have seen the nursery books of my youth, for Christmas books there were none.

S. Well, I have seen some, in the far corner of your bureau, and I thought you were very tender of them.

A. So I am. I was only thinking of your contemptuous young eyes, and what you would think of my dear old A was an Apple Pie, or Puss in Boots, or Cock Robin and Jenny Wren, when she blushed behind an enormous yellow fan, totally devoid of shading. You see everything was coloured by hand, and often when the drawing was not so bad, there was an enormous dab of colour, just spoiling it; now chromolithography is improving every year, and reproducing beautiful work.

S. Do look at these two—*Harlequin's Eggs* and *In and Out* (Swan Sonnenschein), the verses by Ismay Thorne; really pretty verses, too, not nonsensical, and the illustrations by Lily Chitty. Are they not charming? Look at the little fire king! look at the little red-capped gnomes! look at the dear little children, so much better and more carefully drawn than Kate Greenaway's have been of late! look at the flowers and butterflies! real studies. See the daffodils, and the love in a mist, and those four strawberries at the corners of the page. I am sure these must be kept for drawing-room amusements, they are too beautiful for nursery usage.

A. Children's taste certainly ought to be much improved by seeing such beautiful, careful, conscientious works.

S. Conscientious?

A. Yes, it is conscientious to take such pains with the grains on a strawberry, or the spots on a heath ringlet's wing. See the contrast with the drawing in *Quacks* (Ward Lock).

S. Why, the ducks are perfectly shapeless. Is that the ugly duckling? Dear me! he ought to be a cygnet, and he is all white.

A. I dare say Miss Wingrove's drawings looked pretty when she produced them, but they certainly were not studies from nature, and reproduction by photographs, lithographs, or whatever it may be, always perpetuates the faults, while the spirit evaporates, and thus young ladies' work is very seldom as successful as Miss Chitty's.

S. Here are *Play* and *Nursery Numbers* from Marcus Ward's;

both with good, correct drawing, but much fitter for actual nursery wear. I am glad the last of the two has so many of the real old original rhymes, including your poor old woman, *Arachne*.

A. But what will you say to these beauties—Mrs. Ewing's verses, as put forth by the S. P. C. K.—all for no more than a shilling a-piece.

S. Oh! oh! the splendid poodle! The dear little squirrels! They are not such minute work as the *Harlequin eggs*, but I don't know if they are not more artistic. Give me all their names?

A. *Papa Poodle*, *Doll's Housekeeping*, *Soldiers' Children*, *Bluebells on the Lea*, *Tongues in Trees*, *Little Boys' Wooden Horses*, also *Daddy Darwin's Dovecot*. It is hard to tell which one likes best. The *Soldiers' Children* are the most touching, perhaps; *Bluebells on the Lea* the most airy and graceful.

S. And then there's the larger one, the foolish lobster's history, *Blue and Red*, and the beautiful little story of *Jackanapes*, all Mrs. Ewing's.

A. Together with *Lætus Sorte Meâ*, which I admire still more. You should add to these her tales, which Bell still publishes, *Jan*, or *the Miller's Thumb*, and *A Flat Iron for a Farthing*.

S. What books are there for the creatures who can read to themselves?

A. There is a charming book of R. T. S. called *Storyland* with good pictures and nice stories, and another of Miss Meade's, published by Hodder, *The Autocrat of the Nursery*. It is a perfectly delightful story, the children are almost as fascinatingly naughty as if they were in *Holiday House*; but Miss Meade has made it foolishly difficult for the little ones to read, by trying to write down baby pronunciation all through, and what is a serious defect, extending her miss-spellings to the most sacred of names. I shall have to alter it into the right spelling before I give the book away. I would not on any account let the little ones see liberties taken with that Name.

S. What do you think of Miss Francis's *Slyboots*? It is very funny.

A. Very funny and good, but the satire is beyond little children, except the first chapter, which is nearly Chaucer's *Chanticleere* falling a sacrifice to his vanity. I think boys are better provided for than little girls this winter, though, to be sure, a girl will read a boy's book and a boy disdains a girl's. There is *The Doctor's Experiment* (R. T. S.) a very good school-boy story.

S. Oh! I saw the outside, with a prostrate man upon it, and I thought it was going to be a physician's attempt to bring him to life.

A. By no means. The experiment is on a very ungainly and unmanageable boy.

S. And this tricoloured book? *The French Prisoners* (Macmillan.)

A. An interesting description of intercourse between some prisoners in the Franco-German War, and an honest, hearty pair of German

school-boys. It is said to be true. But I think boys will care more for *Charlie Asgarde*, who begins like Robinson Crusoe doubled, and then falls in with the Fijians before they were converted and civilised, and were quite savage enough to satisfy any boy's appetite for horrors. There is the *Hunting of the Albatross*, too (S. P. C. K.), where there is a tremendous fight with a treacherous set of Lascars and Coolies.

S. Oh! that's grand for the boys! But are there no nice little girl's stories?

A. Here are two, not quite so new as these, but which I don't think you have seen, Miss Peard's *Ashenden School-room*, and Miss Weber's *The Old House in the Square*, both published by Routledge, and excellent in their way, both, curiously enough, turning on the exclusiveness and inhospitality of a large happy family towards a stranger, only in one case it is a cousin who suffers, in the other it is a medical pupil. There is also *Bride Picotée*.

S. Oh! it should be pronounced French fashion, should it? I thought Bride was the short for Bridget.

A. No, it is a kind of lace, and this is a charming story on the making of it according to a long lost secret.

S. Now for the Lending Library ones.

A. Miss Shipton's are by far the best. *Bearing the Yoke* and *The Cottage Next Door* are both of them thoroughly true to the nature of the people she represents. *The Memborough Choir-boys* is a good story for cathedral choristers of a higher class than village lads; and *Louie White's Hop Picking* (Griffith & Farran) is one of the few tales fit for school children of this winter.

S. Here is Miss Wilbraham's *What is Right Comes Right*; but that is fittest for a town library, especially for a G. F. S. one, being chiefly about shop girls. Poor little Patty, it is a charming bit about her!

A. *Guide, Philosopher and Friend* (Griffith and Farran) is an exceedingly nice book. It is about an excellent small farmer and his family, who find themselves suddenly wealthy, and are helped through the embarrassments of their position by a very sweet young girl, a real lady, whom they are wise enough to take as their companion. They are thoroughly natural, and quite free from vulgarity. Next to that, among the tales of this season, I like Anna Temple's *Griffenhoof* (S. P. C. K.).

S. What a name!

A. It belongs to an old battered sailor, whose adventures with a little girl rescued from a horrible old woman are exceedingly interesting, and so are the admiral's daughters, with whom he is brought in contact. I admire especially the way of dealing with a young girl who falters in her engagement with a man who is too good for her. *A Dresden Romance* is likewise very nice pleasant reading, being about a young man who gives up hopes of the higher works of art to support his family, and becomes a painter of porcelain at Meissen.

S. Are there any historical stories? They are the hardest to find good.

A. *A Turbulent Town* (S. P. C. K.) is an attempt to make an interesting story of Ghent and Philip von Artevelde, and is fairly good. So is *Wind and Wave fulfilling His Word* (R. T. S.), in which we have the Siege of Leyden.

S. That old siege! Everybody tries their hand on it.

A. And nobody should. Motley's narrative ought to be left to itself. The other story, *A Prisoner's Daughter*, by Esmé Stuart, is of the French prisoners at Winchester in 1758, and is on the whole good, though there are some improbabilities in it.

S. And tell me of a good novel or two.

A. By all means read Lady Margaret Majendie's *Out of their Element*. The impetuous Italian girl, who will not resign herself to English life, is the heroine, but not the prime interest or the finest character. The good, generous, simple, English May stands the highest, and there is a delightful little tomboy of a Jaqueline who is capital fun. There, we have gone through the whole scale of fiction, and I will only mention one graver book, Miss Wilbraham's, *In the Sere and Yellow Leaf* (Macmillan), which, though full of deep, quiet thought, has plenty of anecdote to beguile the way.

---

## THE MYSTERY OF THE INCARNATION.

A COLLOQUY BETWEEN SAINT AMBROSE AND SAINT AUGUSTINE, BY LUIS OF GRANADA (C. 1550), TRANSLATED BY HENRY LASCELLES JENNER, D.D., SOMETIME BISHOP OF DUNEDIN, N. Z.

### THE DOCTRINE OF THE INCARNATION.

"Confitemini Domino, et invocate nomen Ejus; notas facite in populis adinventiones Ejus; mementote quoniam excelsum est nomen Ejus. Cantate Domino, quoniam magnificè fecit; annuntiate hoc in universâ terrâ."—(VULGATE.)

"Praise the Lord, call upon His name, declare His doings among the people; make mention that His name is exalted. Sing unto the Lord, for He hath done excellent things; this is known to all the earth."—(A. V.)—Isa. xii. 4, 5.

#### I.

#### PROLOGUE.

WE read that the celebrated Roman philosopher, Seneca, after long contemplation of the wonders of the material world—the grandeur of the heavens, the brilliancy of the stars, the courses of the planets, the orderly succession of the seasons, in a word, all the visible things of the universe, was fain to exclaim that this life was too transitory to allow of the attainment of a knowledge of these enduring things—to wit, the marvellous works which the Author of Nature had everywhere displayed before the eyes of man.

It may be for a like reason that God seems to invite us by the mouth of His prophet in a manner to pass over His other works, in order the better to apply our minds to the contemplation of that one, which, by reason of its transcendent brightness, eclipses all the rest; that is to say, the mystery of the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ. So great, indeed, and so full of marvels is this mystery, that the entire lives of all who have ever lived would not suffice to fathom it. And yet it may be said with truth that there is no way in which we could better employ the few days that we yet have to live than in meditating on this mystery.

Let us, then, try to consider it under its different forms, and in its different points of view.

When a physician prescribes a particular beverage to a patient, he often advises that it should be taken, not only at meal times, but also whenever an inclination to drink is felt. I give the same counsel with respect to the Incarnation and Passion of our Lord. As the contemplation of this mystery is the most certain remedy for the

diseases of our souls, we ought to avail ourselves of every occasion of recalling it to our minds. In point of fact, our spiritual life may be said to depend on the faithfulness with which we apply ourselves to this holy exercise. Hence it will be useful to discuss this most momentous subject at some length; to present it in different aspects, and to explain it by citing passages of Holy Scripture in which it is referred to. By this method it will be no difficult matter for each of us to keep the subject constantly before his eyes, and that is the principal object which I have in view.

In treating of this mystery, that is to say, the mystery of the Only Begotten Son of God taking upon Him our flesh, that He might save the world, we must not lose sight of the truth, that the Lord had at His disposal a thousand different ways of accomplishing that object; but, being Himself absolute perfection, He chose that method which was the most perfect,—the method in which were most perfectly fulfilled the conditions on which all His works are based, namely, mercy, justice, the glory of God, and the general good of mankind.

I adopt the form of a colloquy, and I suppose it to be carried on between S. Ambrose and S. Augustine, because, as history tells us, it was by the teaching of S. Ambrose that S. Augustine was drawn away from the heresy of the Manicheans; who, as all are aware, while admitting that God had created the things above, and those which are out of our sight, taught, nevertheless, that the maker of all that we see here below was the Devil. Augustine, when he renounced this error, was still completely ignorant of the great mysteries of our holy religion, especially of the ineffable Mystery of the Incarnation and Passion of the Son of God. ‘*Quid autem sacramenti haberet “Verbum caro factum est” nec suspicari quidem poterat,*’ says his biographer: that is, ‘He had no kind of suspicion of what there was mysterious in the words “The Word was made Flesh.”’ This is why I determined to bring S. Ambrose on the scene, and to represent him as explaining this mystery to Augustine, as he had already explained other things. And, indeed, if we may believe S. Augustine himself, the instructions of this holy Bishop were so profitable to him, that from the day of his baptism, he never wearied of contemplating with the utmost delight the wisdom of the Almighty, as shown in the means by which He had chosen to redeem mankind: in other words, nothing was to him conceivable, more excellent, more merciful, more fitting for the healing of our ills, than the Incarnation and Passion of the Son of God.

## II.

### SUBJECT OF THE PRESENT COLLOQUY.

S. AMBROSE undertakes to demonstrate to S. Augustine the infinite superiority of the method employed by the Divine Wisdom to save the world over anything that could have been devised by human



reason ; and with that object he asks him, assuming a knowledge on Augustine's part of the fact of our first parents' fall, to indicate the means which human reason would judge to be the most suitable to repair that fall. Augustine replies that it would have sufficed that a man of eminent virtue—Abraham for instance—should have offered to God an acceptable sacrifice, the holiness and righteousness of which would constrain Him to forget the sin of Adam. Upon which S. Ambrose, comparing this remedy with the one invented by God, shows the excellence of the latter, and reviews the benefits of which mankind would have been deprived, had God acted in any other manner.

*S. Ambrose.*—I should like to know, Augustine, what effect has been produced in your soul by the new light that now shines in you, and by the knowledge which you have so far gained of the truths of our religion.

*S. Augustine.*—It would be vain to seek for words to express the joy and the peace of my heart. I confess my inability to testify to our Lord the gratitude which I owe to Him, and, under Him, to you, my father, as having been the instrument of His mercy towards me. Yet, when I remember, on the one hand, those doubts and perplexities of mine, which lasted so many years, and which led me into the abominable error of the Manicheans ; and when, on the other hand, enlightened by the lamp of faith, I begin to consider the depth of my blindness, and the dishonour done by me to God, through my refusing Him the glorious title of Creator of all things—a title which I assigned rather to the Devil, His enemy—I feel compelled to offer Him my thanks for His mercy in rescuing me from such horrible darkness.

*S. Ambrose.*—You have cause, indeed, to show yourself grateful for the great gift of Faith, which is a most special favour of God, and may be called the true source of all His other gifts—which gifts are to be obtained by prayer, and will be increased in proportion to the value we set upon them. But what I wish to learn is this : How was it possible that you, with the genius which I know you to possess, and the knowledge of philosophy which you have certainly acquired, could so blind yourself as to attribute to the Evil One the creation, not only of this visible world, but even of man himself?

*S. Augustine.*—I can satisfy you as to that without any difficulty ; for the recollection of my former confusion of mind serves only to increase the joy and the peace in which I now live. I am like a mariner, saved from shipwreck, who enjoys in harbour all the delights of security.

*S. Ambrose.*—If it is a pleasure to you to recall your former troubles, much more should it gratify me, both because it was I that helped you to free yourself from them, and because true charity renders blessings common to all. I pray you, therefore, to begin the recital of your history.

*S. Augustine.*—It was the sight of the abominations which, at every step in the world, I encountered, that drove me into the Manichean heresy. Here is what I saw around me: robberies, murders, adulteries, blasphemies, and other hideous sins; cruel wars perpetually waged against each other by men in their madness, filling land and sea with blood. I beheld treasons, conspiracies, rebellions of peoples against their rulers; I saw the extravagance of the rich, and the tyranny of the powerful over the weak. I sought in vain for honesty, truthfulness, peace, humility, modesty, loyalty. I could find these qualities neither in the relations of parents towards their children, or of children towards their parents; nor between married couples, nor between brothers and sisters. Idolatry, I marked, spread over all nations; superstitions; sacrificial rites of all kinds—some impious, some cruel, some altogether ridiculous; hardly a trace, anywhere, of the knowledge or of the fear of God; for the Devil, to all appearance, was alone revered, and worshipped with Divine honours. I saw furious hatreds, unheard of cruelties, execrable deeds of revenge. I beheld whole nations plunged in barbarism—some even feeding on human flesh. And if any one should be inclined to consider this an overdrawn picture, let him remember that God Himself, at one period of the world's history, could find but a single righteous family on earth; and that, justly wroth with men on account of their wickedness, he drowned all in the waters of the Flood, except Noah and his family, the only human beings that had kept themselves pure before Him. What shall I say more? Seeing on one side all these horrors, and on the other the perfection of the works of God, I could not persuade myself that it was possible that from the hands of so wise an Artificer—of One who makes all His works by number, weight, and measure—could have proceeded any work so abominable as the heart of man; for it is from that heart that all the evils which I have just enumerated spring. My mind was long harassed by this thought. For the origin and cause of the evil which I saw around me, I sought in vain; and convinced that God, who is goodness itself, could not be the author of evil, I was led to embrace the Manichean solution of the problem.

*S. Ambrose.* You have now told me how it was that you fell into heresy. I should be glad to be informed by what means you were brought to a knowledge of the truth; also, I desire to know what use you made of my teaching.

*S. Augustine.* To understand the absurdity of the Manichean system, it is sufficient to have grasped the doctrine of Original Sin. What the Manicheans have failed to discern is the difference between the *nature* of man and the *wickedness* of man. Yet with very little consideration they might have seen that, whereas the nature of man is the work of God, his wickedness is the work of the Devil. God, in truth, did not create man with the evil inclinations which he now brings with him into the world; on the contrary, He created him in

a state of great perfection and purity. Never did bride leave her father's house decked with more splendid ornaments than those with which our nature was endowed on the day when the Almighty fashioned it with His own Divine Hands. Alas! the disobedience of the first man deprived him of these endowments; and when he had lost his righteousness and God's grace, nothing remained to him but a fatal leaning towards evil. It is as when from a piece of meat which it is desired to preserve the salt is taken away—it soon becomes full of worms. So, when once the salt of grace and righteousness was taken away, our nature also became infested by worms,—that is to say, by the works of the flesh. But, even worse than this, man is born bowed down to earth: like the beasts of the field, he has no relish but for the things of earth: he is naturally inclined to love himself more than God and more than all created beings; than which nothing surely more monstrous can be conceived. And that is what is to be understood by Original Sin; that is how it comes to pass that man is born under God's displeasure, shut out from Paradise, and condemned to death. That is, in short, the inheritance which, by their rebellion and disobedience—by their attempted usurpation of the attributes of Him who had so loaded them with benefits, our first parents bequeathed to us. Alas! by losing righteousness and grace, they involved their posterity in a common ruin, and the children sprung from their race have been obliged to share their misery.

### III.

#### EXPOSITION OF THE INEFFABLE MYSTERY OF THE INCARNATION OF THE SON OF GOD.

S. AMBROSE. Well, Augustine, what you have said respecting Original Sin is perfectly correct. It is clear that your mind is no longer the sport of its doubts, that you are now quite aware that it is not God who is the cause of evil, but sin, which is the work of the Devil; and you possess the true explanation of the sorrows and sufferings to which our nature is liable.

It is time, therefore, to speak of the remedy appointed to heal that nature. Pray observe that the Devil, in his jealousy of God's purpose of repairing the fall of the angels by the creation of man, had undertaken to overthrow the Divine work. But it was clearly not fitting that he should succeed in this project, so as to be able to boast of having by his craft and malice prevailed against the wisdom of God. On the contrary, it was necessary that this enemy of God and man should himself be conquered and overthrown, and that God should vindicate His honour by restoring man to his former dignity, and by granting to him all the graces and virtues which were necessary to enable him to fulfil the purpose of his creation. This principle once settled, as you are a man of lofty intelligence, and, what is better still,

as you have yielded yourself to the influence of the Spirit of God, it would give me much pleasure to hear from you what means you would consider the most suitable to restore man to his first estate, and to change him from an enemy to a friend of God—from a child of wrath to a child of grace.

*S. Augustine.* You ask me a difficult question. How, indeed, is it possible for me, in my ignorance, to dive into the counsels of the Divine Wisdom, and conjecture what methods ought to be followed by It, in order that the human race should be saved? You yourself must surely be well aware that I cannot do what you ask; and, doubtless, it is only to take occasion to explain a subject which remains to this day unknown to me, that you put the question. Nevertheless, I obey you: with the help of the mere light of reason, I will tell you what reason alone, left to itself, is capable of imagining, for I must confess that as to what Faith teaches with regard to this mystery, I am still completely in the dark.

Here, then, is the kind of remedy which would to me appear the most efficacious to reconcile man to God. Since it was by his pride and disobedience that a presumptuous and rebellious man drew down upon himself the wrath of God, it seems to me that some other man—some man of eminent holiness—must endeavour to appease Him by his humility and obedience. It is thus that in medicine contraries are treated by contraries,—heat by cold, cold by heat, and so on. Thus, also, in the order of Justice, the proud man has to be humbled, the robber of other people's goods despoiled of his own. Now, as we are at present concerned with the evils which have fallen on the human race, and with the penalty justly due on account of the fault of which the human race has been guilty, nothing can be imagined more appropriate than that an humble and obedient man should, by the innocence of his life, repair the evil that had been brought upon the world by a wicked man. And since God, in the Ancient Law, had ordained sacrifices for the forgiveness of sins, it appears to me that a sacrifice, which was entirely acceptable to Him, would suffice to constrain Him to pardon all men without exception.

*S. Ambrose.* Will you instance some of the Ancient Sacrifices to which you refer, the more clearly to indicate wherein consists the efficacy of the Sacrifice which you suppose necessary for the redemption of mankind.

*S. Augustine.* The first sacrifice is, of course, that of the innocent Abel. The Lord, having regard to the holiness and devotion of His servant, vouchsafed to accept his offering. Then came the sacrifice of Noah, who alone had kept himself pure amid the general corruption. The Lord was so satisfied with Noah's offering, that He promised never again to send a Flood to destroy the earth. But after this there was a third sacrifice, one much greater than the two former, I mean the sacrifice of Abraham. *That* was not only a sacrifice of obedience, it was also, and especially, a sacrifice of perfect faith. In point of

fact, as it was by the virtue of obedience that the Patriarch consented to offer up his son, whom he loved so dearly, so was it by faith that he remained thoroughly convinced that God was perfectly able to rescue that son from the altar, and from death; and according to His promise, to make him the father of a multitude of children. Nor was he herein mistaken. For the Lord, in token of His satisfaction, assured him, that from Isaac should spring a race as numerous as the stars of heaven, or the sand of the sea-shore; and that in his seed all the nations of the world should be blessed. This was, in my judgment, the greatest sacrifice ever offered, since here the victim was not an animal without reason, but a son, the beloved of his father; and the sacrificer a man distinguished by the most lively faith, the most perfect obedience. I therefore conclude, that if a man as holy as Abraham, or holier, were to offer a similar sacrifice, God, who is infinitely kind and pitiful, would certainly take mankind again into His favour, and pardon all their sins. Nothing beyond this suggests itself to my unaided reason.

*S. Ambrose.* Ah! how true is that saying of the Lord by the prophet Isaiah (lv. 8, 9): ‘My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heaven is higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.’ You will acknowledge this by and by, Augustine, when I have explained to you the wonderful discovery (*adinventio*) to which God resorted, to save the human race. Only, let me just say this, before I begin; as you are as yet but a learner, you must be prepared humbly to believe, and by no means to dispute, or make a display of your intellectual powers. When one has to do merely with matters of human scholarship, it is no doubt necessary that we should understand before we can believe. But in regard to the things of God, it is quite the other way. The prophet Isaiah tells us, speaking of Divine things, ‘If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established’—or, as it is in the version of the LXX., ‘ye shall not understand?’ If you believe what God has revealed, you will by degrees be able to realise its fitness, and its admirably harmony. Besides, Augustine, as you are here in the character of an inquirer, you are bound to bear in mind that maxim of the philosopher’s: ‘He who would learn must believe before he argues.’

First, then, let me say, that a work like that of the redemption and sanctification of mankind,—a work by which men are to be made children of God, and heirs of His kingdom,—could not be entrusted to an ordinary man. It was determined in the counsels of the Divine wisdom that it should be the work of One, who should be at the same time a man, and more than a man: who should be very man, that He might assume the state of the sinner, and more than a man, that He might be able to succour the sinner. Now, it is this extraordinary method that God has chosen in order to save the world; a method

surpassing the understanding, not only of men, but of the very angels ; for it is plain that neither men nor angels could ever have imagined anything approaching to it.

I proceed to unfold this mystery.

You have a saying in your schools of philosophy, that nature always aims at making everything in perfection. But God, being absolutely perfect Himself, must of course will that His works should be perfect, and that the more important they are, the more perfect they should be. Now, it is plain that the work of redemption is much more important than the work of creation ; for, whereas the object of creation is to give a natural existence to things, the object of redemption is to sanctify souls, to raise them to a state of existence which is supernatural and divine ; to enable them to participate in the glory, and in the very nature of God (2 S. Pet. i. 4). But if the sanctification, I do not say of the world, but a single soul, is a greater work than creation, is it conceivable that God, who would not delegate to a mere creature the creation of the world, would entrust to a mere creature the work of sanctifying the world ? Has He not Himself told us by His prophets that He is jealous of His own glory, and will give it to none other ? Can it be supposed, then, that He would claim for Himself the title of Creator, and leave to one of His creatures the far more glorious title of Redeemer, so that man, created and redeemed, should be able to say to God : ‘ Lord, I thank Thee for having created me ; ’ and to a creature, ‘ I thank thee for having redeemed me ? ’ No ; He, who is absolute goodness, did not choose that we should thus have to divide our heart between a Creator and a Redeemer. By that One by whom He created us, it was His pleasure also to redeem us. I may mention another probable reason. Suppose the most famous and skilful painter in the world had lavished all the resources of his art on a picture which he intended to be his masterpiece ; and suppose that, suddenly, by an unforeseen accident, this masterpiece should be spoilt and defaced : I ask, who, except the artist himself, would be able to repair the damage, and restore the painting to its original beauty ? This example will serve to throw some light on the subject before us. Is it not, indeed, certain that God is the author of the beauty of man’s soul ? He created it in his own image and similitude. He adorned it with the colours of all virtues,—above all, with His grace. Sin came and marred this beautiful and wonderful work ; ruined it, defaced it, so that scarcely a trace was left of what existed before. But if God, in His goodness, was minded to restore to us the beauty and the purity which we have lost, who but Himself would be competent to do it ? Is it not clear that the intervention of the original Creator is here absolutely indispensable ?

Observe, further, that the Second Person of the Most Holy Trinity, who is the Son of God, is called the Image and the Word of the Father, inasmuch as He represents the Divine Image, and as it was



in that Image that man was created. Moreover, it was the Son, and not the Father or the Holy Ghost, by whom the work of the Redemption and re-creation of man was undertaken. Why? Because it was fitting that He whose image had in some mysterious way been the model after which man was made, should Himself be the One to give him back the lineaments which sin had effaced.

*S. Augustine.*—All that you have now laid down seems to me consistent and reasonable. Only, I am unable to see how it is to be realised. For if, on the one hand, it is essential that a satisfaction be made to God, in order to our restoration to His favour and grace; and if, on the other hand, it is impossible that God can make satisfaction and gain favours, it is not easy to see how He who is true God can render us a service which is so entirely repugnant to His very nature.

*S. Ambrose.* For that there is but one means, namely, that the Divine nature should be united to the nature of man, and borrow, so to speak, from that nature, the power of meriting and of satisfying, communicating to it at the same time a virtue which is infinite.

*S. Augustine.* In this way, I confess, the thing appears to me to be possible.

*S. Ambrose.* Well, then, dear brother, that is just the method which the infinite goodness and wisdom of God has adopted, in order that the work of our redemption should be a work of perfect justice.

*S. Augustine.* But how is it possible that two natures, separated by a distance so enormous, should be united in one single person?

*S. Ambrose.* From all eternity God made choice of a pure and holy virgin, in whose womb it was His pleasure that His only Son should be conceived and become incarnate,—not by man's operation, but by the Almighty power of the Holy Ghost; and that thus He should be born, true God, and true man of the stock of Adam. It was His pleasure that, as a true son of Adam, yet without inheriting Adam's sin, He should associate with men, that He should lead them by His teaching to the knowledge and fear of God, that He should encourage them by His example, and confirm them in the faith by the splendour and greatness of His miracles.

*S. Augustine.* These words of yours fill me with amazement. What! Can it be that the Son of God could consent to clothe Himself with our flesh in the womb of a woman; to become man; to make Himself of no reputation; to conceal His royal dignity under a mean exterior; mixing with men, talking familiarly with them, and sitting at their table? Why, the very thought alone is astounding. I have been brought up in the schools of the philosophers, and have imbibed their teaching from my earliest years. The chief of them all, Aristotle, teaches plainly that God is absolutely perfect, that is to say, that the substance of God comprises all imaginable perfections, in so high a degree that they are incapable of growth or increase.



He adds that such is the purity, the depth, and the simplicity of His nature, that it is impossible for Him to comprehend or have regard to anything, except His own greatness, His own splendour. As, indeed (says the philosopher), everything that exists is inferior to God, He would degrade Himself even by thinking of anything except Himself; though this does not hinder Him from viewing all created things in His own essence. But now that my mind has become familiar with the highest and grandest conceptions of God, all at once I hear that this mighty and exalted Being has descended to the lowest depths of humiliation! I am struck with amazement and wonder at the thought. A new horizon seems opened to my view, and I begin to perceive that the goodness of God is no less incomprehensible than His essence.

*S. Ambrose.* If what I have now said astonishes you, how much more what I have still to teach you. For instance, this: that as the Son of God, who had come into the world to preach His doctrine, made it His business to combat the faults and vices of men, and specially the avarice and hypocrisy of the Scribes and Pharisees: so these latter, impelled by a blind and jealous rage at His holiness, rose up against Him, and gave themselves no rest until they had procured His condemnation to the death of the Cross. This death was actually inflicted, and was accompanied by the most barbarous treatment and unspeakable torments. But the Divine Goodness had foreseen everything, and God made use of the malice of men to save and redeem men. Thus the Lamb without spot, by submitting to an unmerited death, preserved us from the death that we, by our sins, had merited. By His Blood He delivered us from the bondage of Satan; and by the sacrifice of His Passion He obtained for us the pardon of our iniquities. You see, then, dear brother, in what consists this great mystery, which must henceforth form the theme of your constant meditations.

*S. Augustine.* Oh! my father, the doctrine which you have now unfolded is so great, so new, so extraordinary, that I really know not how to answer you. When I consider the infinite goodness, the boundless charity of our God, my speech dies upon my lips, my thoughts fail, my mind becomes confused, my tongue dumb.

Yet, whoever will remember what I was just now observing, in speaking of God's incomprehensible goodness, should have no difficulty in believing that even the terrible sufferings which you have described might be submitted to by that goodness for our benefit. Indeed, as it is the property of goodness to make men good and perfect, the more goodness suffers,—the more it endures, of anguish and insult, for this purpose, the more will it appear to us encircled with a halo of holiness and righteousness.

*S. Ambrose.* You will understand this still better when you think of the multitude of holy men and women who have appeared on the earth since the Son of God gave Himself up to death. What more worthy,

indeed, of perfect goodness than to have produced, at the cost of His life, a work, the consequences of which have been so salutary to the world? Nor can we say that this work cost Him too dear; since the glory which it brought Him surpasses the price which He paid for it.

## V.

THAT THE INCARNATION OF THE SON OF GOD WAS THE MOST FITTING MEANS OF REDEEMING MANKIND, AND OF BRINGING MANKIND TO THE KNOWLEDGE, THE LOVE, AND THE IMITATION OF GOD, WITHOUT WHICH THERE COULD BE NO SANCTIFICATION.

S. AMBROSE. Now, then, that you are able rightly to estimate the method by which God has chosen to save us, let us compare this method with that which you yourself suggested,—namely, a sacrifice offered by Abraham, or by some one even more holy and perfect than Abraham; and you will perceive the infinite superiority of the Divine counsels over all the imaginations of men.

S. Augustine. That is just what I am so anxious to learn; for the ways of the Lord and the decrees of His wisdom can hardly be too reverently and carefully inquired into.

S. Ambrose. Pay attention, then, to my words, while, as well as I am able, I proceed to expound the matter.

Observe, first, that the works of God are always accompanied by two qualities,—Mercy and Justice; and that of this latter not a particle is to be found in the method which you proposed. No doubt, by so pardoning sins, God would show himself *merciful*; but would He show Himself *just* if He abstained from punishing them? No; He would act at once against His invariable rule, and against His own glory. ‘The King’s power loveth judgment,’ says the Psalmist; that is, His power is displayed in His love of justice. He who rules not justly is unworthy of the title of King. In another place the Royal Prophet tells us that ‘Righteousness and equity are the habitation of His Seat,’ from which we may understand that God, sitting on the throne of His Majesty, governs the world according to the eternal laws of His Justice, rendering to every one that which is His due.

Further, if you would comprehend how God is glorified by the chastisements with which He visits sin, hear how He Himself speaks with reference to the sons of Aaron, who, for a grievous offence, had been consumed by fire. ‘I will be sanctified,’ He says, ‘in them that come nigh me, and before all the people I will be glorified;’ glorified, that is, by showing how the wickedness of these men offends Me.

Again, hear what God says of the death of Pharaoh, and his army: ‘I will get Me honour upon Pharaoh, and upon all his host;’ not only because He would take occasion to make manifest the glory of His omnipotence, but because He would cause His justice to triumph, by drowning in the depths of the sea those by whom the newly born

infants of His own people had been drowned in the Nile. Read the Prophets; you will be amazed to see with what awful chastisements God threatens and actually punishes the wicked. How many cities, how many kingdoms, have been overthrown in punishment of their crimes! Not even Jerusalem was spared, nor the one Altar on which it was lawful to offer sacrifice. 'The Lord hath cast off His Altar,' says Jeremiah, with tears of sorrow. 'He hath abhorred His sanctuary,' (Lam. ii. 7.); so that He preferred having neither temple nor altar, to leaving sin unpunished. But why speak of cities and kingdoms, when the whole world, which He had created in six days, found not grace before Him, but was swallowed up by the waters of the deluge?

The Lord is so determined that Justice shall prevail, that He stops the mouths even of the righteous themselves. He forbids Jeremiah to pray for his people, declaring that He will not hear him. 'Though Moses and Samuel stood before Me, yet My mind could not be towards this people. Cast them out of My sight, let them go forth. And it shall come to pass if they say unto thee, whither shall we go forth? Then thou shalt say unto them: such as are for death, to death; and such as are for the sword, to the sword; and such as are for the famine, to the famine; and such as are for the captivity, to the captivity. And I will appoint unto them four kinds, saith the Lord; the sword to slay, and the dogs to tear, and the fowls of the heaven, and the beasts of the earth, to devour and to destroy' (Jer. xv. 1, 2, 3). Not less explicit, not less terrible, are His words, when he speaks by the mouth of Ezekiel. Four times in the same chapter the awful warning is repeated: 'Though these men, Noah, Daniel, and Job, were in [the land visited for its sins], as I live, saith the Lord God, they shall deliver neither sons nor daughters, they only shall be delivered, but the land shall be desolate' (Ezek. xiv. 14). Surely, from such threatenings as these, we may gain some idea of the awful strictness of the Divine Justice. God is the sole Judge of His vast kingdom, and His glory is concerned in the destruction of the blemishes and defilements which are introduced into it by wicked men. This is the reason why He must of necessity show himself severe. For 'the righteous Lord loveth righteousness, His countenance will behold the thing that is just' (Psalm xi. 1), and it pertains to His Justice to permit no good to be unrewarded, no evil to be unpunished. You will see, then, Augustine, that your plan of redemption, though it would be in accordance with the *mercy* of God, would by no means be consistent with His *justice*.

*S. Augustine.* I am unable to deny it.

*S. Ambrose.* It follows, too, from what I have just said, that, on your hypothesis, God would have acted in a manner not calculated to promote His own glory, nor, indeed, except as regards the pardon granted to us, our own interests. Our sins would have been forgiven, but the glory of God would not have received satisfaction; whilst the

offences against that glory would have remained unpunished. Every one will admit that there can be no glory for him who has been wronged, as long as the offender can boast of having escaped chastisement.

*S. Augustine.* No doubt this is so. Yet I have still to learn how God has provided for this twofold difficulty in the method of salvation which He has chosen.

*S. Ambrose.* Well, I can only repeat what I have said already. The Son of God, by uniting Himself to our nature, by suffering, and dying on the cross, by making satisfaction for our sins, has truly glorified God, and has truly redeemed us. Nor do I fear to assert that the honour which His sacrifice has gained for the Divine Majesty far surpasses all the affronts which the Divine Majesty had received from men. Now, if this be so, you ought to be able without difficulty to perceive, in this great work, the four conditions which are always discoverable in the doings of God,—mercy, justice, the glory of God, and our own advantage; and to see how, in God's plan of salvation, the words and vision of the Psalmist are fulfilled. 'Mercy and truth are met together; Righteousness and peace have kissed each other!'

*S. Augustine.* Yes; and now I understand how truly this work may be called God's discovery,\* since it combines so admirably perfections which seem naturally to exclude each other. There can be no doubt that this work, as it is founded upon what is most absolutely right and fitting, must be productive of the greatest benefits to mankind. Most grateful should I be, if you would have the goodness to describe these benefits to me.

*S. Ambrose.* This is a great deal to ask of my weakness; for the benefits and advantages of the Mystery of the Incarnation are so great and so numerous, that the language of the very Angels would be unequal to the task of describing them. Who can suppose that God could have become man, and have died on the cross, for any but the most momentous and overpowering reasons. It is evident that between the means and the end there must be a proportion. If you consider the matter attentively, you will see that there are three principal things necessary for our sanctification. 1. To know God. 2. To love God. 3. To imitate the purity and holiness of God. These are the conditions of sanctification. They mutually depend on each other, and may indeed be said to flow from one another. Thus, whatever knowledge we have of God, constrains us to love Him; and from loving Him to imitating Him is but a step. Now, you will easily perceive that nothing can be more adapted to bring about so desirable a result than this Mystery of the Incarnation.

And first, with regard to the *Knowledge* of God. It is plain that before the Son of God was made man, the mind of man had great difficulty in rising to such a height. As long as we are shut up in this prison of the flesh, we can indeed well distinguish those corporeal

\* *Notas facite . . . adinventiones Ejus.* Isa. xii. 4.

objects which come under the observation of our senses; but as to spiritual things, things which are beyond the range of our senses, these we find it hard to conceive of. Again, although we may be acquainted with the *operations* of our souls, since it is by the soul that we live, and experience sensations—it is nevertheless certain that no philosopher has ever attained to a knowledge of the soul's *substance*, and this simply because the substance of the soul is of a spiritual nature. If, then, the mind of man is so gross, that he is unable to acquire a perfect knowledge even of his own soul, how could he dare to flatter himself that he knew God, who is a spiritual Being, so far above him, and so absolutely perfect.

In old times, it had been taught by some, that God had a body, and a face like a man's. There is a story told of a certain simple but devout man, a recluse, who by constant meditation had got into the habit of thus representing God to his own mind. It happened, in process of time, that he became convinced by the argument of wiser men, that this was an error; upon which he began to endeavour with all his power to imagine God as a pure Spirit. After exhausting himself with futile efforts, he gave up the attempt, crying out with floods of tears, 'They have taken away my God! they have taken away my God!' For such is the miserable condition of our mind, that it cannot grasp spiritual things unless they are presented to it clothed in bodily forms. This is one reason why it is so great a blessing to us, that our God has become man, and has taken upon Him our flesh; for in this manner, if we cannot contemplate Him as a pure Spirit, we can at least contemplate Him under a form like our own; we can, in some sort, participate in all the mysteries of His most holy life; we can, as it were, be present at His cruel Death, at His Resurrection, at His glorious Ascension. By uniting Himself to our nature, the Son of God has raised us to a knowledge of things spiritual and invisible; the works which He wrought upon earth have shown us the *Goodness* of God, who spared nothing to make us virtuous and holy; the *Love* of God, who delivered Himself to death to give us life; and the *Justice* of God, of which a clear idea is given us by the sight of those sufferings to which the Son of God submitted in expiation of the sins of the world.

But here I feel constrained to pause awhile, that I may dwell upon the unspeakable Goodness of God, which, long before the Incarnation, was the Cause and Origin of all the benefits received by man. It was this marvellous goodness that had determined to raise man, a miserable worm of the earth, to heaven. God had created man for the purpose of making him partaker of His own goodness, His own purity, until He could admit him to His Glory, which would make him the equal of the Cherubim and Seraphim. Search the Holy Scriptures, and you will find that God is never weary of inviting men, by the most loving entreaties, to imitate His goodness and purity. What do I say? Knowing that, in addition to these entreaties, there was still needed

an *example* of goodness, He does not hesitate to become man Himself, and to die upon the Cross. O my God, what meaneth this humiliation? What profit to Thyself led Thee thus to act? What hast Thou to gain, what to lose, in this? Wast Thou not in perfect happiness before Thou didst create the world? And art Thou not even now in perfect bliss? What, then, must be Thy Love, what Thy goodness! Was it not enough to create me for so lofty an end? Was it also necessary that Thou shouldst give Thyself up to death, to make me happy? Of a certainty, such goodness as this is not to be met with among created beings, it can only be found in the Creator, it can only be found in Thee!

You may continue this train of thought, and review the other divine perfections exhibited in this mystery. It will not take you long to understand that nothing could be better adapted to give us a conception of those perfections, than this plan of Divine Wisdom. And then you will be forced to admire that ingenuity of mercy, which has, so to speak, disguised itself, in order to suit the grossness of the human mind. Hear, moreover, how the Eternal Father calls us to the knowledge of His Only Son, by sending Him to be our Teacher here below. 'Come,' He says to us, 'buy wine and milk, without money, and without price' (Is. lv. 1); giving us to understand that all, the small and the great, the ignorant and the learned, the perfect and the imperfect, may equally benefit by this mystery; that all are called to its contemplation, and that all will find in it nourishment, in proportion to the spiritual strength of each.

*S. Augustine.* Gladly do I acknowledge this; for, as the light of the sun surpasses the light of the stars, so the work of the Incarnation seems to exceed all other works. Even among the works of God Himself, there is none, assuredly, from which so complete a knowledge of His perfections can be gained.

*S. Ambrose.* You have now learnt in what way this Mystery helps us to *know* God. Let us go on to see how it tends to make us *love* Him. I begin by asking, if the weakness of our understanding hindered us from *knowing* God; if the difference between our life and God's life made it impossible that we should ever *love* Him; how could such love have existed, where the *wills* were in complete disagreement? Indeed, what relation of similarity can there be between the infinite greatness of God, and the utter baseness of man? Opposite things, or things of a different nature, do not unite with each other. Now, what can be more opposed, what can be further removed from each other, than God and man? God is a pure and free Spirit; man is a spirit imprisoned in the flesh. God is infinitely great; man is miserably small. God is infinitely rich; man is poverty itself. God is infinitely pure; man is a mass of corruption. God is immortal and impassible; man is subject to death and suffering. God is exempt from all misery; man lives in the very midst of misery. God is unchangeable; man changes every moment. God



is in Heaven; man is on earth. Lastly, God is invisible; man is visible, and has regard only to visible things. Assuredly, if it is by similarity that love is engendered, and two hearts united in one, how could man, who differs from God in so many points, ever attain to the love of Him? Hear how the Divine Wisdom has provided the means of cancelling all this difference. By taking human nature it (the Divine Wisdom) has removed all obstacles. From that moment, God, who, as we have seen, is a pure Spirit, has shown Himself clothed in flesh. He has been seen in a condition of profound abasement; poor, of low estate, subject to sufferings, to the changes and miseries of this life, to death itself. But, specially, since the Incarnation, men have been able to see God with their own eyes; and man, who only loves what he sees, beholding God, has no longer any excuse for not loving Him. And that is not all. It has been said that greatness and love can seldom dwell together.

“Non benè conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur  
Majestas et Amor.”

Yet see how the Divine Majesty has caused all this difference also to vanish. When the Prophet Elisha would raise to life the Shunamite's son, we read that he stretched himself on the inanimate body of the child, ‘putting his mouth upon his mouth, his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands.’ Then ‘the flesh of the child waxed warm,’ and he was restored to life. What does all this prefigure, but the great God, who fills heaven and earth, reducing Himself, as it were, to the proportions of man; lowering His Majesty to the level of our humanity, and this for love of us, in order that we, in turn, might be inflamed with love for Him who so loved us? Such, in point of fact, was that great discovery\* of the wisdom of God, and such the end designed by Him, when He condescended to our littleness, and united Himself to our nature.

*S. Augustine.* The further you advance in the exposition of this matter, the more my eyes seem to be opened, the more I seem to realise the admirableness of the method resorted to by God, to raise us in heart and mind unto Himself.

*S. Ambrose.* Observe, next, that God by no means contented Himself with merely removing the things which hindered us from loving Him. He willed also that our affection should be excited by His goodness, of which He has given us so many striking proofs, as well as by the innumerable benefits, which are included in this same Mystery. True love may be known by two principal marks. He who loves desires the good of the beloved one, and gladly suffers for him. But (1) what greater good could the Son of God wish or procure for us, than grace in this life and glory in the life to come. And (2) what greater torments or sorrows could He have suffered, than those,

\* *Adinventio.*



which, both in His life, and at His death, He willingly endured for our redemption.

And here a thought suggests itself, which must surely fill every devout soul with amazement. It is, of course, evident, that God, as God, cannot acquire anything in addition to what He already possesses. But what is so strange and wonderful is this, that, even as Man, He could gain nothing by His sufferings. The grace given to Him at the moment of His conception; the glory which was His by right, the glory of His Body, the glory of His Holy Name, were incapable of increase. He had merited *all*, He had received *all*, at *once*. I would ask, then, is there not something astounding in the thought, that He suffered those dire tortures, without obtaining from them the smallest—if we may so speak—personal benefit. Ordinarily, men act as their own interests dictate; nor do they often undertake great labours without the expectation of great profit. What, then, is this strange novelty? What does such devotedness indicate as that which is here presented to our view? A God, brought to such cruel agony, to such awful anguish of mind, that a sweat of blood escapes from every pore! A God taken, bound, defiled with spittings, buffeted, mocked, scourged, set at nought, dragged along the public road, bearing on His lacerated shoulders a heavy cross; given gall and vinegar to drink; and at last, in the very sight of His mother, nailed to the cross, between two malefactors. And this anguish He suffers, these torments He endures, giving up His tender Body to the fury of the executioners, and refusing all consolation whether from heaven or from earth, not for any kind of advantage to Himself, but solely and entirely for the highest good of man! O how worthy such a spectacle of our adoring love and admiration! We read that the Holy Martyrs, when they suffered, and as long as their tortures lasted, were overwhelmed with joy, because they knew that for every blow they received, a corresponding increase would be theirs, of the grace and glory which they were to enjoy eternally in heaven. Hence it was that they comforted and encouraged one another, in the midst of their tortures. But to our adorable Saviour this consolation was denied. He suffered in no sense on His own account, but for mankind in general. He suffered, not only for the good, but for the wicked. Ah! yes, He suffered even for His worst enemies. He consented to pay what they owed, so that they might be able to rejoice, He humbled Himself that they might be exalted, and delivered from all their woes. One hears sometimes of a father, whose son has been condemned to the galleys, offering himself as a substitute, to take his son's place, and bear his punishment. So He, who loves us with a tenderness exceeding that of any father, seeing that we could not get free from the punishment which we had deserved, gave Himself up to death, and by His death restored to us our title to eternal life and happiness.

Thus, Augustine, you see what numberless reasons we have for

loving God, since His Incarnation ; reasons which we should certainly never have had, if, as you began this discussion by suggesting, it had been only some holy man that undertook the task of our redemption.

*S. Augustine.* I cannot but acquiesce in what you have advanced ; and, recognising God in the Person of the Redeemer, I see at once how full and overflowing our Redemption has been, surpassing all that I had imagined, as much as God surpasses man. But one thing still remains for you to explain ; namely, that branch of your subject which relates to the *Imitation* of God ; and this I am very anxious to hear about.

*S. Ambrose.* Here, again, I start from the same principle, and say that the method which God has chosen for our sanctification corresponds so well to all our needs, that it appears as if designed for every one of them in particular. God being the principle and the model of all virtue, and of all holiness, it is clear that none can possibly be so perfect as He, none so worthy of imitation. But, unhappily, we can only imitate what we see ; and by reason of our weakness, which does not allow us to attain to so high a degree of purity, we do not see God. Man, we see clearly enough, but, on account of his imperfection, it would not be safe to try to imitate him. So there was only one way in which it was possible for us to have some one whom we could both see and imitate with perfect safety ; and that is, that God should be united to the nature of man. God has, in fact, set before us as a perfect model, according to which we may humble ourselves, and amend our lives ; a spotless mirror, in which we may, each of us, behold ourselves. A mirror, I say, and I say it advisedly, because it is solely in consequence of its being composed of two parts, the one bright and transparent, the other dull and opaque, that a mirror is capable of reflecting objects. This mirror, then, is our Lord Jesus Christ in His two Natures, He whose life, though a life of poverty and suffering, was so ineffably bright with all virtues and graces.

*S. Augustine.* As that Life is so well known to you, I intreat you to give some particulars of it.

*S. Ambrose.* Observe, first of all, the zeal for the glory of God, and the salvation of souls, which always animates Him. He goes through towns and villages, preaching His doctrine, and pursuing the lost sheep of the house of Israel. See how He regulates all His actions ; passing His nights in prayer, His days in teaching and sanctifying the souls of men. See how compassionate He is towards the sick, even towards the very lepers, touching them with His blessed Hand, and restoring them to health ; healing alike the blind and the palsied ; rejecting none. Mark His fidelity to His Father, how He ascribes to Him all the actions, all the works of His life ; referring all to Him, and utterly forgetting Himself. Observe His mercifulness towards sinners—towards Peter, who denied Him ; towards ‘ the woman who

was a sinner ;' towards Zaccheus. Consider the extreme poverty of this Master and Lord of the Universe. 'Foxes have holes,' He Himself says, 'and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.' If He has wherewith to provide the first necessities of life, it is owing to the care of a few pious women.

Then think of the tenderness of His demeanour towards His apostles. They had all forsaken Him at the moment when His enemies seized Him : but scarcely is He risen from the tomb, when He sends this gracious message by S. Mary Magdalene : 'Go to My brethren, and tell them that I ascend unto My Father and your Father, and to My God and your God.' And ah ! what shall I say of that ineffable humility which He showed, when He washed, on His knees, the feet of His apostles, the feet even of Judas, who had sold Him, those feet which were swift to shed His blood ? What shall I say of the patience which never failed under the grossest insults—when they reviled Him as a Samaritan, a demoniac, a deceiver of the people ? What, finally, shall I say of that lovingkindness with which He treated sinners, when He sat with them at table, if so be He might win them, and draw them to God ?

These are only a few instances of the perfections that meet us at every step, in the history of His life. But what, when we examine the different circumstances of His bitter Passion and Death ? Who will not be awe-stricken at the sight of a humiliation so deep ? In very truth, here is a succession of acts, each more full of self-abasement than its predecessor. Consider, I entreat you, His obedience, which led Him to accept death, the death of the Cross ; His patience amid so many torments ; His meekness under outrages without number ; His silence in the face of so many false accusations—a silence which amazed Pilate himself ; and, lastly, the kindness which drew from Him a prayer for those who were crucifying Him.

Such are the examples, which are to be found in abundance, in the life, and still more in the death, of the Saviour of the world. Can anything be conceived better fitted—coming from One so infinitely exalted—to make a deep impression on our mind. It would not be the same if we had only a saintly man for a pattern. To say nothing of the distance between the Creator and the creature, there is nothing so very strange in the sight of a *man* who is humble and obedient ; a *man* poor in spirit, and in worldly wealth. But that the Most High God should be humble ; that the King of kings should be obedient ; that the Bread of Angels should suffer hunger, that He who clothes the fowls of the air and the flowers of the field, should hang naked on the Cross—here is something which must surely move us more than all the examples of all the saints put together, especially if we recollect that in thus giving us an example, our adorable Lord was also accomplishing our salvation.

*S. Augustine.* I flatter myself that I have thoroughly grasped the thread of your discourse ; and, to sum up what you have said, I con-

fess with you that the plan devised by the Wisdom of God has made it infinitely more easy for us to know God, to love Him, and to imitate His holiness—a result which it would have been useless to seek for, had any save God been our Redeemer. It is plain enough to me now, I may add, why the Prophet exhorts us to ‘praise the Lord and call upon His name, and declare His doings among the people,’ that is to say, to publish everywhere the scheme by means of which He has chosen to extend His benefits to us.

## V.

## ON SOME OTHER BENEFITS WHICH HAVE BEEN OBTAINED FOR MEN THROUGH THE INCARNATION.

S. AMBROSE. It is a pleasure to me to see how accurately you estimate the value of the method which God has chosen whereby to effect our sanctification. I have not, however, yet enumerated all the benefits of this work of His; there are, indeed, several others to which I would beg your attention.

First, I observe, that in the life of our Lord Jesus Christ, the faithful find most abundant matter for their meditations. There they have that by which their souls may be exercised, nourished, warmed, and edified; while by the knowledge which they acquire of the Sacred Humanity of our Redeemer, they soon rise to a conception of His Divinity. As I have already observed, the Incarnation of the Son of God has enabled men to know God, to love Him, and to imitate His purity and His holiness. Now, those who set themselves to meditate seriously on this Mystery, will not fail to perceive how well the Life of our Blessed Lord fulfils the description which S. John gives in the Apocalypse (xxii. 2) of the Tree of Life, that Tree which ‘beareth twelve manner of fruits, and yieldeth her fruit every month,’ and ‘the leaves of which’—that is to say, the words and the teaching of Christ—‘are for the healing of the nations.’ In a word, we have, in our Lord’s Life, a garden of delights, in which are to be found as many flowers, trees, and sweet herbs, as He has spoken words or performed actions.

If we take this Life of our Lord from its beginning, we shall be able to form some idea of what He undertook in fulfilling the work of our salvation. We may place ourselves among His followers, and pause to ponder every one of the astonishing things that He has said, or done, or suffered.

Suppose, for example, we first repair to the manger in the Bethlehem stable, and there contemplate the Lord of the Universe, poor and lowly, on the bosom of His Virgin Mother. It is here that those who are truly great and truly wise, love to make themselves small with the Infant Jesus. Here they both weep and rejoice with Him.

Here they are moved with pity to see Him in His poverty and nakedness. Here, seeing Him, they learn to despise the vanities and pleasures of the world.

Then, at His Circumcision, we may behold with amazement this true 'Husband of Blood'—to use the title which Zipporah gave to Moses, 'because of the circumcision,' \*—offering the firstfruits of that Blood, which, later on, He was to shed in such abundance. Then, we may join the Company of the Magi, and with them offer the gold of charity, the incense of devout prayer, the myrrh of mortification and self-denial. From Bethlehem we may pass on to Jerusalem, and there behold the Holy Child in the arms of Simeon, whom we may hear praising God in the *Nunc Dimittis*, and predicting the conversion of the world.

This will suffice for a specimen of the manner in which pious souls will follow the Saviour of the world through His Life—like spiritual bees, alighting here and there among these fadeless flowers, and extracting from them the sweet honey of divine comfort.

*S. Augustine.* I thank you for teaching me, by these few examples, how to meditate on the other mysteries of the life of our Lord, which I resolve to do henceforth, as the Holy Spirit enlightens me. I seem to comprehend better and better the unspeakable advantages which the Sacred Humanity of the Son of God has obtained for us; and to see more and more clearly why the Divine Wisdom, in pity for our fallen nature, and desiring to heal the innumerable wounds which sin has inflicted on our souls, has aided us in such a multitude of ways.

## VI.

THAT AMONG THE MANY BENEFITS WHICH COME TO US THROUGH THE INCARNATION, THE SACRAMENTS OF THE NEW LAW ARE TO BE INCLUDED.

*S. Ambrose.* You will have still more reason to speak thus, when you come to understand the nature of the Sacraments of the New Law, which indeed are the true remedies, designed by the Heavenly Physician, to heal those wounds which you have just been speaking of. No mere man, however eminent for holiness, could ever have instituted these Sacraments. To do this could only be the work of One Who is both God and Man. God, that He might give grace, Man, that He might earn grace. I shall say nothing now concerning the excellence or the necessity of the Sacraments in general, or concerning the graces that are given by means of them. I shall content myself with a few reflections on one of these great ordinances—the most Holy Sacrament of the Altar.

\* *Sponsus sanguinum tu mihi es . . . . Sponsus sanguinum ob circumcissionem. Exod. iv. 25, 26. (Vulgate.)*

And yet, what can I, a poor and ignorant man, say of a Mystery, that the tongue of Angels would be incapable of worthily expounding? I confess that I tremble to open my mouth on a subject so far beyond the reach of my powers. This, however, I may and will say,—that all, who, since our Lord was on earth, have lived in the fear and love of God, have done so by means of this Divine Sacrament. This is really the Food, by which, in the spiritual life, our souls are supported. It is this that gives them strength to withstand the assaults of the enemy. It is this that enables them to increase in virtue, that gives them a relish for heavenly things, and a distaste for the things of earth. It is by this Sacrament that our souls are more and more united to Jesus Christ, and made one with Him. By this, devotion is awakened, Hope is strengthened, fuel added to the flame of Charity. What, in short, is too much to hope for, from a God who gives Himself to me for food, in order to make me like Himself, my life like His. Nor is this all; by this Blessed Sacrament we are made in a true sense partakers of the merits of Jesus Christ, that is to say, of all that He earned for us by the Sacrifice offered to His Father, of His Flesh and Blood. It is for us a sure pledge of the glory which here we are waiting for, namely, the possession of God; for when we receive It it is God Himself who gives Himself to our souls. It is He, Who, in this Holy Sacrament, has, from the beginning, strengthened Martyrs, sanctified Confessors, purified Virgins, comforted Widows, gladdened Penitents, conferred honour on Priests, been a help and encouragement to all who have sought Him.

And what can I say of the incomparable sweetness of this Heavenly Food? They only who have the Love of God in them can form any idea of it. We know what joy a mother experiences when, after years of absence, she once more beholds her son: we know what a husband and wife feel, when, after long separation, they see each other again. But not to dwell on these, imagine the delight of the Patriarch Jacob, when he understood that Joseph, his best beloved son, whom he had so long mourned as dead, was alive; and more, was master of the land of Egypt; still more, when he actually found his son again in that far off land, and could fall on his neck and kiss him. What more loving than the embraces of such a father and such a son? What joy comparable to their joy? Yet, in turn, we may say, that since the soul that is truly worthy of the title of Spouse of Christ, loves Him with a love exceeding the love of these two patriarchs for each other, the joy with which such a soul is penetrated, when, at the time of Communion, it is conscious of this sweet Saviour's most loving embrace, when it actually receives Him into itself, and is joined to Him with ineffable closeness, must be even greater than theirs. Often, indeed, the sweetness experienced is such, that the soul is, as it were, carried out of itself, so as almost to lose consciousness, as regards anything here below. But ah! what I am saying is, after all, very little; for all that the tongue of man can express, all that the human intellect



can conceive, is as nothing in comparison of the wonders that are comprised in this adorable Sacrament. Mark well, Augustine, of all this we should have known nothing, had we been redeemed by the method which mere reason suggested to you.

*S. Augustine.* I see it, my father, I see it; and I praise and glorify Him, who has so wonderfully united Himself to our nature, that He might make us partakers of His merits, and enable us to taste in this heavenly Food, the joys that He has prepared for us, at the cost of so much pain and sorrow.

*S. Ambrose.* It is indeed a proof of the infinite love of our Lord for us, that He should vouchsafe to come so close to us. His dwelling place is Heaven, His throne is in the midst of the Angels; and yet He condescends to come down to earth and dwell with men in the Blessed Sacrament of His Body and Blood. Hither He comes to meet us with His blessing, to hear our prayers, to accept our homage, to listen to our cries for pardon and for grace.

And this will enable you to perceive the vast superiority of the Christian Church as compared with the Ancient Temple. The Jews, in their temple, had little save the Mercy Seat of gold and the Ark of the Covenant, in which were kept the Tables of the Law. But we enjoy the Sacramental, but most Real, Presence of the Lord Himself, of whom the Ark was but the type: we are privileged again and again to converse with Him face to face, to make known to Him our wants, to address to Him our requests, with a firm trust that He who so loves us, and is pleased to come among us, will make haste to help us. For it is not merely that His presence is here with us, but that the eye of His Providence is always upon us.

*S. Augustine.* I believe what you say the more readily, because our God, who is Truth itself, and Simplicity itself, cannot contradict Himself. That which by external testimony He gives us to understand, cannot but be the faithful expression of His thoughts.

## VII.

HOW, BY THE INCARNATION, OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST HAS BECOME OUR HIGH PRIEST, AND OUR ADVOCATE WITH THE ETERNAL FATHER. AND HOW THE MARTYRS, AND ALL WHO HAVE AIMED AT EVANGELICAL PERFECTION, HAVE FOUND IN HIM ALL NEEDFUL STRENGTH.

*S. AUGUSTINE.* I beg that you will continue your discourse; for it seems to me that you have not yet made mention of all the benefits which we owe to the Sacred Humanity of our Lord.

*S. Ambrose.* Time, and life, and words, would fail me for that, for it is a subject that can never be exhausted.

After the benefits which I have already enumerated, there is one that I should wish to explain, namely, that we have an eternal High



Priest, an Advocate, who is unceasingly interceding before the face of the Father, in order to obtain for us relief from the miseries, spiritual and material, by which we are oppressed. Under the old Dispensation, the only Advocates that the children of Israel could appeal to, were Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. These were the names they put forward whenever, in their distress, they sought to appease the wrath of God. Under the law of Grace, on the other hand, it is not the servants of God who are our Advocates, but the Son of God Himself. And He protects us, not by word only, but even more by His acts; exhibiting perpetually to the Father the Sacred Humanity with which He is clothed, and the precious Wounds, which are marks of His zeal for the Glory of God, and of His love for man. For this reason, S. John exhorts us, in the event of our being so unhappy as to fall into sin, not to be discouraged, but to remember that we have a powerful Advocate, whose intercession arrests the judgments which we so richly deserve. 'If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins' (1 S. John ii. 2).

*S. Augustine.* Herein the Providence of our Lord is indeed wonderful. Without this, in view of the sins with which the world is filled, what could be expected from a God Who is so just, and such an enemy of sin, but that all should be swallowed up as of old by the Flood?

*S. Ambrose.* It is nearly time to bring our conversation to an end; but I must not conclude without a word respecting the strength which the Sacred Humanity of our Saviour has imparted to His holy Martyrs.

Solomon tells us that 'the Lord hath made all things for Himself' (Prov. xxvi. 4), that is, for His glory, and how often we hear the solemn words, 'Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory;' by which is signified that created things, considered as they ought to be considered, and referred to their origin, are ever publishing the glory, in other words, the wisdom, the goodness, the providence, of Him who has brought them out of nothing. But there are various ways of glorifying God; and of these the most perfect is that which springs from a heart burning with love. The more a man loves God, the more he glorifies Him; the more a man suffers for God, the more proofs he gives of his love. Now it is certain that the Martyrs, being those who have suffered the most for God, are those who have glorified Him the most. What, indeed, more admirable than their faith and constancy under the most severe, the most horrible tortures? What more to the glory of God, than to have servants, weak and frail servants, who, in their anxiety to please Him, fear not to yield their delicate bodies to such excruciating punishments?

And, ah! what species of cruelty was not employed in the case of the Martyrs? To increase their sufferings, all kinds of unheard of torments were invented. The Devil, who was a murderer from the beginning, and whose rage has ever been hot against the Name of

Jesus Christ, was always ready to suggest new forms of cruelty. Often, indeed, so furiously did they begin their assaults on the body of a Martyr, that the executioners, their strength and their ingenuity alike exhausted, found themselves unable to do all that they desired. But, if the strength of the torturers failed, not so the courage and the endurance of the Martyr. His whole frame might be reduced to a shapeless mass of torn and bleeding flesh, but his faith and trust in God remained undiminished. And thus, more than in any other way, man has been able to glorify God.

And without doubt the very Angels, on their part, full of amazement at the sight of a mortal creature—often a delicate maiden—endowed with such strength and courage, have found there a fresh reason for glorifying their Lord.

*S. Augustine.* If the Angels are thus filled with admiration at the sight of these amazing conflicts, what ought to be the feelings of men?

For my own part I confess, that while my wonder is extreme, I find no difficulty in recognising in the faith and constancy of these valiant Athletes, the power of Divine Grace. No doubt, any one might show himself firm and unshaken in matters which belong to the domain of reason, for instance, in belief in the existence of a God. But that a man should allow himself to be torn in pieces in support of truths which are far beyond the reach of his intellect—the truths, namely, contained in the Creed—this is a thing obviously beyond his own strength, and impossible without the aid of grace.

*S. Ambrose.* The courage thus displayed by the holy Martyrs was entirely due to the Sacred Humanity of Jesus Christ. He it was, in fact, who merited that grace for them by offering to His Father the sacrifice of His Passion. Hence, S. John, in the Apocalypse, speaking of the white robes of the Martyrs, says, that they had been ‘washed and made white in the Blood of the Lamb,’—meaning that it was the Blood of the Lamb which preserved the Martyrs’ purity of soul, when the heathen tyrants endeavoured to deprive them of it, as, for instance, by compelling them to join in their own abominable sacrifices. But our Lord Jesus Christ did more than obtain for the Martyrs the strength which they needed; He also quickened their valour by His own example. Bearing in His hand the standard of the Cross, and clad in a vesture of blood, He, as it were, placed Himself at their head, that they, seeing their Lord and their God shedding His Blood for them, might gain the more courage for the fight.

*S. Augustine.* I confess my ignorance. Never could the Martyrs have shown themselves so brave; never could they have honoured God in such a manner, if their redemption had been wrought by the means that my reason suggested to me. It was because they had a God at their head, making Himself their fellow-sufferer, that they were able to bear such fearful torments.

*S. Ambrose.* What I have said of the Martyrs, I say also of all those

who aim at the perfection of the Evangelical life; who, if they have less to suffer, have not less need, during their whole life, to mortify their passions and their will. I say it of all, who, as the Apostle expresses it, 'crucify the flesh, with its affections and lusts,' triumph over their own evil nature, and renounce themselves. To such nothing is more moving than to behold the manner in which the innocent Lamb suffered His immaculate Flesh to be treated, to supply them both with help and with example. To these may be added all such as live a self-denying life, dreading the pleasures of the world; the friends of abstinence and austerity; those that are unjustly persecuted; the afflicted, the sick, the poor; those who mourn for the loss of relations and friends. I ask, to what can such as these have recourse, in their sorrows and troubles, but the Wounds of Jesus Christ crucified. All can find shelter in that harbour of refuge; all may take courage at the sight of that Example; all may drink of that Fountain; all put their trust in that universal Remedy; for to all, without exception, the Lord and Saviour opens His blessed arms, stretched out on the Cross.

*S. Augustine.* From this, and from what you have said before, I can recognise the depth of the Divine Wisdom. How, indeed, can one help marvelling at a course of conduct, which, simple as it is in appearance, descends into the smallest details, and omits nothing that can help on our salvation? Truly, as you observed at the beginning, the ways of God have nothing in common with the ways and counsels of man. What man, nay, what Angel, could ever have imagined such a thing, as the Almighty God consenting to become Flesh in the womb of a Virgin, and to die on the Cross, to redeem mankind? And yet, this is the very means which Infinite Wisdom and Goodness did choose,—knowing that it was the best and most perfect, as well as the most profitable for us.

I confess that I was utterly mistaken. I see now that if any other expedient had been adopted, we should have been deprived of the unspeakable advantages, which, as you have so clearly shown, we enjoy through the Incarnation of the Son of God.

*S. Ambrose.* Then, I may conclude, you see clearly what good reason the Prophet had to bid us 'declare His doings among the people,' that is, announce to all men the method discovered by the Wisdom and Goodness of God, for their salvation. Good reason also had he to remind us, that 'the Lord's name is exalted,' and to speak of the 'excellent things' that He hath done. The things that I have now set before you, Augustine, will, I trust, tend to confirm you in the faith of the Mystery of the Incarnation. But, remember, Faith alone is not sufficient; there must be Love, without which all your faith would be as dead. Now, nothing is more calculated to light up the flame of Love in your heart, than constant meditation on this same Mystery. Our Blessed Lord said plainly, that He came to send fire upon earth—the fire of Love. He had done, and would do so many marvellous works, that it would argue a heart harder than stone not

to be moved by them. Assuredly, if in the Ancient Law, before He had come down to suffer, God required men to love Him with all their heart, He has an infinitely higher claim on their love now that He has given such proof of His own, by enduring for their sake so many blows, stripes, wounds, outrages. What, indeed, are all the benefits that even God has conferred, or can confer, in comparison of that one?

You see, then, Augustine, how entirely you are bound to love God with your whole heart. And to attain to this love, you must employ yourself night and day, in meditation on the blessing of Redemption ; you must never be weary of contemplating the sorrows and sufferings of Him who was never weary of suffering for love of you.

*S. Augustine.* I have now finished my inquiries ; and nothing remains but to thank my gracious God, who, after having employed you to extricate me from the error of the Manicheans, by making known to me the evil wrought by the sin of the first man, has now, through you, thrown fresh light into my soul, by showing me the remedy of that evil, in the Redemption wrought by His dear Son.

*S. Ambrose.* In conclusion, then, Augustine, I beg you carefully and constantly to remember one thing :—It is, as we have seen, perfectly true, that Our Lord Jesus Christ has merited, has earned, the gift of salvation for all men. But it is no less certain that this gift will only be granted on certain conditions. It will not be granted to any who do not value it, to any who will not use the means of grace and help which our Lord has left us. In other words, it will be given to the faithful ; to those who devote themselves seriously to work out their salvation ; not to those who live a profligate life ; not to those who live without religion ; not to those who are so taken up with the cares and pleasures of this life, that they have no leisure to think of their God and Saviour ;—To Whom be honour and glory, for ever and ever !

*S. Augustine.* Amen.

---

## Spider Subjects.

---

OF the answers to 'Pallas Athene,' Grasshopper's is the most lively, and is therefore chosen, though she—as well as all the rest—has neglected to mention her acting as guide to Telemachus in the character of old Mentor. A Bee is also very good, Vögelein good, Alert good, Primrose and Wifie very fair, and Cobweb fair. On 'Wit and Humour' J. M. B. stands foremost, Spectacles and Kitten have both written conversations, of which, strange to say, Spectacles is the liveliest while Kitten is just a little ponderous. We doubt whether the question of woman's humour is quite fathomed yet, though Miss Austen and Mrs. Gaskell are absolute evidence on the female side, and Miss Edgeworth's Irish scenes might be added. Perhaps the fact is, that few women are capable of the reticence which watches absurdity, chuckling over it inwardly, without a sign, as does Scott's Antiquary, and also because, sometimes, what men consider as humorous is to them vulgar, or worse.

---

## PALLAS ATHENE.

WHEN Roman authors sought to collect together the myths of former days, they met with a confused medley of legends relating to Minerva, and so contradictory did these legends prove, that Cicero, finding it impossible to reconcile them, decreed that there had been no less than five characters of that name.

But to the ancient Greeks, at least, there was but one Pallas Athene, the blue-eyed goddess who, when Hephaistos cleft open the head of Zeus, sprang fully armed from his brain. The dwellers on Olympus came quickly to years of discretion; Apollo had slain the Python, and Hermes had entered on a course of cattle-stealing the first day of their lives, and now Pallas stood among her father's children, ready to be admitted to the council of the gods.

And Zeus saw that the child of Metis the wise was worthy of his confidence, so he shared with her his secret plans, and even permitted her to hurl the thunderbolts and to wear the awful Ægis on her shield. And then, like the rest of her race, she went forth to earth, to look on the doings of men.

There, on the shores of Attica, were raised the walls of a new city, and, as Athene looked, she asked that it might be called by her name; but Poseidon, the sea-god, arose in fury, and claimed such right for his own. So they came together to the throne of Zeus, and it was told them there that whichever should provide the richest gift for men should be the guardian of the city.

Then Poseidon struck the earth with his trident, and there came

forth a horse, ready for the battle. To all others it seemed that he had conquered, but Athene's brow was calm as she stretched forward her spear, and at its touch there rose up a young olive tree.

And the gods decreed that peace was better than war, and the olive a greater blessing than the horse; so the city was called Athens.

Henceforth Athene took all the works of peace under her protection, and when she went her way to teach the daughters of the Greeks, she laid aside the Ægis and clad herself, like them, in the long peplon or veil. Wherever markets were held she presided over them, and, if Poseidon had called forth the horse, it was Athene who taught men how to tame him. So grateful nations raised temples to her name, and had respect to the creatures that she loved, the owl, the cock, and even the terrible dragon. Artists and poets called on her for inspiration, and housewives remembered, as they did their daily work, how Athene, too, had been seen with the distaff.

But there were other times when she put on the cap of Hades, that none might see her form, and, sheathed in shining armour, sped down to the battle-field, for she was not only the goddess of wisdom, but the goddess of war too. Hephaistos, the fire-god, watched her as she leant upon her spear, and he wrung from Zeus the promise that Athene should be his wife. But when he came to claim her hand, she turned on him in all her strength, and Hephaistos, defeated, fled back to the Cyclops' forge.

Sworn to endless maidenhood, Athene became the helper of all maidens in distress. She heard the cries of Coronis pursued along the sea-shore, and saved the Argive Danæ from Polydectes of Seriphos. To all the brave she was a patroness, to Cadmus by the fountain, to Perseus in the desert; but her especial favourites were the people of her own city, Athens, and their fellow-countrymen the Achaians; and when the hosts of Hellas marched to the siege of Troy, they found in Athene a champion stronger even than Achilles.

And yet we cannot always look on the blue-eyed goddess with respect. Perhaps it is well that it should be so, well that we should see how imperfect are even the noblest conceptions of men. Athene stands before us, generous, upright, and pure, but to the Greeks she was a woman as well as a divinity, and possessed her full share of vanity. For we are told, that as she played on the flute, she heard the sound of mocking laughter near; and as she looked into a clear stream and saw with what contortions she was disfiguring her beautiful face, she cast the flute furiously away, never to play it more. It may have been wisdom, perhaps, that cast it away, but surely it was wounded pride which laid an evil doom on him who should find and use it. And when, long after, the hapless Marsyas bore the curse to the full, it is never said that Athene turned and wept.

Nor was her part in the Trojan war undertaken merely for the Greeks. When Here and Pallas leagued themselves together they cared less for the glory of Agamemnon and Tydides than for the ruin of Priam's house. For had not Alexander passed them by on Mount Ida, and awarded the golden apple to their rival, Aphrodite?

And when, sometimes, Zeus looked down from Olympus, and sent Iris forth to call the goddesses from the fight, then, while Here stormed at her lord after the fashion of Xantippe, Homer shows us how Athene sat apart and—must I say it?—sulked.

But Athene, with all her faults, is a far higher character than her



ally among the gods. Here pursued the most blameless victims with unrelenting spite; Athene, as a rule, punished only for disobedience or presumption; but at these her wrath arose, and it was swift and terrible.

The false Aglauros felt it when she peered into the secrets of her mistress; the beautiful Medusa, who dared to profane a shrine, was ruined for evermore: long years she lived in hopeless misery, and when the sword of Perseus shone over her at last, she could have hailed him almost with joy as her deliverer.

But Athene took the head of the injured Gorgon, and fixed it upon her shield, a witness to all men of the fate that befell her foes.

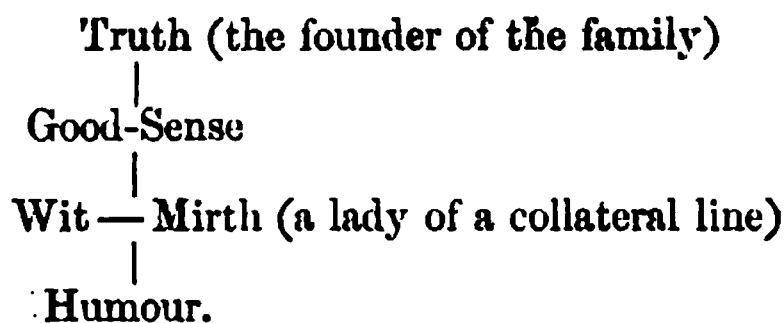
There is one more well-known tale of the vengeance of Athene. Among the Lydian hills lived a wondrous spinner, who dared to challenge the goddess herself to a contest. The trial of skill took place in calmness, but when it was over, the victorious Athene could restrain herself no longer, she rushed straightway upon her presumptuous rival, and escaping from her grasp, the Lydian hung herself in despair: or rather, she strove to hang herself, when the goddess, relenting at the sight, changed the rope to a slender thread, and the spinner to a small round body possessed of many legs.

But the subject of Arachne is so harrowing to any spider's feelings that it does not permit the story of her conqueror to be pursued beyond this point.

GRASSHOPPER.

## WIT AND HUMOUR.

ADDISON\* invented the following genealogy for Wit and Humour:—



To this I venture to add that Humour and Pathos are closely allied, and are frequently to be met with in one another's company, while Irony and Sarcasm are more nearly related to Wit. Humour is far more genial than Wit, and is an excellent companion when the world goes ill with anyone, for he has a happy knack of making the best of things; whereas Wit is too apt to take advantage of the weak points of those with whom he consorts, and hold up their failings and even their misfortunes to ridicule. Wit is a very polished gentleman, with a sharp sword, and a stinging lash to the whip he affects to use as a plaything; but that which is sport to him is often death to others. In short, Wit is a good servant, a bad master, and a very dangerous enemy.

Wit chiefly concerns himself with words, quick repartee, and skilful badinage, while Humour is a much more universal genius; not content with whimsical absurdities, or quaint bits of wisdom, he contrives to express himself by looks, smiles, or gestures; and even busies

\* Spectator, No. 35.



himself to bring about combinations of circumstances which appeal irresistibly to our sense of the ludicrous. The agents he employs for this last purpose are generally unconscious victims of the mischievous tyrant, as happened a few days ago, when (at a party) a very stout gentleman took possession of the music-stool and planted himself with his back to the piano at the precise moment that a young lady crossed the room in order to play upon the instrument. 'The humour of the situation' was too much for the gravity of the company, and a general laugh went round. Unfortunately, some people cannot recognise Humour, even when they come face to face with him, but mistake him for a far-away cousin of his, called Impertinence, who often apes his manners; and these deluded people take offence at his harmless jests, and look with severe disapproval on his merry tricks. I fancy that they cannot have been long enough at the excellent school kept by his grandfather Good-Sense.

Wit and Humour have both been intimates of most of our great writers and speakers, and I will conclude this slight sketch by giving a very few specimens of the innumerable passages they have evidently had a hand in composing. To begin with Shakespeare: must not Humour have sat for his portrait in Puck, and is not his hand visible in every page of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor?' Wit (in his best temper) seems to have dictated the charming part of 'Rosalind,' and to have consulted with Humour over that wonderful compound of wisdom and whimsicality, 'the melancholy Jaques.' Turning to Sheridan, one feels inclined to quote whole pages. What bitter wit there is in Fagg's assertion:—

'It hurts one's conscience to be found out.'

What a deliciously absurd person Mrs. Malaprop is, and how rich are the scenes between Bob Acres and Sir Lucius O'Trigger!

Wit was in a quieter mood when he visited Goldsmith, but he is none the less delightful.

'An only son, sir, might expect more indulgence.  
An only father, sir, might expect more obedience.' \*

In Addison's hands, Wit and Humour were most skilfully used to promote public morality and good taste. No one has ever excelled him in sugaring the lip of the cup which contains wholesome though bitter medicine.

Though Sir Walter Scott's poetry bears little trace of their influence, both Wit and Humour abound in his delightful prose. It is impossible to quote without doing cruel injustice to the Magic Pen, for Humour has cast a glamour over whole chapters, and the sparkling gems of Wit lose half their brilliancy when torn from their appropriate setting. The scene in Mrs. MacCandlish's kitchen, on the evening of Colonel Mannering's return from India, is a masterpiece of grave absurdity.

Hood, Thackeray, and Dickens, all deserve mention; but if I give any more space to the Lords of Creation I shall have none left for the defence of my own sex against the aspersion *Arachne* says has cast upon it. The charge is one which can scarcely be refuted by facts; but it is all the more irritating for that very reason.

Surely no one can deny the strong tinge of humour in Miss Austen's

\* 'The good-natured man.' Act 1.

writings, especially in the inimitable scenes in 'Pride and Prejudice.' Then in Mrs. Gaskell, what a strong undercurrent of quiet humour runs through 'Crauford!' And to come down to the present day, where can a more charming mixture of Humour and Pathos be found than in Mrs. Ewing's 'Jackanapes'?

J. M. B. (*Exeter.*)

October 25, 1884.

### SPIDER QUESTIONS.

Translate, into poetry if possible—

Savez-vous quelque chose où plus de joie excelle  
S'asseoir à la lueur d'une simple chandelle?  
Côté à côté, le coude appuyé sur le bois,  
La tête un peu penchée et les yeux quelquefois  
Regardant le plafond, causant comme en cachette  
De ce qui nous émeut ou le cœur ou la tête,  
Sans ordre et comme veut la pente du discours,  
Et repassant ainsi le compte de nos jours,  
Tout comme deux vieillards chenus, sexagénaires,  
Déplorer quelque peu nos erreurs printanières  
Aux folles passions jeter tous nos dédains  
Et d'un passé mauvais purifier nos mains.

Compare the histories and fate of the Tower of London and the Bastille of Paris?

Stamps acknowledged—Wife, Primrose, and Vogelein.

*Botanical Society*—I have only received eight contributions this month; but those are good. I have received complaints about the irregularity with which the parcels are forwarded. Members should not keep the parcel more than one day, and if any member has reason to complain of the non-arrival of the parcel, she should at once write to the person whose name is before her own, and make the necessary inquiries. After the parcel has been sent out by me, I can do no more.—VERTUMNUS II.

END OF VOL. VIII.

NOV 15 1916